Sept. 24, 1955

THE NEW YORKER

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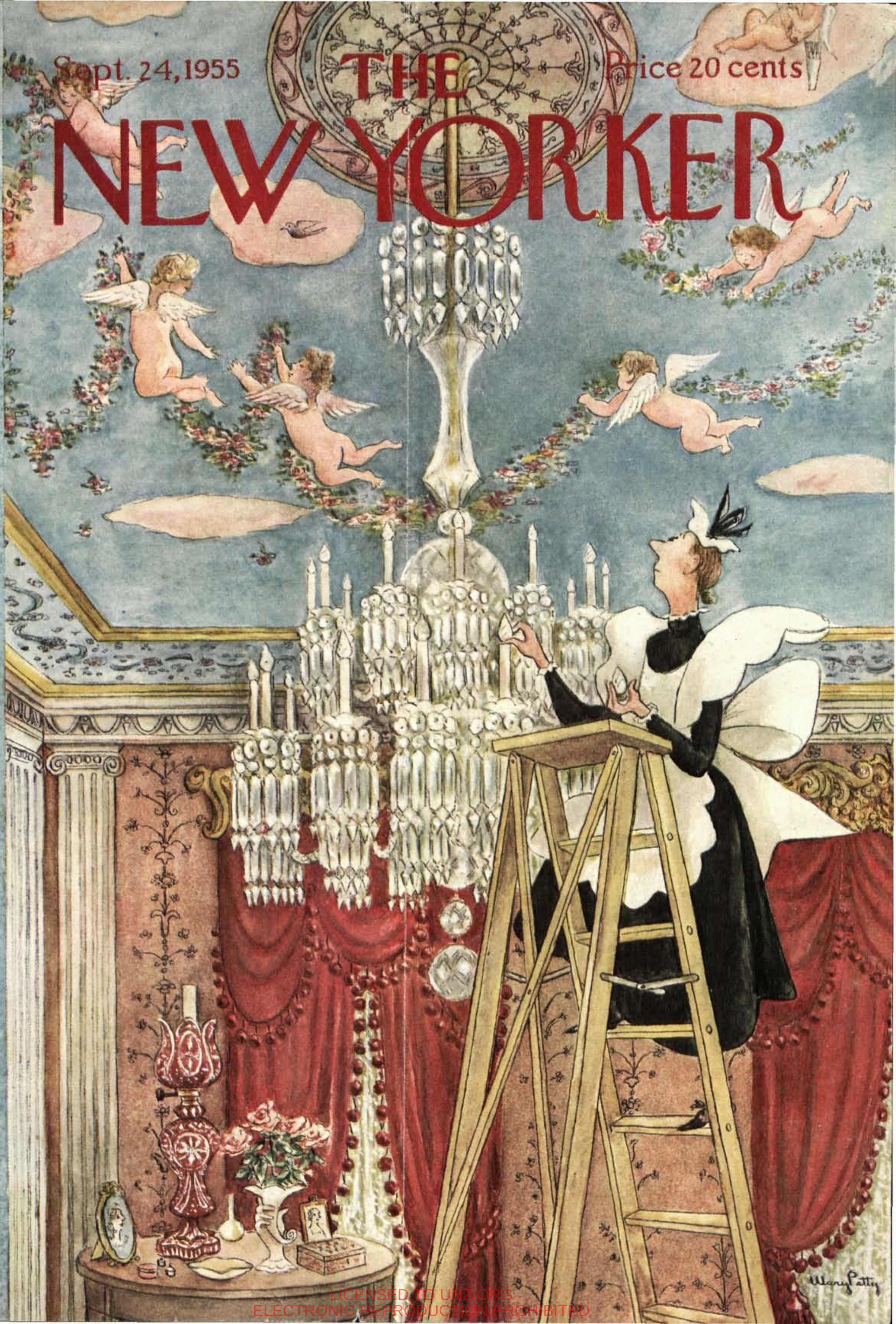

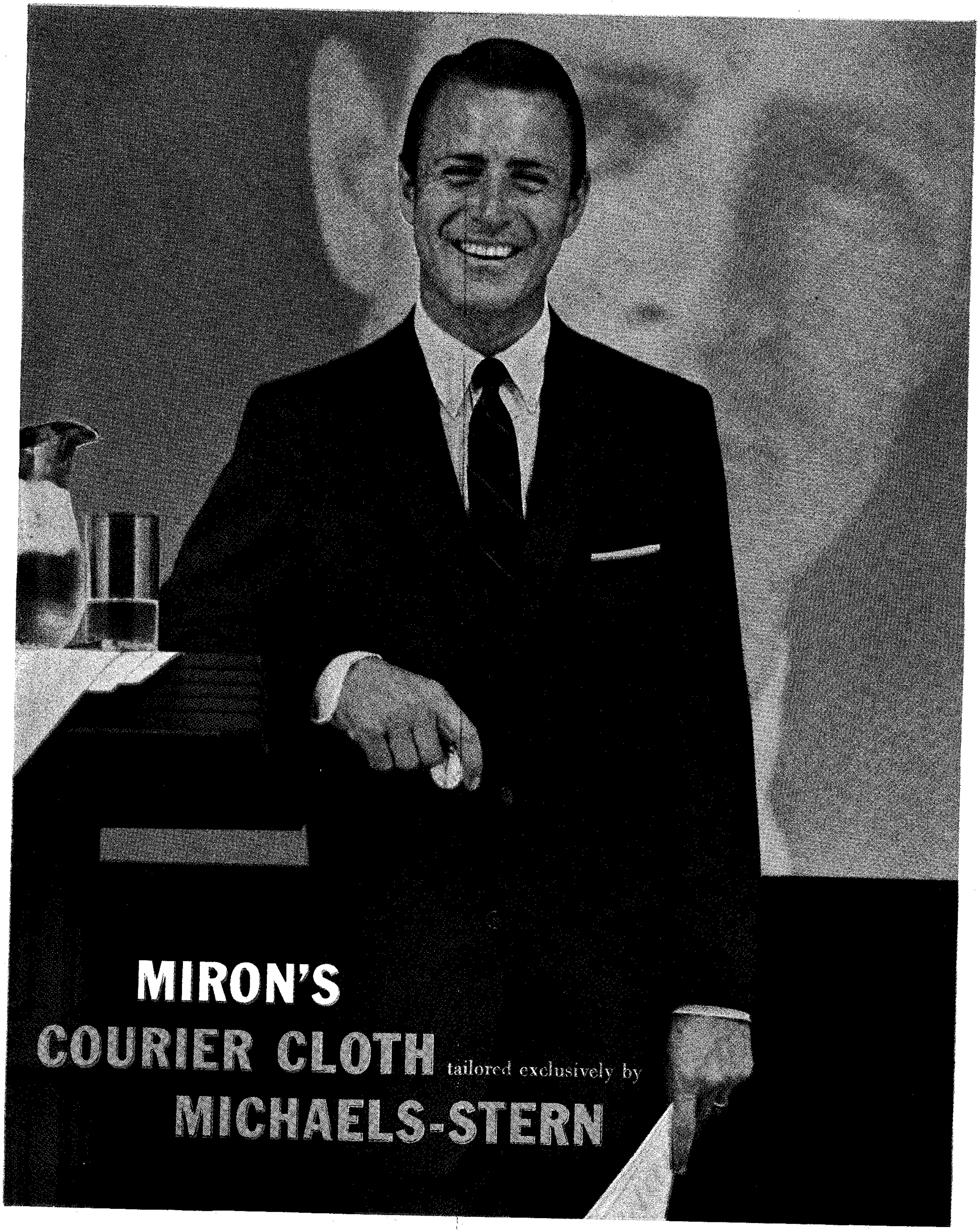
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	1

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Anastasia—Dolly Haas and Cathleen Nesbitt play the leading roles in Guy Bolton's pleasant but somewhat implausible play about a girl who may or may not have been the Czar's surviving daughter. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly at 8:40. Matinée Saturday at 2:40. Closes Saturday, Sept. 24.)

Bus Stop—William Inge has marooned a lot of people in a luncheonette and let them talk about their emotional problems, and the result, on the whole, is very nice indeed. Harold Clurman directed a fine cast, which includes Kim Stanley, Elaine Stritch, and Anthony Ross. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Cat on a Hot Tin Roof—Tennessee Williams' drama is unquestionably the most impressive play around town at the moment. Barbara Bel Geddes and Burl Ives are both brilliant under Elia Kazan's direction. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Inherit the Wind—This rearrangement of the Scopes evolution trial makes too many concessions to the popular theatre to amount to much as a serious play. Melvyn Douglas and Ed Begley play the parts of the two great orators involved, and Bethel Leslie, Staats Cotsworth, Muriel Kirkland, Louis Hector, and Karl Light are in it, too. The authors are Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee, and Herman Shumlin is the director. (National, 41st St., W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**ANNIVERSARY WALTZ:** Jerome Chodorov and Joseph Fields concocted this comedy about two people (Phyllis Hill and Leif Erickson) who lived together before they were married. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly at 8:40. Matinée Saturday at 2:40. Closes Saturday, Sept. 24.)... **BAD SEED:** Nancy Kelly as the tortured mother of a nine-year-old murderess in Maxwell Anderson's adaptation of William March's novel. Patty McCormack is also in the grisly proceedings. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly at 8:35. Matinée Saturday at 2:35. Closes Saturday, Sept. 24.) ... **LUNATICS AND LOVERS:** Sidney Kingsley's farce about night life in a Times Square flea bag. The cast at present includes Jerome Cowan, Buddy Hackett, Sheila Bond, Vicki Cummings, Haila Stoddard, Nat Cantor, and Whitfield Connor. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40. Closes Saturday, Oct. 8.)... **THE TEAHOUSE OF THE AUGUST MOON:** John Patrick's comedy about the Americanization of Okinawa, now with Eli Wallach, John Beal, Paul Ford, William Hansen, and Mariko Niki. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **WITNESS FOR THE PROSECUTION:** A mystery melodrama by Agatha Christie, with Francis L. Sullivan, Patricia Jessel, Una O'Connor, Gene Lyons, and Robin Craven featured in a cast of thirty. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Catch a Star!—David Burns and Pat Carroll head the energetic cast of this early-season revue, which has its bright moments even though much of the material in it is rather lacking in originality and style. The sketches are largely the works of Danny and Neil Simon; Sammy Fain and Phil Charig composed the majority of the tunes; and a host of lyricists, including Paul Webster and Ray Golden, produced the lyrics. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Damn Yankees—George Abbott's and Douglass Wallop's adaptation of the latter's novel, "The Year the Yankees Lost the Pennant," is very funny indeed, and the music and lyrics, by Richard Adler and Jerry Ross, are highly agreeable, too. Gwen Verdon is remarkably stimulating as a lady from Hell, Ray Walston is fine as her sinister boss, and Stephen Douglass does well as her reluctant mortal admirer. Moreover, the gentlemen of the chorus, miraculously, look as if they really know how to play baseball. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Plain and Fancy—This account of manners and morals among the Pennsylvania Dutch is generally charming, though its plain people may get just a little too plain from time to time. Joseph Stein and Will Glickman wrote the book; Albert Hague and Arnold B. Horwitt created the songs and lyrics. The cast includes Shirl Conway, Barbara Cook, Richard Derr, and David Daniels. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Silk Stockings—There isn't any Garbo in this musical interpretation of "Ninotchka," but that handicap is offset by some jaunty songs by Cole Porter and a jolly book by George S. Kaufman, Leueen MacGrath, and Abe Burrows. The sets and costumes have a lot of merit, and Cy Feuer has directed the proceedings with plenty of verve. Hildegarde Neff and Don Ameche are happily in evidence most of the time. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**THE BOY FRIEND:** This British parody of the sort of musical that was prevalent in the twenties has Julie Andrews in the role of a devastator as empty-headed as a Toby mug. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **COMEDY IN MUSIC:** Victor Borge in a one-man show. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **FANNY:** Ezio Pinza and Walter Slezak in a plot-and-character musical show, which is based, a little obscurely, on the doings of some poor but tuneful folk in Marseille. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.)... **THE PAJAMA GAME:** Love and labor relations in a pajama factory. In the cast are John Raitt, Eddie Foy, Jr., Helen Gallagher, and Pat Marshall. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

A Day by the Sea—Jessica Tandy, Hume Cronyn, and Dennis King in N. C. Hunter's play, which had a long run in London. Presented by Huntington Hartford and Stephen Mitchell, and directed by Cedric Hardwicke. Opens Monday, Sept. 26. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Songs and Impressions—Maurice Chevalier in a solo show, scheduled for a five-and-a-half-week run that opens Wednesday, Sept. 28, and will continue through Saturday, Nov. 5. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8:15. Matinées Saturdays at 2:40.)

A View from the Bridge—A double-barrelled event, made up of two plays by Arthur Miller—"A Memory of Two Mondays" and "A View from the Bridge." Van Heflin and J. Carrol Naish are starred. Kermit Bloomgarden and Whitehead-Stevens are the producers and Martin Ritt is the director. Opens Thursday, Sept. 29. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Young and Beautiful—A play by Sally Benson based on four short stories by F. Scott Fitzgerald. Lois Smith and Douglas Watson are in the cast, directed by Marshall Jamison. Produced by Robert B. Radnitz in association with Lawrence Baker, Jr. Opens Saturday, Oct. 1. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is generally advisable.)

Amato Opera Theatre—"Manon." (Amato Opera Theatre, 159 Bleecker St. GR 7-2844. Fridays through Sundays and Tuesdays at 8:15. Admission is free, but reservations should be made in advance.)

Brattle Shakespeare Players—The second production in a two-play, four-week engagement by a company from Cambridge, Mass., is "Henry IV, Part I," with Jerome Kilty and Jan Farrand. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Oct. 2.)

Cherry Lane Theatre—A revival of Paul Osborn's "Morning's at Seven," with Harrison Dowd and Dorrit Kelton in a cast under the direction of Warren Enters. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-9583. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Sundays at 2:40.)

Circle in the Square—"La Ronde," Eric Bentley's English adaptation of Arthur Schnitzler's play "Reigen," with Felice Orlandi and Betty Miller. Directed by José Quintero. (Circle in the Square, 5 Sheridan Sq. OR 5-9437. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Provincetown Playhouse—Gordon Sterne in Kafka's "The Trial," a presentation of Theatre 12, staged by Denis Vaughan. ... ¶ An English translation of Euripides'

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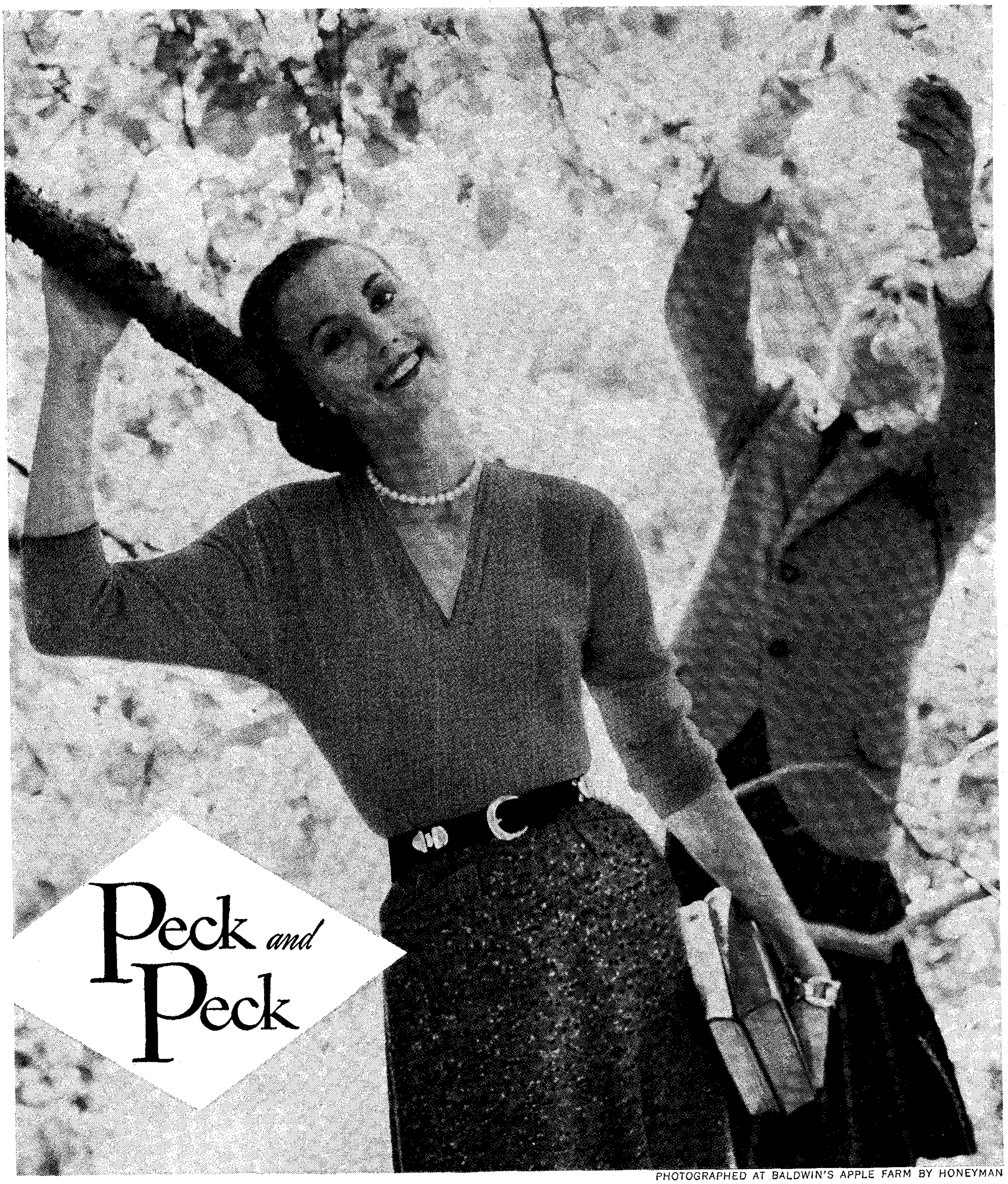
THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., New York 36, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding and R. H. Truax, vice-presidents; S. B. Botsford, treasurer; M. L. Fries, secretary; A. J. Russell, Jr., advertising director. Vol. XXXI, No. 32, September 24, 1955. Entered as second-class matter, February 10, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y. under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1955, by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription rates: U. S. and possessions, 1 year $7.00; Canada, Philippines, Latin America, and Spain, $8.00. Other Foreign, $10.00.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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"Alcestis" will take the place of "The Trial" for a single performance by the same group on Saturday afternoon, Sept. 24. (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougal St. GR 7-9894. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Theatre de Lys—Kurt Weill's "The Threepenny Opera," with an English libretto by Marc Blitzstein, based on the original by Bertolt Brecht. Lotte Lenya and Scott Merrill head the cast. Directed by Carmen Capalbo and produced by him and Stanley Chase, in association with Lucille Lortel. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

Sadler's Wells Ballet—Thursday evening, Sept. 22: "Coppélia" and "Rinaldo and Armida." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Sept. 23, and Saturday matinée and evening, Sept. 24: "Le Lac des Cygnes.". . . ¶ Sunday matinée and evening, Sept. 25: "Coppélia" and "Rinaldo and Armida.". . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Sept. 27: "Homage to the Queen," "Madame Chrysantheme" (American première), and "The Firebird.". . . ¶ Wednesday and Thursday evenings, Sept. 28-29: "The Sleeping Beauty." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Sept. 30: "Scènes de Ballet," "The Firebird," and "Tiresias.". . . ¶ Saturday matinée and evening, Oct. 1: "Coppélia" and "Façade." (Metropolitan Opera House. LO 5-1374. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30. Through Sunday, Oct. 16.)

Carmen Amaya—Spanish contemporary dancer, with her company of twenty flamenco musicians and dancers. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460. Friday, Sept. 30, at 8:30; Saturday, Oct. 1, at 2:30 and 8:30; and Sunday, Oct. 2, at 2:30.)

MISCELLANY

Ice Show—"Ice Capades of '56," with a company of skaters headed by Donna Atwood and Bobby Specht. This year, the big production number is a frozen version of "Peter Pan." (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2. Through Sunday, Sept. 25.)

Marcel Marceau—A pantomimist, well known in France, appearing for the first time in America in a two-week engagement. (Phoenix Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. AL 4-0525. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Oct. 2.)

D'Oyly Carte Opera Company—A nine-week repertory of Gilbert and Sullivan operas, opening on Tuesday, Sept. 27, and running through Saturday, Nov. 26. Tuesday evening, Sept. 27, and Wednesday matinée and evening, Sept. 28: "Iolanthe.". . . ¶ Thursday evening, Sept. 29, and Friday and Saturday matinées and evenings, Sept. 30-Oct. 1: "The Mikado." (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Evenings at 8:30; opening-night curtains at 8. Matinées at 2:30.)

Hear! Hear!—A four-week engagement of a musical presentation by Fred Waring and the Pennsylvanians. Opens Tuesday, Sept. 27, and will run through Sunday, Oct. 23. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Opening-night curtain at 9; nightly thereafter at 6 and 9. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Rodeo—The annual roundup, headed by Roy Rogers and Dale Evans, arrives on Wednesday, Sept. 28, and departs on Sunday, Oct. 16. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays, Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

The Medium and **The Telephone**—A double-bill production of Gian-Carlo Menotti's operas, with Marie Powers. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Thursday, Sept. 29, and Sunday, Oct. 2, at 8:40.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Biltmore, Madison Ave., at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—The lounge "under the clock" is a cocktail-hour anchorage for commuters, commuters' wives, commuters' children, commuters' children's dates, and just plain New Yorkers. There's sweet violin by Emery Deutsch every day but Sunday. He also plays from seven to nine in the Madison Room, Mondays through Fridays. No dancing in either place.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—If the walls (and the older permanent residents) of this fabled caravansary could only talk. . . . Charles Holden's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band play for dancing.

La Vie, 133 E. 48th St. (MU 8-8420)—A large fraternal organization, interested mostly in continual dining, dancing, and table-to-table conversation. There are two distinct schools of thought about Jackie Kannon, the presiding comic; there can be only one about the youthful Diahann Carroll, whose face and voice indicate a happy future.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Mimi Benzell, whose frolicsome holiday from the Met grows longer and longer, is the kingpin of the singers, dancers, and wits who gather in the Cotillion Room at dinnertime and at suppertime on Fridays and Saturdays as well. The dance music (Stanley Melba's band) goes on until one. The place is closed on Mondays. . . . ¶ In the Café Pierre, there's dancing every day from cocktails through supper to a small orchestra, which is usually Stanley Worth's.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Gilbert Bécaud, an eligible young Parisian, writes his ballads, which are a compound of the best French and American romantic styles, a bit better than he performs them in the Persian Room, his first New York showcase. Ted Straeter and his glittering dance band are, however, in their usual excellent voice and state of jubilee. Mark Monte's music-makers are also around. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Four hours for dinner is still the order of the evening in the grand old Rendez-Vous Room, where Maximillian Bergere's and Nicolas Matthey's dreamy dance music starts at eight-thirty. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's musicians make appropriate sounds at the cocktail hour in the Palm Court. No dancing.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Alan Holmes and his orchestra will be moving out of the Grill on Saturday, Sept. 24. Next Monday, Eddy Howard's band will move in. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The halls of Montezuma had nothing on the sumptuous Maisonette, where Milt Shaw's and Ray Bari's bouncy little bands are in constant attendance and Constance Moore, the cheery blond shepherdess of Beverly Hills, sings at dinner and supper about the more carefree brand of adult games. Closed Sundays.

Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—All week long in the Café Lounge, Irving Conn's orchestra ministers to anyone in the mood for calisthenics, from cocktails to dinner and supper.

Statler, 7th Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—In the vast Café Rouge, there's the music of Les Elgart's orchestra, which performs with a lot more ardor and artistry than is the custom of hotel dance bands. Closed Sundays.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—A habit-forming indulgence among a group that's afraid to go home in the dark. Dancing in an alcove to Payson Ré's orchestra and a rumba band.

Tavern-on-the-Green, Central Park W. at 67th St. (SC 4-8100)—One of our most casual suburbs, where, on nights when the stars are out, dancing on the open-air terrace is possible. The band, which is sort of suburban, too, strikes up at eight on weekdays, at seven on Sundays.

Versailles, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—They die like flies in the requiems of Edith Piaf, the renowned mourning dove, whose French is as musical and whose English is as angular as ever. She conducts services at dinner and supper; Panchito's band and Salvatore Gioë orchestra play for dancing after nine.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—When Xavier Cugat's mighty horde of musicians turns Latin, the voices of the marimba, the French horn, and the turtle are heard in the land. They induce a rites-of-spring mood in the dancers on the Starlight Roof, which will be closed Sunday, Sept. 25, and will close for the season on Wednesday, Sept. 28. . . . ¶ Next evening, a benefit performance will reopen the Empire Room, whose first venture involves the tense folk songs of Harry Belafonté, a recent addition to the ranks of the shirt-sleeved Apollos, and the lapis-lazuli dance music of Nat Brandwynne's sonorous orchestra. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In Peacock Alley, Alex Fogarty plays piano from six to twelve every night but Sunday, on which evening there's dancing, eight to twelve, to Mischa Borr's band.

Note—The Rainbow Room, which has had its head in the clouds for years and years, offers cocktails—thus beating any other sightseeing bus hollow—and hushed non-dance tunes from four-thirty to nine every evening except Sunday. The choice seats, of course, are up near the windows. The address is 30 Rockefeller Plaza, the telephone CI 6-5800.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

LITTLE CLUB, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): A beautifully preserved specimen of the saloon architecture of the roaring twenties, open every night for late-rising historians. The accompaniment—Kurt Maier's *Alt-Wien* piano—is always muted, and completely inaudible on Sundays. . . . **WEYLIN ROOM**, 40 E. 54th St. (PL 3-9100): From six to eight and from ten to two, Cy Walter pulls off the difficult trick of giving drawing-room piano a firm but unobtrusive jazz foundation. Sunday is his sabbatical. . . . **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): An executive suite of notable opulence, with Addison Bailey's piano during cocktails, dinner, and supper, except Sundays, when Paul Morse drops in. . . . **GOLDIE'S NEW YORK**, 302 E. 58th St. (PL 9-7245): Good fellows getting together in the fair weather under Louis Hawkins' roof tree, where Mr. H., despite the competition, provides most of the piano, the conversation, and the jokes. . . . **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Latins loving, weeping, making music, and dancing with fascinating fury. The clients are now and then allowed to do a little footwork, too. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ NINO**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): George Kent plays mild cocktail, dinner, and supper piano in the bar of a wine-with-each-course restaurant. Closed Sundays. . . . **RSVP**, 145 E. 55th St. (EL 5-0250): The dusk-to-dawn patrol is apt to use this place as a conference room. The piano background, partly upbeat and partly romantic, is supplied by Jim Mahoney, who checks in at dusk, and Ralph Strain, who checks in at ten. At midnight, Mr. M. bows out in favor of a light-fingered drummer, who keeps Mr. S. company until dawn. Closed Mondays. . . . **LITTLE BOHEMIA**, 340 E. 79th St. (RE 7-6398): This Mittel-europa school of cookery is placid, jolly, and (from seven-thirty until the small hours) full of just the music you'd expect. Closed Sundays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): In the faintly bleak bar of the Hotel Earle, after eight-thirty weekdays and after five on Sundays, Laurie Brewis's piano revives the pet arias you thought everyone but you had forgotten. No music Mondays. . . . **CHAMPAGNE GALLERY**, 135 Macdougal St. (GR 7-9221): Harmless antics, largely song and piano, in an extremely relaxed youth hostel. . . . **CHARDAS**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Old Hungarian specialties, such as goulash and the czimbalom,

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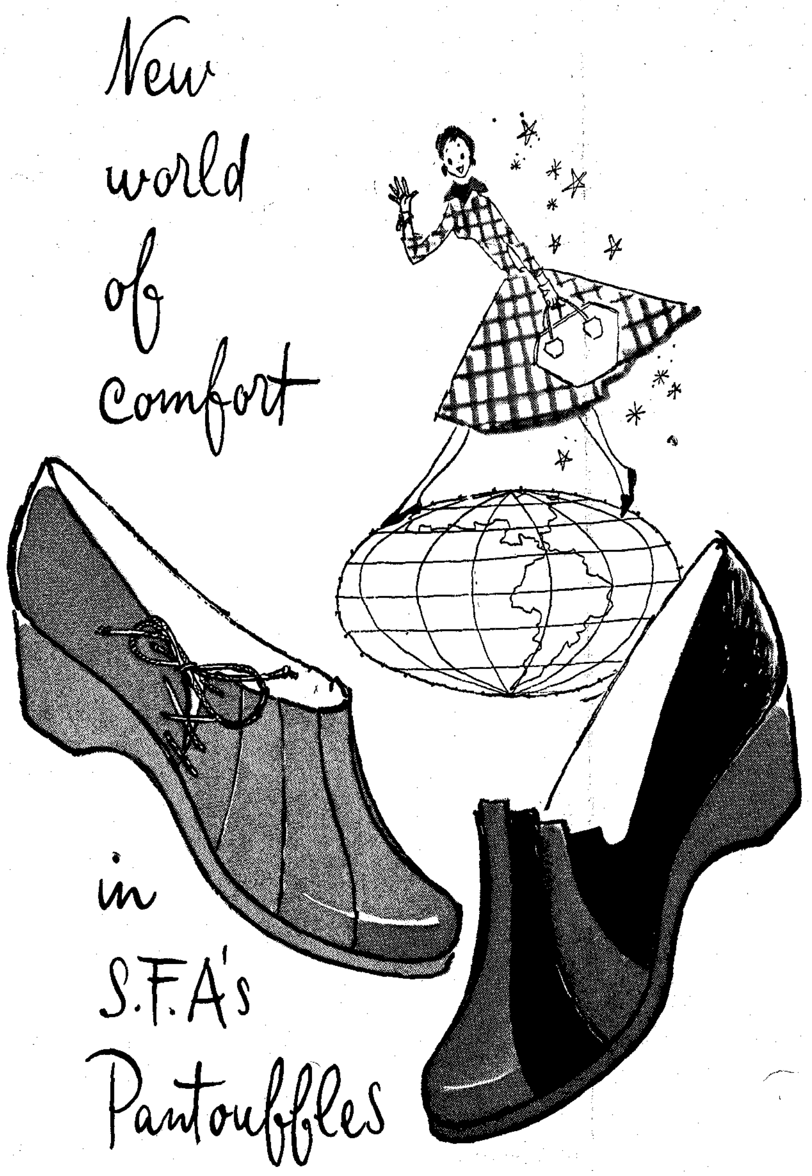
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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BIG AND BRASSY

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): The diary of Joe E. Lewis, an open book to all, is being read aloud nights by the author, with many a wild and woolly digression, and the handsome Julie Wilson is sashaying her way through the brassiest kind of song without ever losing her sense of humor or her dignity. A veil of silence will suffice for the rest of the proceedings.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): West Coast night life, which is having quite an effect (beneficent) on New York night life, is here represented by Mort Sahl, the San Francisco chronicle, whose newscasts are a gaudy blend of hyperbole and horse sense. Parisian night life (also plentiful on these shores) is represented by Robert Clary, whose songs and antics are all small balls of fire. In between, the scatterbrained Ceil Cabot makes apple-pie beds out of a few popular lyrics, and Barbara McNair makes pretty ballads out of a few more educated lyrics. The Jimmy Lyons trio and the piano of Bart Howard and Otis Clements provide the background.... ¶ Except Saturday nights, the Lyons trio waxes rather hot in the lounge from two to four in the morning.... **LE RUBAN BLEU**, 4 E. 56th St. (PL 3-6426): A collection of new or almost new faces—Penny Malone, a (for a switch) dizzy brunette, with one or two moments of high comedy; Don Adams, a reasonably bright conversationalist; and the Jones Boys, a perky four-boy glee club. Joya Sherrill, who once sang with Duke Ellington, is the lone voice of experience. The Norman Paris trio does another of its excellent jobs of giving the children support and confidence. Closed Sundays.... **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): A happy and noisy West Indian island, on which Enid Mosier, a street urchin who regards all of life as her oyster, is making merry. Miss Mosier is assisted no end by a genuine made-in-Trinidad steel band. There is also Sylvia Syms, who can belt a rowdy song right out of the ballpark and give a sad one a magnificent coating of surrealist grace notes. The dance music is by Clarence Williams' trio, which has Carl Lynch on guitar. Closed Mondays.... **ONE FIFTH AVENUE**, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Plenty of piano all week long by Bob Downey, Harold Fonville, and Hazel Webster. There is, in addition, except Sundays, the hobbledehoy clowning of Clara Cedrone and Damian Mitchell, and, except Mondays, the playgirl songs of Virginia de Luce. Mr. Downey doubles in ivory at the piano for cocktails every day but Sunday.... **BON SOIR**, 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Mae Barnes, the celebrated screech owl; Tiger Haines, the offbeat balladeer; the frenzied music of the Three Flames; and the man-of-the-world songs of Jimmie Daniels are, as is customary, on the bill of fare. There are other contributions, too—limpid and lyric by Portia Nelson, and raucous by Tony and Eddie, whose parodies are more profane than sacred. Closed Mondays.... **JORIE'S PURPLE ONION**, Sixth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 5-9465): A pleasant little cellar that looks and sounds like life after dark in avant-garde San Francisco. Jorie Remes, an unorthodox humorist from that metropolis, is offering, in rather well-chosen phrases, several easy lessons on how to analyze yourself and why; June Ericson, a lass with some delicate and delightful airs, trills them with the gentle warmth and clarity of a lark; Murray Grand contributes his urbane piano. Dancing. Closed Sundays.... **UPSTAIRS AT THE DUPLEX**, 55 Grove St. (WA 4-2730): Another delightful segment of San Francisco's casbah, painstakingly and neatly reproduced in Greenwich Village. The most interesting inhabitant is Lovey Powell, whose aloof little odes to passion have understandably made her the pet singer of the Golden Gate's bright young people. There is also a young man named Hal Holbrook, whose monologue brings Mark Twain back alive, and another named Brooks Morton, who attends to the piano. Closed Mon-

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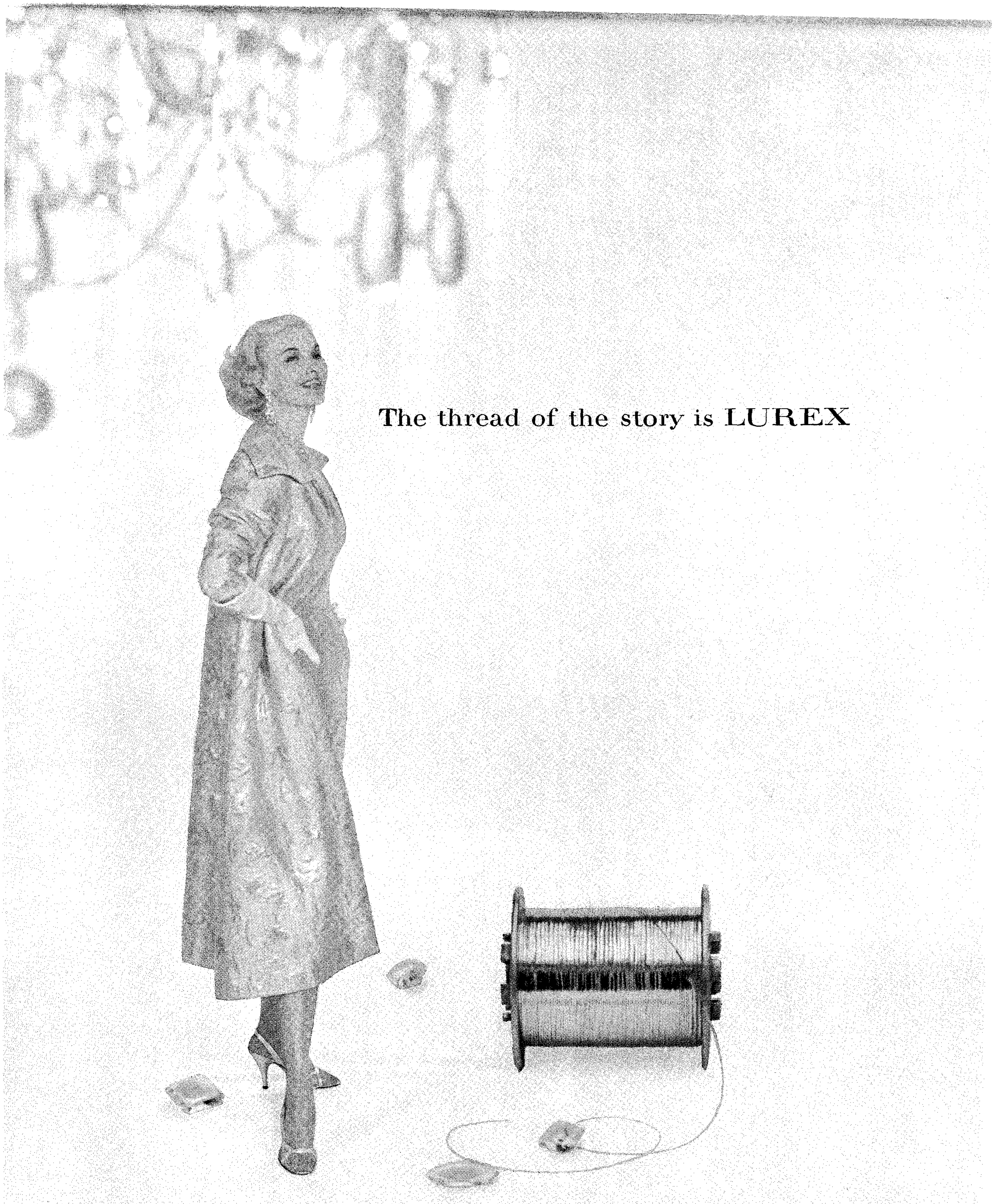
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

days. . . . **PIN-UP ROOM,** 242 Lexington Ave., at 34th St. (MU 4-8678): In the tiny back room of this bar-and-grill, Mabel Mercer is presenting, late at night, the mood songs that made her famous. Sam Hamilton is at the piano. Both parties are off duty Sundays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(Open later than most other places, and no dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): A museum wholeheartedly devoted to aboriginal music. The artifacts, all of them alive and kicking, are Wild Bill Davison, Cutty Cutshall, Gene Schroeder, Walter Page, Pee Wee Russell, Tony Hannan, and Mr. Condon. Ted Roy does the interlude piano. Tuesday nights, when other American primitives drop in, are often mass dementia. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Jonah Jones provides some nice warm trumpet flourishes for his chortling quartet; Dorothy Donegan brings a brilliant technique and some supererogatory horseplay to bear on the piano, which is the feature of her trio. Jo Jones, who appears to have a lifetime pass to this temple of the muses, is presently Miss D.'s elegant drummer boy. The music starts at nine. Cocktail and dinner piano every day; Sunday nights, Jack Elliott's blithe latter-day trio is in charge. . . . **BASIN STREET,** Broadway at 51st St. (PL 7-3728): Friday and Saturday, Sept. 23-24, there'll be music by Gerry Mulligan and his new sextet (the dawn's early light of a cool new era), and the two-man outfit headed by the gifted Don Shirley, who hasn't decided whether he wants to be Bach or Brubeck when he grows up. Friday and Saturday, Sept. 30-Oct. 1, the performers will include the Modern Jazz Quartet (whose arrangements are so intramural that they amount to secret ritual), Art Blakeley's quartet, and Sonny Stitt. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Pee Wee Erwin's orchestra is providing a fairly hot time in its old home town. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Jazz as it was in the beginning, played by Wilbur de Paris, Omer Simeon, Sidney de Paris, Lee Blair, George Foster, and Sonny White, all wizards at total recall. Don Frye is the intermission pianist. Jam sessions Monday nights. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE COMPOSER,** 68 W. 58th St. (PL 9-6683): An excellent listening post for the sounds of tomorrow as projected by Cy Coleman's trio, which has the knack of seeming perpetually extemporaneous and inventive. Eddie Heywood and his tried-and-true piano arabesques embellish another trio. The first group is off Sundays; the second is off Mondays. Johnny Mehegan, a pianist with an abstruse but never solemn turn of mind, is at the piano for cocktails every day but Saturday. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-1368): Count Basie and his set of skilled technicians blast off in commendable fashion. Bonnemere's mambo-makers serve up the rest of the noise. Visiting artists on Mondays, which are jam-session nights. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Marian McPartland, who's been out of town on an exchange professorship, is again occupying the chair of modern piano inside the circular bar. She and her trio start at nine. No music Mondays. . . . **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (JU 6-2278): A bumptious shooting gallery that is nevertheless suitable for children of any age. A constant stream of musicians (among whom you are apt to see Zutty Singleton, Tony Parenti, Ken Kersey, Red Allen, Sol Yaged, Buster Bailey, Benny Moten, and Claude Hopkins) amble on and off the quarter-deck behind the bar from 3 P.M. (1 P.M. Saturdays and Sundays) to 3 A.M., all huffing and puffing like mad. . . . **STUYVESANT CASINO,** 140 Second Ave., at 9th St. (GR 3-9742): On Friday, Sept. 23, the traditionalist pied pipers who will lure the youngsters over the hill will, it is alleged, comprise Bobby Hackett, Coleman Hawkins, Billy Butterfield, Jimmy Rushing, Pop Foster, George Wettling, Zutty Singleton, Miff Mole, Cecil Scott, Hank D'Amico, Sammy Price, Cliff Jackson, and Turk Murphy's band *in toto*. Dancing. . . . ¶ Next evening, they plan to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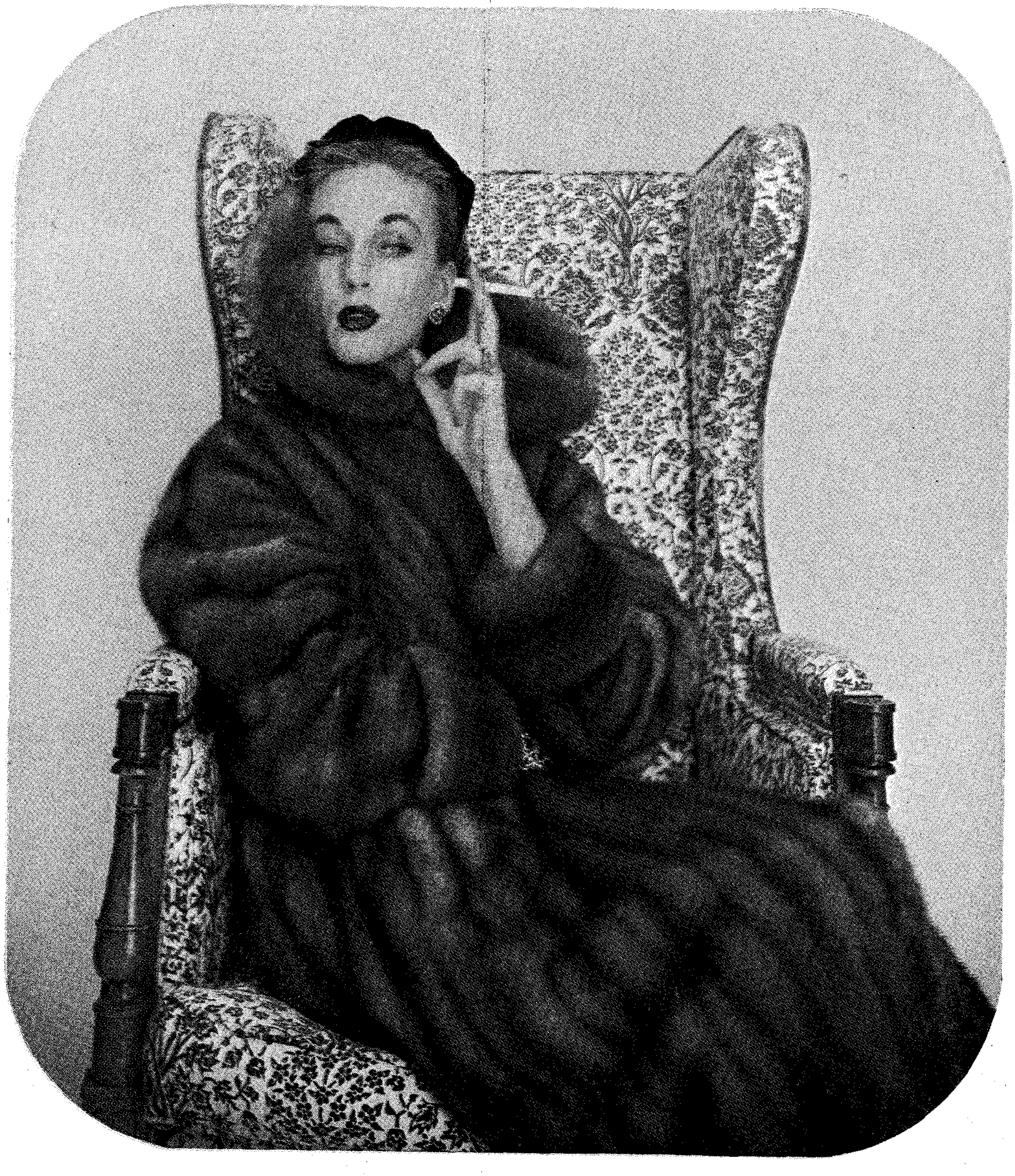


GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

do a repeat at Werdermann Hall, 144 E. 16th St. (GR 3-9699). . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA**, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): On Friday and Saturday, Sept. 23-24, the professional worshippers of Early American lares and penates should include the Conrad Janis tailgaters, Buck Clayton, Max Kaminsky, Gene Sedric, Tony Parenti, Tyree Glenn, Art Trappier, Sammy Price, and George Stevenson.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

William Halsey and Manolo Pascual—Caseins by the first and sculptures in iron and bronze by the second; through Oct. 8. (Bertha Schaefer, 32 E. 57th St.)

Eric Isenburger—Paintings done in Spain last year and in Mexico this year; through Oct. 15. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St. Closed Saturday, Sept. 24.)

Sculptors Guild, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A display, in an outdoor setting, of more than a hundred sculptures, widely diversified in style and medium, by approximately fifty Americans, including Chaim Gross, Cleo Hartwig, John Hovannes, and William Zorach; through Oct. 31. (Daily, 10:30 to 6:30.)

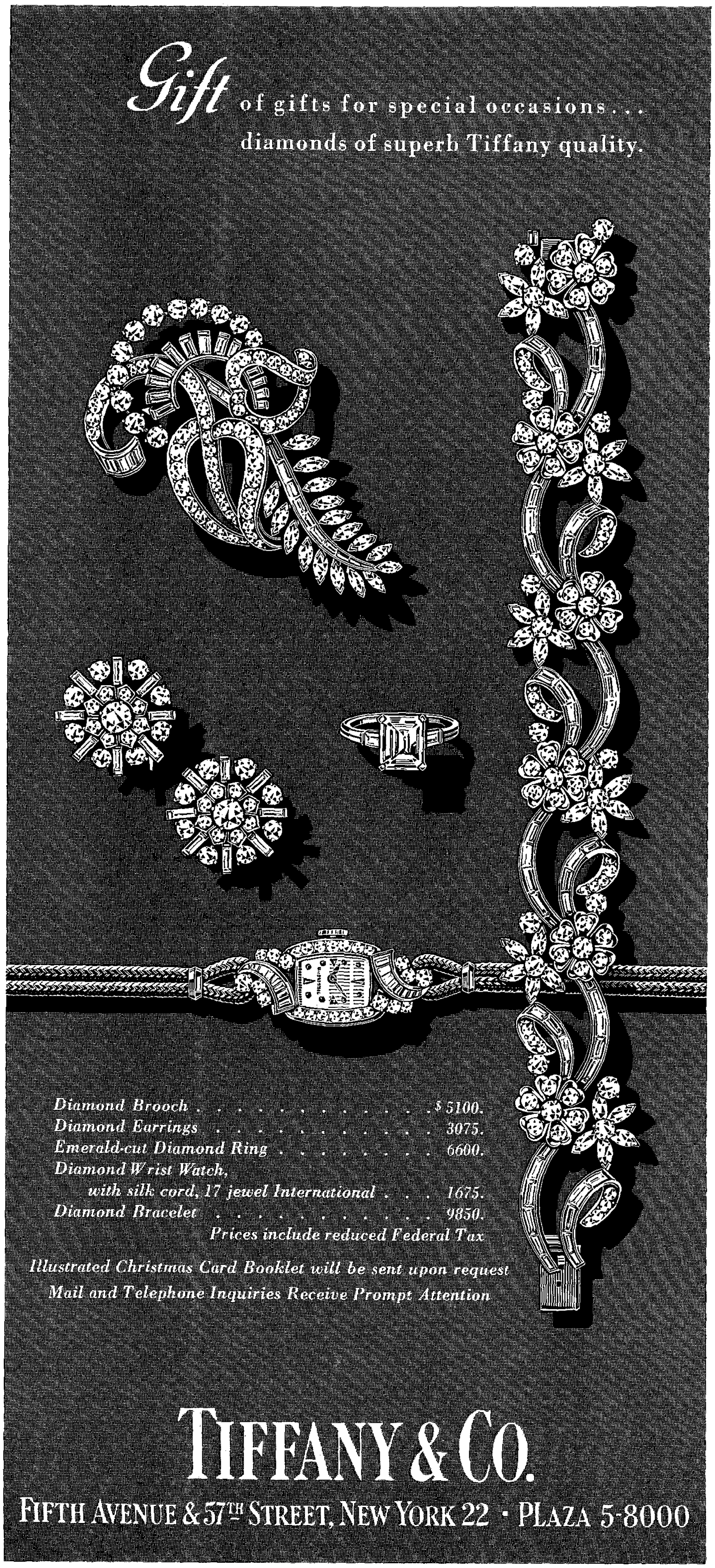
Drawings—"Man and Woman" is the theme for a large exhibit of drawings by painters and sculptors of various nationalities and many schools; through Oct. 6. (Artists', 851 Lexington Ave., at 64th St. Weekdays, 11 to 5:30.)

Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.—A roundup of newly completed works, along with some that have been away on loan and some that have not been shown for about a year; the participants include Barbara Lekberg, Milton Hebald, and Leo Amino. Through Oct. 14. (Weekdays, 11 to 5 and, except Saturdays, 8 to 10.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the **ALAN**, 32 E. 65th St.: Each of the twenty-three gallery members, including Oliver Andrews and Carroll Cloar, has one item (oils predominate) on exhibit; through Saturday, Oct. 1. . . . **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS**, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.: A show entitled "Figurative Painting" comprises pieces by, among others, Raphael Soyer, Robert Philipp, and Marion Greenwood; through Oct. 10. . . . **CONTEMPORARY ARTS**, 106 E. 57th St.: The annual pre-season group exhibition contains paintings, sculptures, and prints by regular members of the gallery, as well as guests. The contributors include William Chaiken, Margit Beck, and Stanley Twardowicz. Through Friday, Sept. 30. (Weekdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 2:30 to 5:30; Monday evenings, 8:30 to 11.) . . . **DOWNTOWN**, 32 E. 51st St.: Paintings by Curt Opliger, David L. Loew, and others of a group of contemporary Los Angeles artists; through Saturday, Oct. 1. . . . **KRAUSHAAR**, 32 E. 57th St.: Paintings and a few sculptures by John Laurent, Yuen Yuey Chinn, John Koch, and others; through Oct. 8. (Closed Saturday, Sept. 24.) . . . **PASSEDOIT**, 121 E. 57th St.: Eugene Ludins and the late B. J. O. Nordfeldt are among the painters represented in the second part of "Highlights '54-'55;" through Saturday morning, Sept. 24. . . . **STABLE**, 924 Seventh Ave., at 58th St.: Marca-Relli, Dug More, Ernest Briggs, and others in a showing of modern oils; through Friday, Sept. 23.

Americans and Europeans; Group Shows—At the **BORGENICHT**, 61 E. 57th St.: Paintings, sculptures, graphics, and mosaics by Milton Avery, Jimmy Ernst, José de Rivera, Adja Yunkers, and others; through Saturday, Sept. 24. . . . **VALENTIN**, 32 E. 57th St.: The final offering, before the gallery closes, of contemporary paintings, sculptures, drawings, and prints from their collection; through Dec. 31.

French; Group Shows—At the **FINE ARTS ASSOCIATES**, 41 E. 57th St.: Oil paintings by ten artists, including Rouault, Delaunay, and Utrillo; through Oct. 22. . . . **KOOTZ**, 600 Madison Ave., at 57th St.: Dubuffet, Soulages, and others of the modern Paris school; through Oct. 8. . . . **ROSENBERG**, 20 E. 79th St.: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century oils by Picasso,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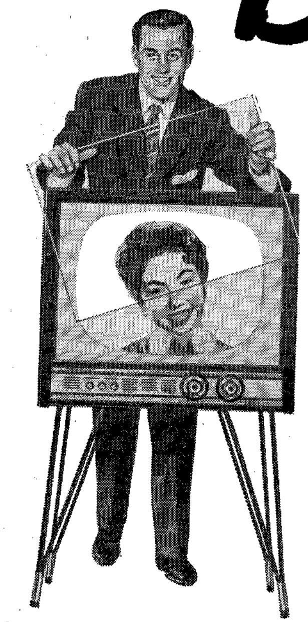

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Braque, Degas, and others; through Saturday, Oct. 1. (Closed Saturday, Sept. 24.)

VILLAGE ART CENTER, 39 Grove St.—Around eighty paintings (by Margaret Layton, Harold Toledo, Elia Bracha, and others) are in the thirteenth annual water-color exhibition; through Friday, Sept. 30. (Daily, 1 to 6.)

SOME OF NEXT WEEK'S OPENINGS—At the **BORGENICHT**, 61 E. 57th St.: Gabor Peterdi; starting Monday, Sept. 26. . . . **JACKSON**, 22 E. 66th St.: Lawrence Calcagno; starting Tuesday, Sept. 27. . . . **PARSONS**, 15 E. 57th St.: Hugo Weber; starting Monday, Sept. 26. . . . **PASSEDOIT**, 121 E. 57th St.: J. M. Hanson; starting Monday, Sept. 26. . . . **STABLE**, 924 Seventh Ave., at 58th St.: Lee Krasner; starting Monday, Sept. 26.

NOTE—The semiannual Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit is on view daily, starting at 2 and continuing until dark; through Oct. 2.

MUSEUMS

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Two hundred and twelve prints made by members of the Society of American Graphic Artists and presented by them to the Museum as a memorial to John Taylor Arms; through Oct. 16. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—More than forty paintings and drawings by the French-American Surrealist Yves Tanguy, in a retrospective reviewing the years from 1926 until his death last January; through Oct. 30. . . . ¶ Twenty canvases from the early period (1913-19) of Giorgio de Chirico's career; through Oct. 30. . . . ¶ "Textiles and Ornamental Arts from India," with both ancient and modern examples, many of them loaned by the Victoria and Albert Museum; through Sunday, Sept. 25. (Weekdays, noon to 7; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Small sculptures in silver, dating from early Egyptian to the present, with pieces by José de Creeft, Richard Lippold, and David Smith; through Oct. 16. . . . ¶ A juried show of works in all mediums by alumni of the Museum's art school, including Louis Finkelstein, Edmond Casarella, and Vincent Longo; through Oct. 9. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Water colors (fifty-six) and woodcuts (sixteen) by native students at the Cyrene Mission school, in Southern Rhodesia; through Oct. 30. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—"Selection V," consisting of recent acquisitions ("Composition," by Willem de Kooning, is one) and previously unexhibited paintings from the Museum's collection (including "Artist's Sister," by Chagall), as well as paintings and sculptures from earlier Selections; through Oct. 9. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 22 W. 54th St.—A memorial exhibition devoted to the works of Reginald Marsh (1898-1954). Included are oils, water colors, drawings, and prints, plus photographs and drawings of murals. Through Nov. 6. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

JUSSI BJOERLING—Tenor. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460. Saturday, Sept. 24, at 8:30.)

OBERNKIRCHEN CHILDREN'S CHOIR—Edith Moeller directing. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Saturday, Sept. 24, at 8:30, and Sunday, Sept. 25, at 2:30.)

INTERVAL CONCERTS—Tuesday, Sept. 27: The Randolph Singers, directed by David Randolph. . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 30: Joseph Marx, oboe; Harold Kohon, violin; Philip Fatt, clarinet; and Russell Sherman, piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Evenings at 8:30. For information about tickets, call DA 3-8091.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At the **POLO GROUNDS**: Giants vs. Philadelphia, Friday, Sept. 23, at 1:30, and Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 24-25, at 2. . . . **WORLD SERIES**: Starts Wednesday, Sept. 28, or

Thursday, Sept. 29 (depending on whether or not playoffs are necessary), in the home park of the American League contenders. The first two games will be played there, the next three at Ebbets Field, and the final two, if required, in the American League park. Local games will start at 1, except on Sunday, when things will get under way at 2. The New York Telephone Company will furnish running scores along with its time reports; call MEridian 7-1212.

College Football—**saturday, sept. 24:** Colgate vs. Dartmouth, at Hamilton, at 2. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Brown, at Baker Field, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Navy vs. William and Mary, at Annapolis, at 2:30. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Rutgers, at Princeton, at 2. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Connecticut, at New Haven, at 2. . . . **saturday, oct. 1** (all at 2): Army vs. Penn State, at West Point. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Colgate, at Ithaca. . . . ¶ Dartmouth vs. Holy Cross, at Hanover. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Massachusetts, at Cambridge. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Columbia, at Princeton. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Brown, at New Haven.

Golf—Metropolitan Golf Association Open Championship. (Fenway Golf Club, White Plains. Through Thursday, Sept. 22.) . . . ¶ Westchester Seniors' Golf Association Championship. (Winged Foot Golf Club, Mamaroneck. Through Thursday, Sept. 22.) . . . ¶ U.S.G.A. Senior Championship. (Belle Meade Country Club, Nashville, Tenn. Monday through Saturday, Sept. 26-Oct. 1.)

Hunt Racing—Essex Fox Hounds Race Meeting Association. (Far Hills, N.J. Saturday, Sept. 24.)

Polo—At the **huntington polo club**, Huntington: Fridays at 8. . . . **piping rock club**, Locust Valley: Sundays at 3:30. . . . **blind brook polo club**, Purchase: Sundays at 3:30.

Racing—At **belmont park:** Weekdays at 1:15; through Wednesday, Oct. 19. The Jerome Handicap and the Sysonby, Saturday, Sept. 24; and the Woodward and the Matron, Saturday, Oct. 1. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 10:45 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:30 and 1:25.) . . . **atlantic city**, Mays Landing, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Wednesday, Oct. 5. The United Nations Handicap, Saturday, Sept. 24. (A train leaves Penn Station at 10:30 and connects with a train for the track at North Philadelphia.)

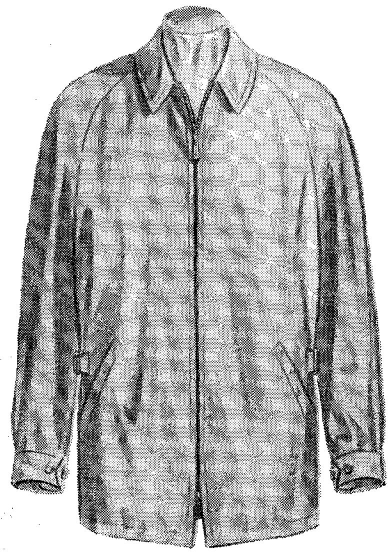
Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8:40; through Tuesday, Nov. 15. (Buses for the track meet New York Central trains at Mt. Vernon.)

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—Visitors are admitted every weekday to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and various other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ United Nations meetings are shown Sunday mornings, on WCBS-TV from 11 to 11:30. . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so, daily from 9 to around 4:30. . . . ¶ Questions about the United Nations will be answered, Mondays through Fridays, by the Information Center for the United Nations, 345 E. 46th St., MU 2-2658.

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show, "Trip to the Moon," accompanies a scientific party on a visit to the earth's nearest neighbor. Starting Saturday, Oct. 1, there will be a new show, "The Planetarium Story." (Mondays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30. Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.) . . . ¶ Half-hour conducted tours of the Planetarium start every night at 8.

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Friday and Saturday, Sept. 23-24, at 1:45: Examples of French and English period furniture, including a Venetian Louis XV *secrétaire;* eighteenth-century mezzotint and stipple engravings; paintings; Oriental and Aubusson rugs; and decorations. From the estate of Jessie D. Wiggin and from other sources.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

Gate of Hell—A remarkable Japanese film dealing with life in the thirteenth century and crowded with color, melodrama, and powerful acting. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

I Am a Camera—Julie Harris's performance as an elfin English girl not too long on morals makes this movie quite delightful. Miss Harris is supposed to be on the loose in Berlin in 1931, but the serious political aspects of Germany at the time aren't stressed a great deal. She is supported by Laurence Harvey, Shelley Winters, and Anton Diffring. An English film. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-3454.)

Marty—A fine little picture in which the love life of a Bronx butcher compels both laughter and tears. Ernest Borgnine is a most persuasive denizen of the northern borough, and Betsy Blair is excellent as the lady of his dreams. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

The Sheep Has Five Legs—Fernandel at his comical best in a French film having to do with the problems of a father who prefers daughters to sons, and of the male quintuplets he has spawned. Fernandel plays the six roles. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

The Shrike—Although by no means as satisfactory as the play from which it stems, this adaptation of the Joseph Kramm drama has the advantage of a splendid performance by José Ferrer, who repeats the interpretation he gave in the original work of a man driven to distraction and too many barbiturates by a scheming, overly possessive wife. As the wife, June Allyson is sadly miscast, but the others assisting Mr. Ferrer—among them Joy Page, Kendall Clark, and Mary Bell—are all effective. (Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th, GR 7-9653; R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; Riverside, B'way at 96th, RI 9-9861; Nemo, B'way at 110th, AC 2-9406; and Coliseum, B'way at 181st, WA 7-7200; through Sept. 27.)

Summertime—Katharine Hepburn and Rossano Brazzi in a first-rate reworking of Arthur Laurents' "The Time of the Cuckoo." As a spinster seeking romance in Venice, Miss Hepburn is highly appealing, and Mr. Brazzi is convincing as the gentleman who provides Miss Hepburn with what she is looking for. The film was directed by David Lean, who also pooled his talents with those of H. E. Bates on the screenplay. The views of Venice are uniformly dazzling. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240; through Sept. 27.)

REVIVALS

All Quiet on the Western Front (1930)—Remarque's grim description of what the common soldier was up against in the war to end wars. Louis Wolheim and Lew Ayres. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 24.)

Bread, Love and Dreams (1954)—The frustrations of a middle-aged marshal of the police (Vittorio De Sica) in pursuit of a village doxy (Gina Lollobrigida). An Italian film. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through Sept. 27. . . . ¶ Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 26.)

The Conquest of Everest (1953)—The movie about the British expedition that climbed to the top of the world. In color, with a commentary by Louis MacNeice. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; Sept. 25-27.)

Forbidden Games (1952)—A French film about the effect of war and death on two small children. With Brigitte Fossey and Georges Poujouly. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through Sept. 24.)

The Lady Vanishes (1938)—Hitchcock's express train, with Dame May Whitty, Margaret Lockwood, and Paul Lukas aboard. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; starting Sept. 27.)

The Life and Loves of Beethoven (1937)—Harry Baur as the composer. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 23.)

New Faces (1954)—A CinemaScope version of the Broadway revue. With Ronny Graham, Eartha Kitt, and Alice Ghostley. (Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; Sept. 25-26. . . . ¶ Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; starting Sept. 28.)

A Place in the Sun (1951)—A variation on Dreiser's "An American Tragedy." Directed by George Stevens. With Montgomery Clift, Elizabeth Taylor, and Shelley Winters. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; starting Sept. 27.)

Reap the Wild Wind (1942)—A Cecil B. De-Mille treatise on the Florida Keys in the eighteen-forties. Paulette Goddard, Ray Milland, and Raymond Massey. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Sept. 27.)

Roman Holiday (1953)—A princess slips away from her entourage in Rome and winds up seeing the sights with an American newspaperman and a photographer. Audrey Hepburn, Gregory Peck, and Eddie Albert. (York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-5779; Sept. 25-26.)

Target for Tonight (1941)—An R.A.F. raid on a German town. Semi-documentary. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590; through Sept. 23.)

Thunder Rock (1944)—The dreams of a disillusioned journalist in a Lake Michigan lighthouse. An English film, with Michael Redgrave. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 24.)

Tunisian Victory (1944)—A documentary film made by British and American Army photographic units. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590; through Sept. 23.)

Two Cents Worth of Hope (1952)—An Italian comedy, played against a background of poverty and unemployment by a cast of amateurs. Directed by Renato Castellani. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through Sept. 24.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—The final program in a series of U.P.A. cartoons, showings at 2. Through Sept. 25: "Spellbound Hound" and others. . . . ¶ A series entitled "Masterworks from the Film Library Collection," showings at 3 and 5:30. Through Sept. 25: "Baloonatics" (1923), directed by Buster Keaton; and "The Strong Man" (1926), directed by Frank Capra. Starting Sept. 26: "Industrial Britain" (1933); and "Man of Aran" (1934), directed by Robert Flaherty. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after noon on the day of the showing.)

• • •

THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
Through Sept. 27: **SUMMERTIME.**
From Sept. 28, at 8:30: "The McConnell Story," Alan Ladd, June Allyson. (Opening night by invitation only.)

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"To Hell and Back," Audie Murphy, Marshall Thompson.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"You're Never Too Young," Dean Martin, Jerry Lewis.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
"Ulysses," Kirk Douglas, Silvana Mangano.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
"The Kentuckian," Burt Lancaster, Dianne Foster, Diana Lynn.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"It's Always Fair Weather," Gene Kelly, Dan Dailey, Cyd Charisse.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
"To Catch a Thief," Cary Grant, Grace Kelly.

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"The Left Hand of God," Humphrey Bogart, Gene Tierney.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"The Phenix City Story," John McIntire, Richard Kiley.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"My Sister Eileen," Janet Leigh, Jack Lemmon, Betty Garrett.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Cinerama Holiday." (Mondays through Thursdays at 2:40 and 8:40; Fridays at 7:30 and 10:30; Saturdays at 2, 5, 8:40, and 11:40; and Sundays at 2, 5, and 8:40. Reserved seats only.)

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
"The French Touch" (in French), revival, Fernandel; and "Carmen" (in French), revival, Viviane Romance.

NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				22	23	24
25	26	27	28			

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Sept. 27: BREAD, LOVE AND DREAMS (in Italian), revival; and "Ugetsu" (in Japanese), revival.
From Sept. 28: "Court Martial," David Niven, Margaret Leighton.

Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th. (GR 7-9653)
Through Sept. 27: THE SHRIKE; and "Crash-out," William Bendix, Arthur Kennedy.
From Sept. 28: "Female on the Beach," Joan Crawford, Jeff Chandler; and "One Desire," Anne Baxter, Rock Hudson.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Sept. 24: "The Seven Year Itch," Marilyn Monroe, Tom Ewell.
Sept. 25-27: "The Cobweb," Richard Widmark, Lauren Bacall.
From Sept. 28: "One Summer of Happiness" (in Swedish), Ulla Jacobsson, Folke Sundquist.

Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th. (EL 5-8790)
Through Sept. 26: "The Sea Around Us," revival, a documentary film based (more or less) on the book by Rachel Carson; and "Man with a Million," revival, Gregory Peck.
From Sept. 27: A PLACE IN THE SUN, revival; and THE LADY VANISHES, revival.

Lexington, Lexington at 51st. (PL 3-0336)
Through Sept. 27: "Not as a Stranger," Olivia de Havilland, Robert Mitchum; and "The Big Bluff," John Bromfield, Martha Vickers.
From Sept. 28: "Wichita," Joel McCrea; and "Finger Man," Frank Lovejoy, Forrest Tucker.

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
Through Sept. 23: "Court Martial," David Niven, Margaret Leighton.
From Sept. 24: "Svengali," Hildegarde Neff, Donald Wolfit.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
MARTY.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through Sept. 27: THE SHRIKE; and "Crash-out," William Bendix, Arthur Kennedy.
From Sept. 28: "Female on the Beach," Joan Crawford, Jeff Chandler; and "One Desire," Anne Baxter, Rock Hudson.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
THE SHEEP HAS FIVE LEGS (in French).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
Through Sept. 26: "The Private War of Major Benson", Charlton Heston, Julie Adams.
From Sept. 27: "Will Any Gentleman . . . ?," George Cole, Veronica Hurst.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"The Red Shoes," revival, Moira Shearer, Leonide Massine.

York, 1st Ave. at 64th. (RH 4-5779)
Sept. 22: "The Seven Year Itch," Marilyn Monroe, Tom Ewell; and "Gang-Busters," Myron Healey, Don C. Harvey.
Sept. 23-24: "Land of the Pharaohs," Jack Hawkins, Joan Collins; and "Ain't Misbehavin'," Rory Calhoun, Piper Laurie.
Sept. 25-26: ROMAN HOLIDAY, revival; and "Lili," revival, Leslie Caron, Mel Ferrer.
From Sept. 27: "The Cobweb," Richard Widmark, Lauren Bacall; and "The King's Thief," Ann Blyth, Edmund Purdom.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Through Sept. 27: "The Bed" (in French and English), Richard Todd, Vittorio De Sica.
From Sept. 28: "One Summer of Happiness" (in Swedish), Ulla Jacobsson, Folke Sundquist.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"The Seven Year Itch," Marilyn Monroe, Tom Ewell.

Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-7222)
Through Sept. 27: "Not as a Stranger," Olivia de Havilland, Robert Mitchum; and "The Big Bluff," John Bromfield, Martha Vickers.
From Sept. 28: "Wichita," Joel McCrea; and "Finger Man," Frank Lovejoy, Forrest Tucker.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Sept. 24: FORBIDDEN GAMES (in French), revival; and TWO CENTS WORTH OF HOPE (in Italian), revival.
Sept. 25-27: THE CONQUEST OF EVEREST, revival; and "Adventures of Robinson Crusoe," revival, Dan O'Herlihy.
From Sept. 28: "The Golden Coach," revival, Anna Magnani; and "The Seven Deadly Sins" (in French and Italian), revival, Michèle Morgan, Gérard Philipe.

Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th. (BU 8-9468)
Through Sept. 24: "The Seven Little Foys," Bob Hope; and "Timberjack," Sterling Hayden, Vera Ralston.
Sept. 25-26: NEW FACES, revival; and "Désirée," revival, Marlon Brando, Jean Simmons.
Sept. 27-28: "The Virgin Queen," Bette Davis, Richard Todd; and "Tonight's the Night," revival, David Niven, Yvonne De Carlo.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Sept. 24: "We're No Angels," Humphrey Bogart, Aldo Ray.
Sept. 25-27: "The Seven Year Itch," Marilyn Monroe, Tom Ewell.
From Sept. 28: "One Summer of Happiness" (in Swedish), Ulla Jacobsson, Folke Sundquist.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Sept. 27: THE SHRIKE; and "Crash-out," William Bendix, Arthur Kennedy.
From Sept. 28: "Female on the Beach," Joan Crawford, Jeff Chandler; and "One Desire," Anne Baxter, Rock Hudson.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Sept. 27: "Not as a Stranger," Olivia de Havilland, Robert Mitchum; and "The Big Bluff," John Bromfield, Martha Vickers.
From Sept. 28: "Wichita," Joel McCrea; and "Finger Man," Frank Lovejoy, Forrest Tucker.

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8038)
Through Sept. 24: "Lady and the Tramp," a Walt Disney full-length cartoon; and "A Bullet Is Waiting," revival, Jean Simmons, Rory Calhoun.
Sept. 25-26: "How to Be Very, Very Popular," Betty Grable, Bob Cummings; and "5 Against the House," Guy Madison, Kim Novak.
Sept. 27: REAP THE WILD WIND, revival; and "Flesh and Fantasy," revival, Charles Boyer, Barbara Stanwyck.
From Sept. 28: "The Seven Year Itch," Marilyn Monroe, Tom Ewell; and "Guilt Is My Shadow," revival, Patrick Holt, Elizabeth Sellers.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Sept. 28: "The Bed" (in French and English), Richard Todd, Vittorio De Sica.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through Sept. 28: "Isle of the Dead," revival, Ellen Drew, Boris Karloff; and "The Medium," revival, Marie Powers.

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Sept. 27: "Not as a Stranger," Olivia de Havilland, Robert Mitchum; and "The Big Bluff," John Bromfield, Martha Vickers.
From Sept. 28: "Wichita," Joel McCrea; and "Finger Man," Frank Lovejoy, Forrest Tucker.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Sept. 22: "Land of the Pharaohs," Jack Hawkins, Joan Collins; and "Ain't Misbehavin'," Rory Calhoun, Piper Laurie.
Sept. 23-24: "Lady and the Tramp," a Walt Disney full-length cartoon; and "Game of Danger," Jack Warner, Derek Farr.
Sept. 25-27: "Appointment in London," Dirk Bogarde, Ian Hunter; and "Fuss Over Feathers," revival, John Gregson, Muriel Pavlow.
From Sept. 28: "The Seven Year Itch," Marilyn Monroe, Tom Ewell; and "The Teckman Mystery," Margaret Leighton, John Justin.

R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-3440)
Through Sept. 27: THE SHRIKE; and "Crash-out," William Bendix, Arthur Kennedy.
From Sept. 28: "Female on the Beach," Joan Crawford, Jeff Chandler; and "One Desire," Anne Baxter, Rock Hudson.

Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-9280)
Through Sept. 24: "The Cobweb," Richard Widmark, Lauren Bacall; and "The King's Thief," Ann Blyth, Edmund Purdom.
Sept. 25: "Prince Valiant," revival, James Mason, Janet Leigh; and "The System," revival, Frank Lovejoy, Joan Weldon.
Sept. 26-27: "River of No Return," revival, Robert Mitchum, Marilyn Monroe; and "Suddenly," revival, Frank Sinatra, Sterling Hayden.
From Sept. 28: NEW FACES, revival; and "Désirée," revival, Marlon Brando, Jean Simmons.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
GATE OF HELL (in Japanese).

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
Through Sept. 23: TUNISIAN VICTORY, revival; TARGET FOR TONIGHT, revival; and "Burma Victory," revival, a British documentary film.
From Sept. 24: "Ballet de France," a French film made up of eight ballets, with a narration, in English, by Milton Cross.

Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"The African Lion," a full-length Walt Disney film.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
I AM A CAMERA.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
"Othello," Orson Welles.

Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through Sept. 27: "Not as a Stranger," Olivia de Havilland, Robert Mitchum; and "The Big Bluff," John Bromfield, Martha Vickers.
From Sept. 28: "Wichita," Joel McCrea; and "Finger Man," Frank Lovejoy, Forrest Tucker.

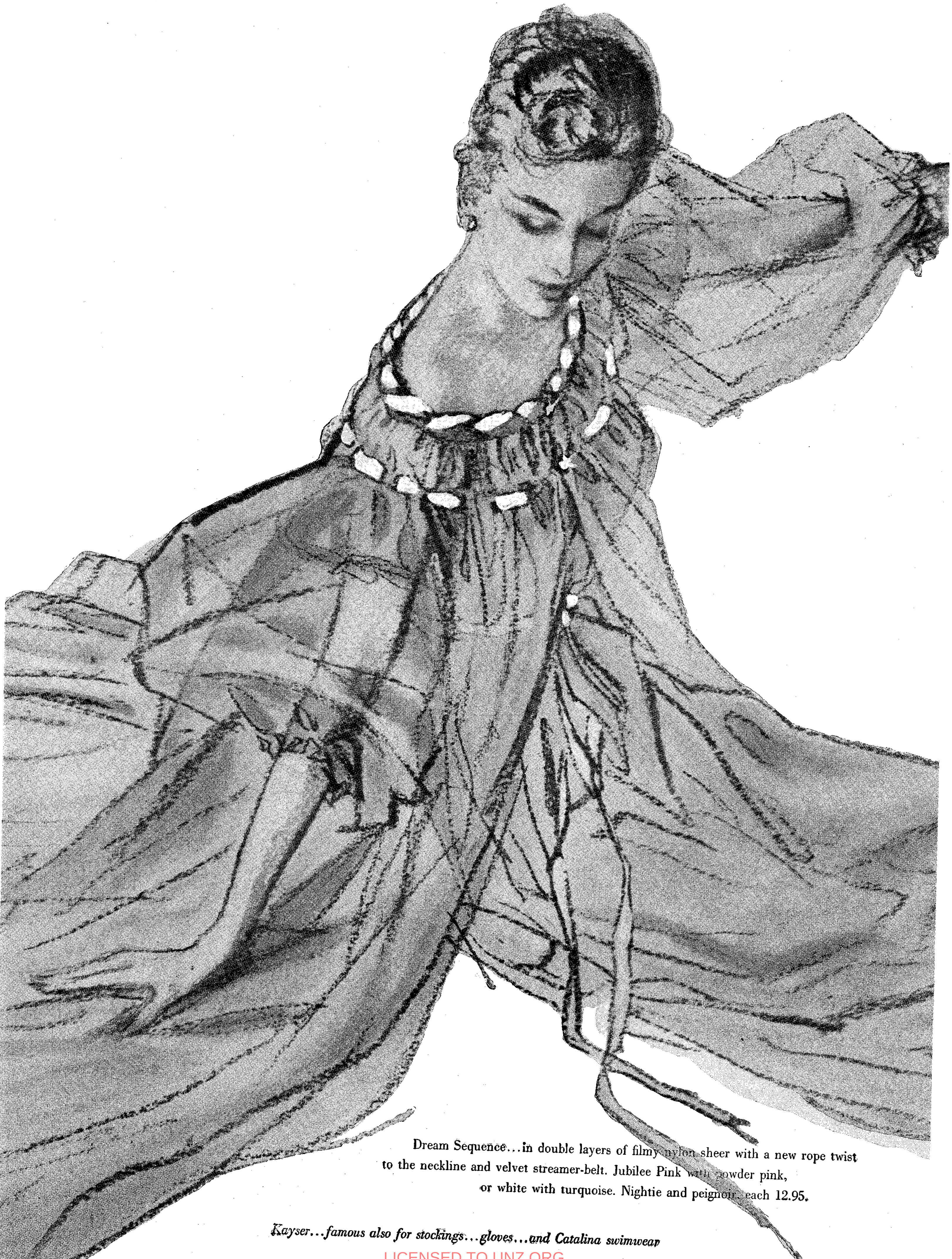
Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Sept. 22: "Concert of Stars" (in Russian), a film made up of selections from various Russian operas and ballets; and "Tonight We Sing," revival, Ezio Pinza, Roberta Peters.
Sept. 23: THE LIFE AND LOVES OF BEETHOVEN (in French), revival; and "The Congress Dances," revival, Lillian Harvey, Conrad Veidt.
Sept. 24: ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT, revival; and THUNDER ROCK, revival.
Sept. 25: "Rigoletto" (in Italian), revival, Tito Gobbi; and "Tosca" (in Italian), revival, Michel Simon.
Sept. 26: BREAD, LOVE AND DREAMS (in Italian), revival; and "L'Orage" (also known as "Confessions of a Bride," in French), revival, Michèle Morgan, Charles Boyer.
Sept. 27: A program of ten varied films—"Song of the Prairie," "The Grievance," "Return to Glenascaul," and others.
Sept. 28: "Beauties of the Night" (in French), revival, Gérard Philipe, Gina Lollobrigida; and "The Overcoat" (in Italian), revival, Renato Rascel.

Riverside, B'way at 96th. (RI 9-9861)
Through Sept. 27: THE SHRIKE; and "Crash-out," William Bendix, Arthur Kennedy.
From Sept. 28: To be announced.

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
Through Sept. 27: "Not as a Stranger," Olivia de Havilland, Robert Mitchum; and "The Big Bluff," John Bromfield, Martha Vickers.
From Sept. 28: "Wichita," Joel McCrea; and "Finger Man," Frank Lovejoy, Forrest Tucker.

Nemo, B'way at 110th. (AC 2-9406)
Through Sept. 27: THE SHRIKE; and "Crash-out," William Bendix, Arthur Kennedy.
From Sept. 28: "Female on the Beach," Joan Crawford, Jeff Chandler; and "One Desire," Anne Baxter, Rock Hudson.

Coliseum, B'way at 181st. (WA 7-7200)
Through Sept. 27: THE SHRIKE; and "Crash-out," William Bendix, Arthur Kennedy.
From Sept. 28: "Female on the Beach," Joan Crawford, Jeff Chandler; and "One Desire," Anne Baxter, Rock Hudson.



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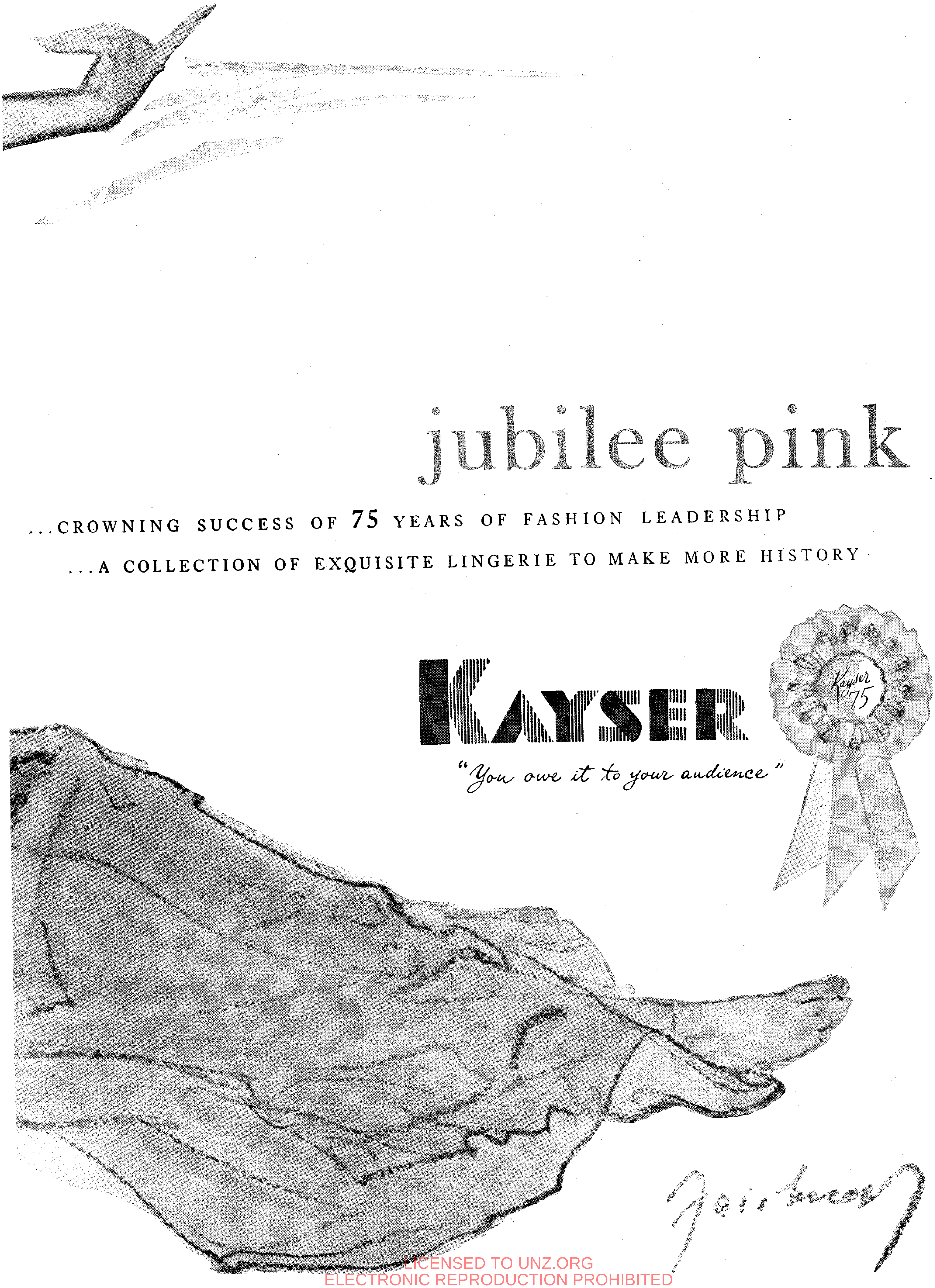

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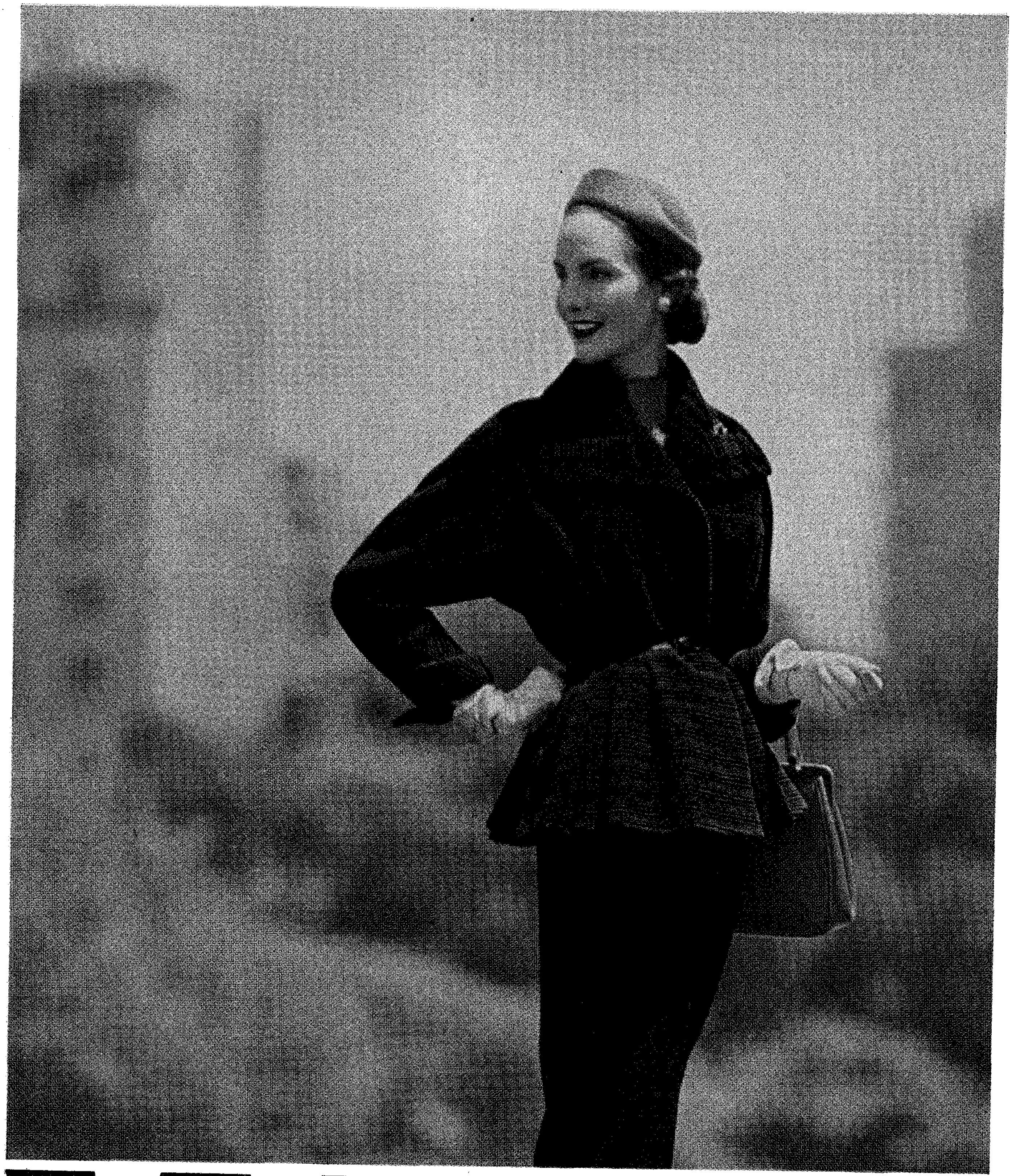

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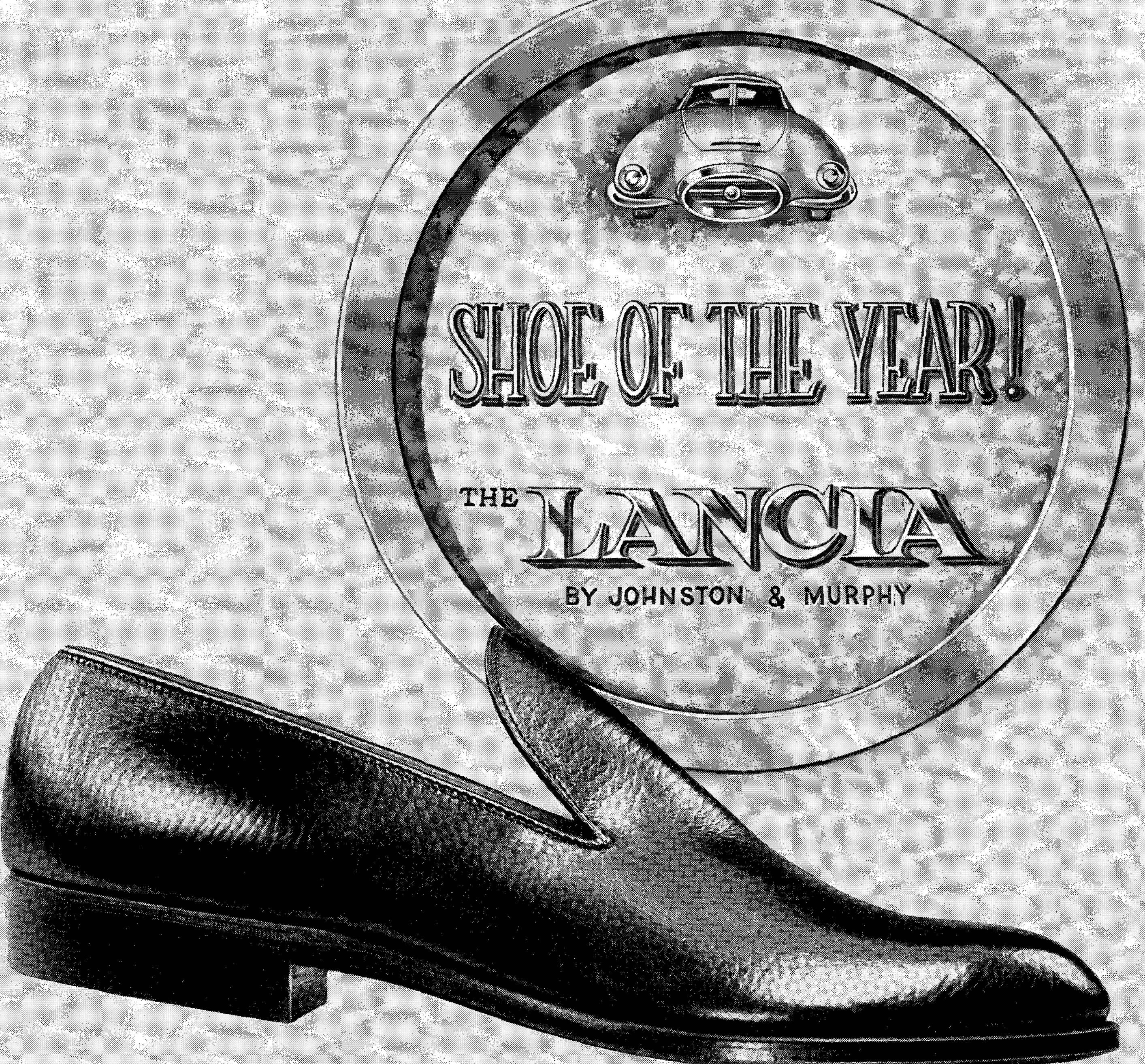

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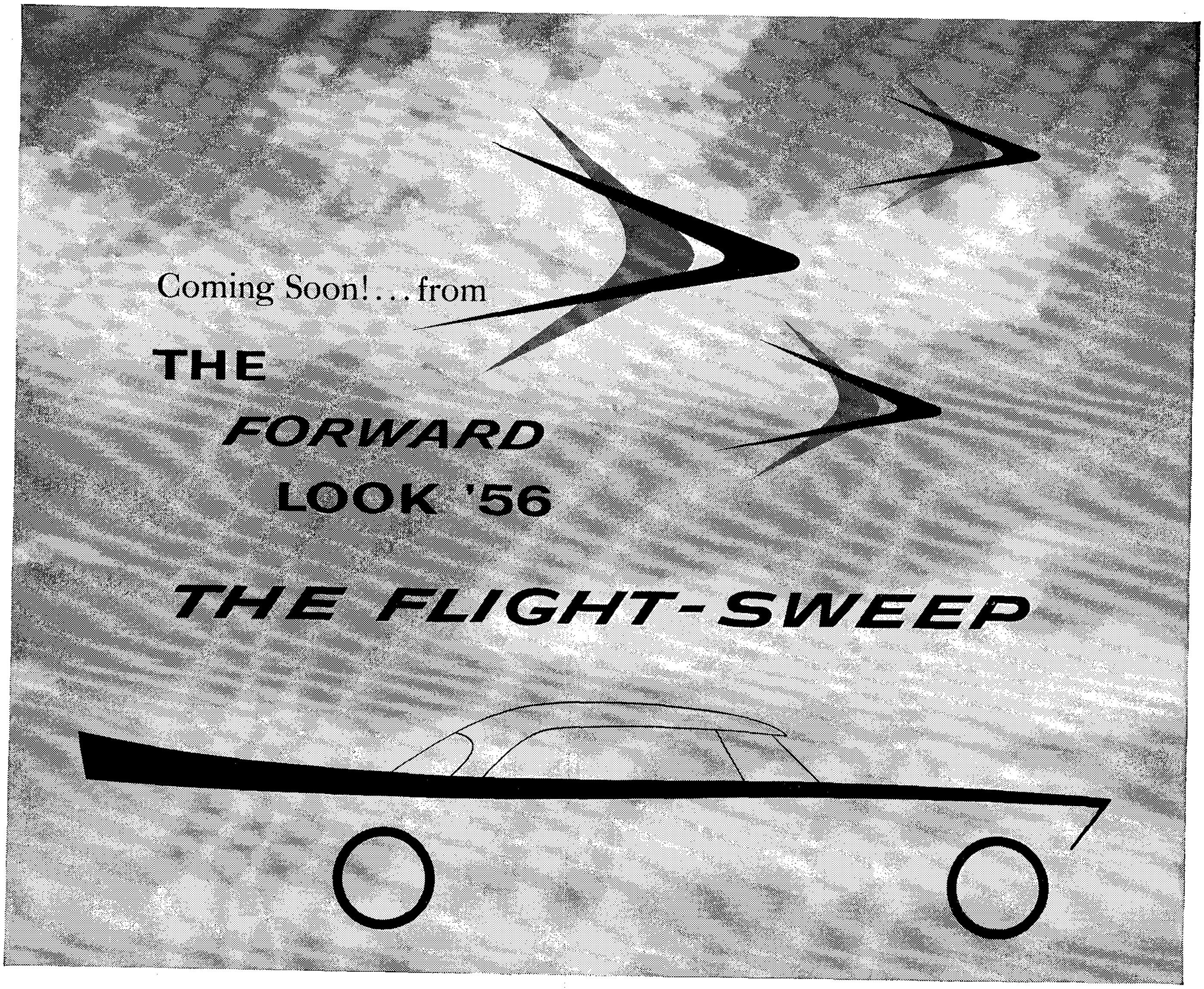

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Here's real news in safety for you, too. New LifeGuard door latches that hold fast under stress as none have ever done before. New Safety Belts if you wish them. New rigidity and stamina of body work to surpass even Chrysler Corporation's known high standards.

Watch for THE FLIGHT-SWEEP. Watch for these cars at your dealer's. Soon comes the *second* year of THE *FORWARD* LOOK, Chrysler Corporation's challenge that has already won the hearts of well over a million families in 1955.

CHRYSLER CORPORATION

PLYMOUTH • DODGE • DE SOTO • CHRYSLER • IMPERIAL

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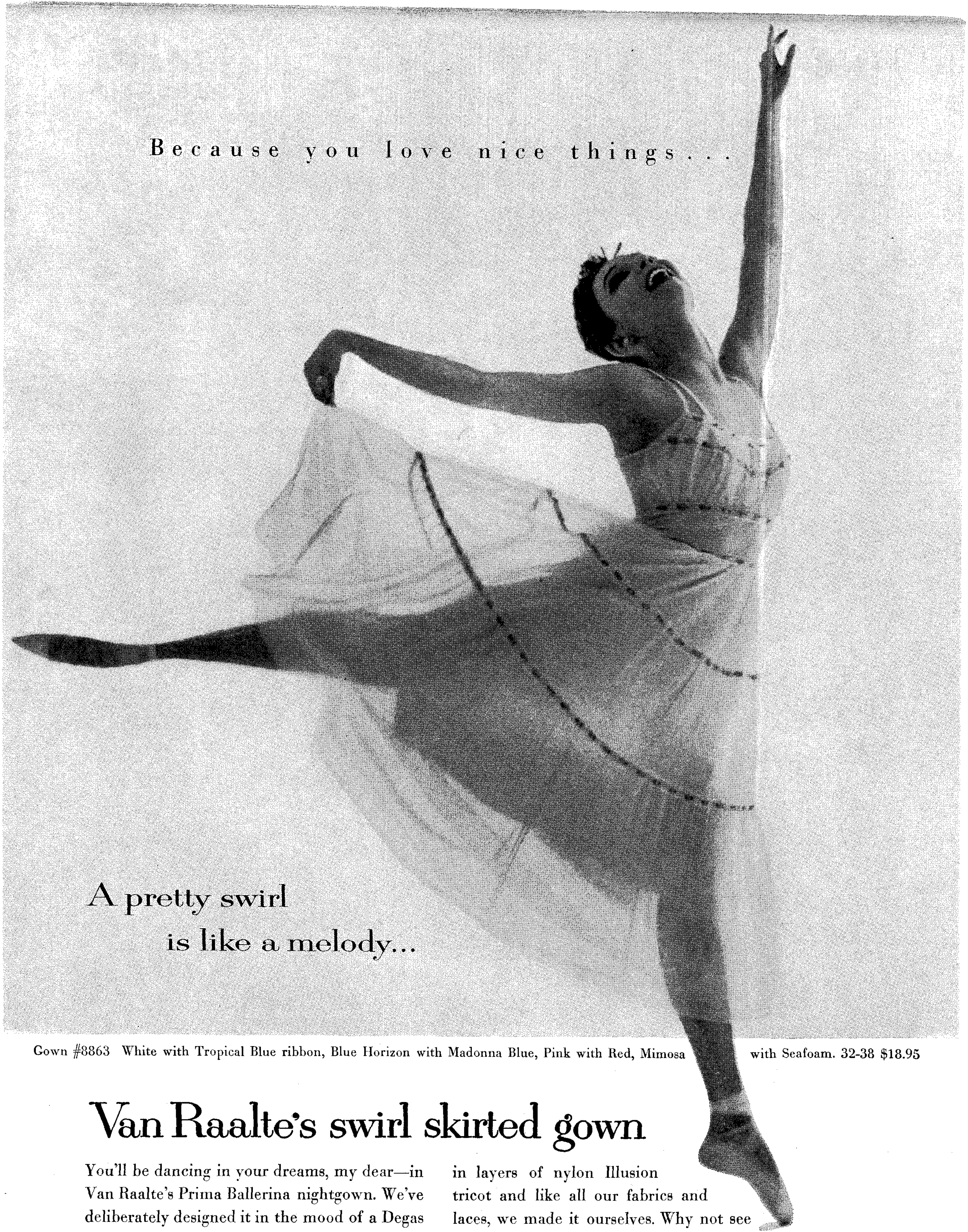
Tops in TV Drama—"Climax!"—CBS-TV, Thursdays


Because you love nice things...
A pretty swirl
is like a melody...

Gown #8863 White with Tropical Blue ribbon, Blue Horizon with Madonna Blue, Pink with Red, Mimosa with Seafoam. 32-38 $18.95

Van Raalte's swirl skirted gown

You'll be dancing in your dreams, my dear—in Van Raalte's Prima Ballerina nightgown. We've deliberately designed it in the mood of a Degas print. Take the camisole top—it's cut to make a pretty neck appear actually swan-like. Doesn't that floaty skirt demand a pirouette? What could be more sugar-plum fairy-like than those *rows* of ribbon-beaded Alencon lace? We've done it in layers of nylon Illusion tricot and like all our fabrics and laces, we made it ourselves. Why not see it for yourself at your favorite store—today.

Van Raalte

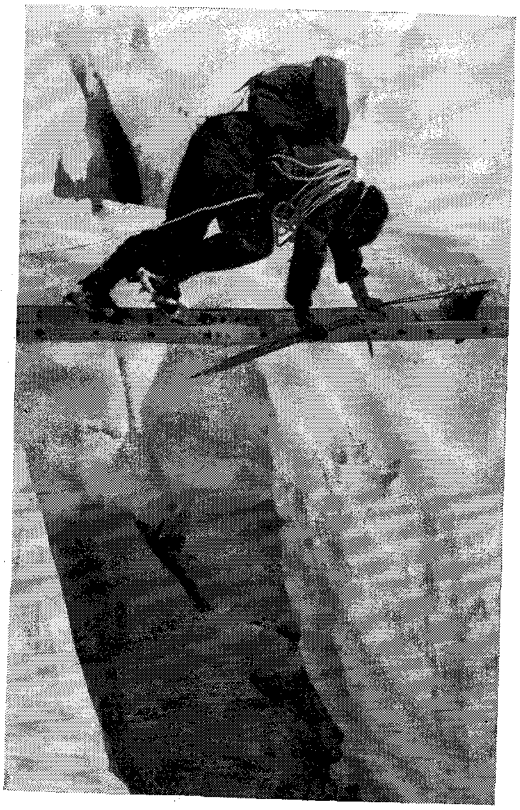
LINGERIE • GLOVES • STOCKINGS

Aquascutum
OF LONDON, ENGLAND

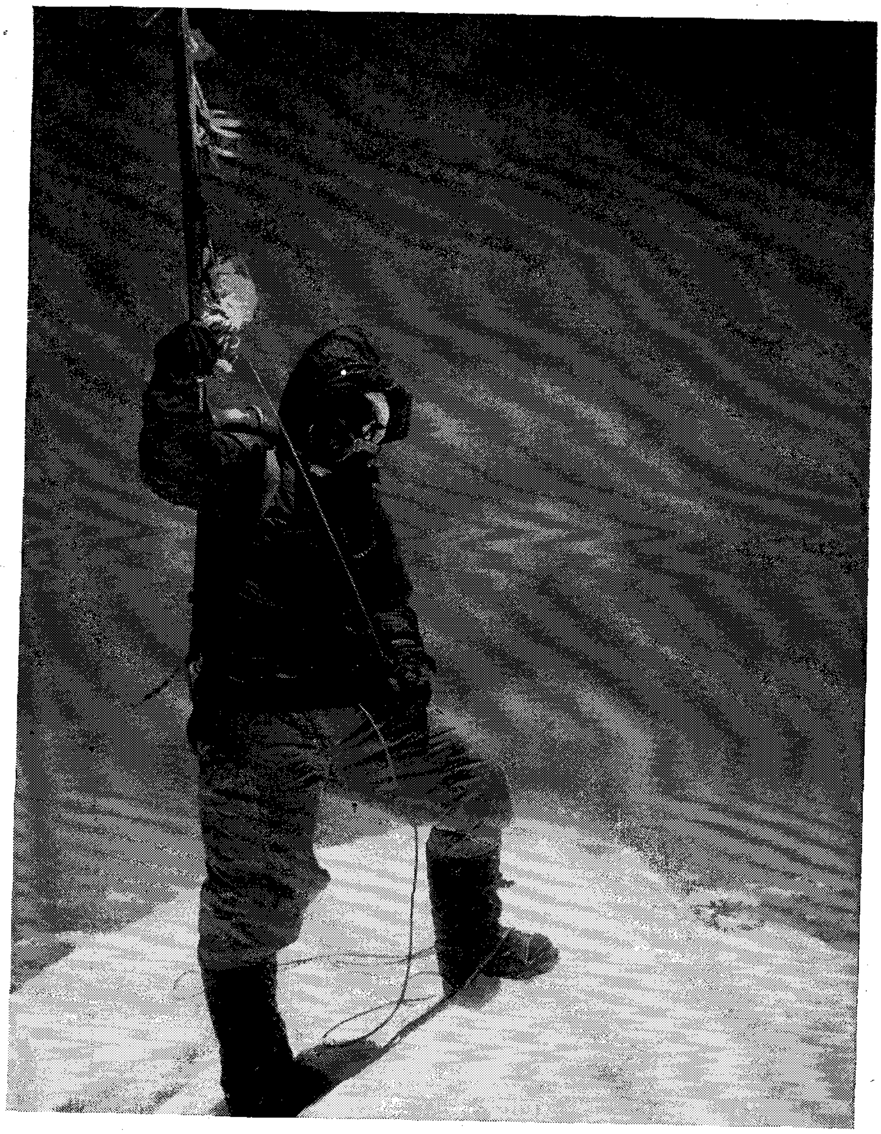
BRINGS YOU

The cloth that

Icy mountain gales, numbing body and spirit, reach the velocity of 90 m.p.h. "Wyncol" D.711 was shown in wind-tunnel tests to be completely windproof in winds of 100 m.p.h.



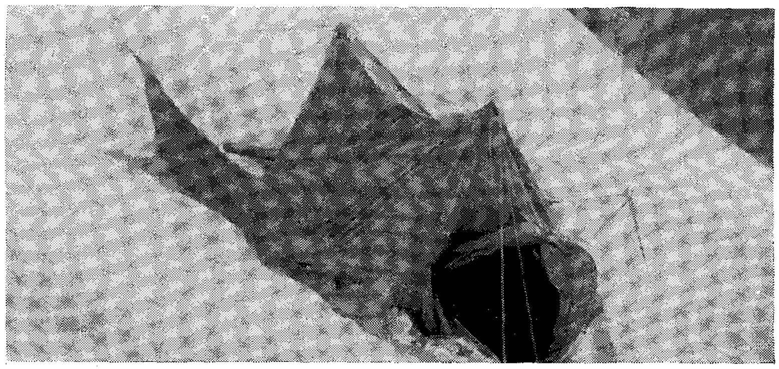
Rough going. In such tough spots as this "Hillary's Horror," "Wyncol" D.711 proved incredibly rugged. As Major Wylie, the Expedition's Secretary, later said: "It tears only if you put an ice axe or crampon through it!"



Victory! Vital to the Everest Expedition success was the fabric used in all outer clothing and tents—remarkable "Wyncol" D.711

Photographs reproduced by permission of the Royal Geographical Society and Alpine Club of Great Britain. *Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

The climb. Tents and clothing *had* to be feather-light because of weight of oxygen supplies



"Wyncol" D.711, the fabric chosen, is a superb cotton-and-nylon poplin—weighs only 4¾ oz. per square yard!

conquered Mt. Everest

—now in the finest raincoat ever made

It was inevitable that the great cotton-and-nylon poplin of the Everest Expedition should be eventually made into a raincoat. The honor—appropriately enough—went to the "House with 100 Years of Weather Wisdom"; Aquascutum was granted exclusive world rights to make raincoats of "Wyncol"* D.711.

"Wyncol" D.711 was chosen for *all* the Expedition's outer clothing and tents after the British Ministry of Supplies had tested 22 different fabrics. In a wind-tunnel test, it proved windproof in a gale force 100 m.p.h. In a snag-resistance test—virtually tearproof.

Such is the cloth Aquascutum's new Expedition Coat is made of. Because of the extreme scarcity of "Wyncol" D.711, only 4000 of these superb raincoats—each to be registered by number—will reach America this year. Aquascutum (whose label on any raincoat is assurance of the very best in material and craftsmanship) is proud to bring you this unique raincoat—unquestionably the world's finest.

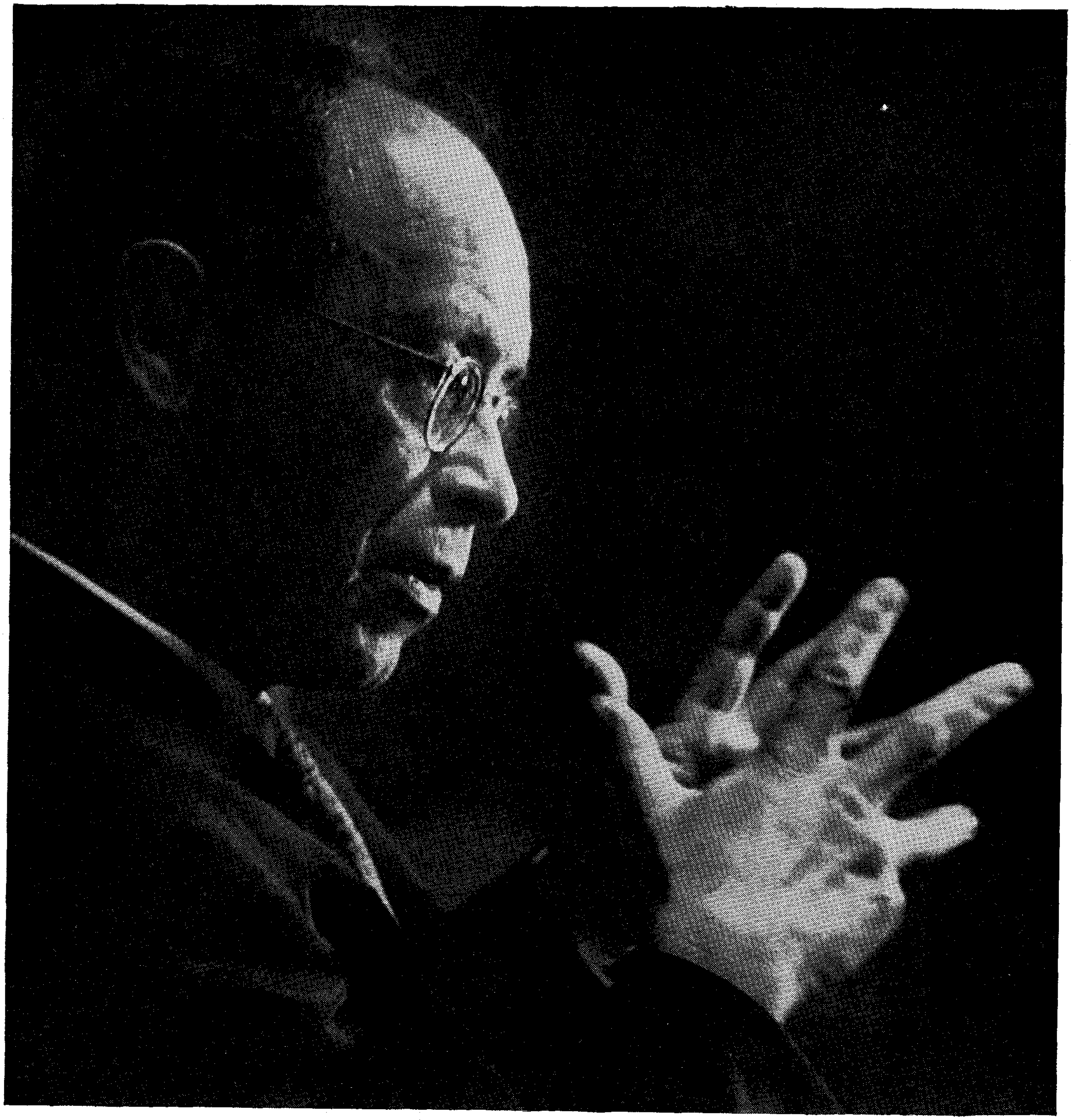
At fine stores in United States and Canada. Or write Aquascutum, 350 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.

The Expedition Coat by

Aquascutum
OF LONDON, ENGLAND

The Expedition Coat: tailored in Aquascutum's great tradition, in the fabric that conquered Mt. Everest. "Wyncol" D.711 is woven to an incredible tightness, yet, because it's mostly cotton it "breathes," so that you never feel sealed into your Expedition Coat. Priced at $65.00 to $85.00, according to style.

THE SOUND OF GENIUS...



PHOTOGRAPH BY FRED PLAUT

Rudolf Serkin, like all great pianists, is a specialist. His unique reputation as an artist has grown with his particular enthusiasm and understanding for the music of Bach, Beethoven and Brahms. Today he is widely regarded as the finest interpreter of these most significant of composers for the piano. This Fall Columbia is proud to offer all five Beethoven Piano Concerti, played by Rudolf Serkin with the Philadelphia Orchestra. We are also proud that Mr. Serkin has chosen to record exclusively for Columbia Records.

COLUMBIA RECORDS

Recent Columbia Masterworks "Lp" records by Rudolf Serkin include:

Beethoven: Concerto No. 2 and 4 — both on one 12-inch "Lp". With the Philadelphia Orchestra. ML 5037 $4.98

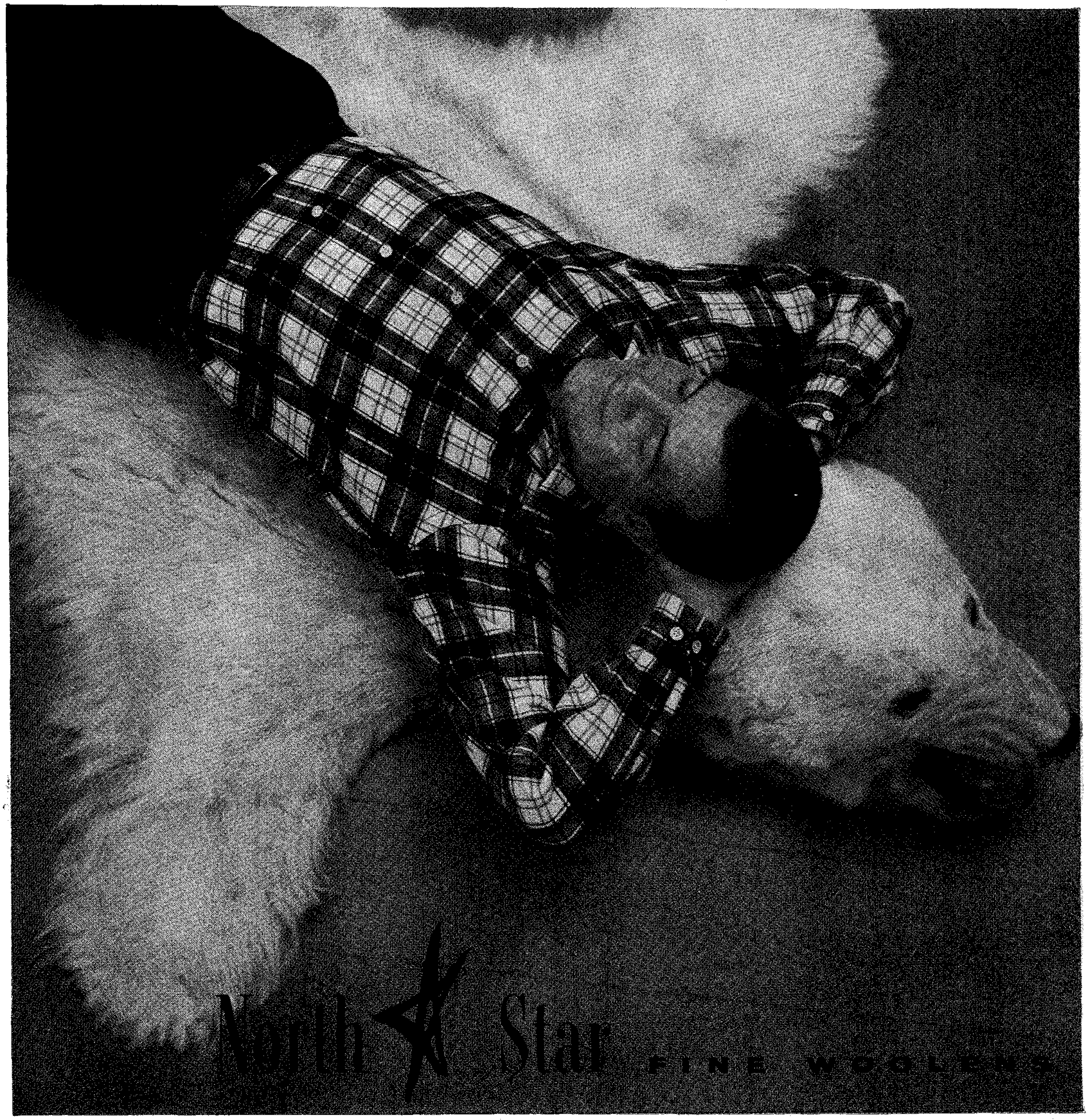
■ We will be pleased to send you a copy of the above photograph, suitable for framing. Send a card to Columbia Records, Room 8-N, 799 7th Avenue, New York City.

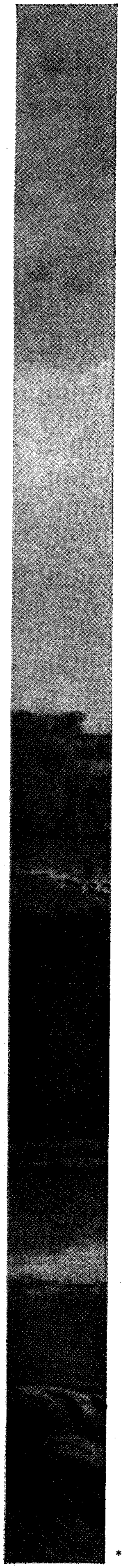
® "COLUMBIA" Ⓛ "MASTERWORKS" T. M.

Good Hunting... YOU'VE FOUND A WOOL SHIRT THAT'S COMPLETELY WASHABLE

This shirt is made of 100% pure Australian wool, yarn-dyed and woven as only famous North Star can do it. It is singleneedle tailored, as fine as a custom dress shirt. AND a Game and Lake doesn't spend time and money being cleaned because it launders perfectly. In fact, the label states, "we replace if it shrinks." Own one and you'll want more! Ask any man who wears a Game and Lake. At Bloomingdale's in New York and other better department stores, in small, medium, large and extra large, about $15.

Game & Lake





It's special men's apparel
for those hazy, lazy days
between summer's end
and winter's beginning

If you respond approvingly to the niceties of nature, you'll be loath to believe that this scene serene could possibly be annoying to anyone.

Yet it is—to thousands of men. And you may be one of those who consider it a nuisance because it's a time when it's too mild for winter wear—too late for summer wear—and yet too soon to forego the fun of the great outdoors at this great time of the year.

Of course, you don't have to. It's simply Indian Summer. So the new Botany Fashions for Men simply created new Indian Summer apparel for men.

The secret (and it's hardly a secret) is that everything is *medium-weight*—which is the right weight for this *medium-time* of the year.

Indian Summer Slacks by Botany are a new experience in comfort. Wait till you wear a pair. You'll react similarly to the Indian Summer Sport Shirts and Ties, Socks and Robes.

It's Indian Summer in clothing, too. You'll find Botany '500' tailored by Daroff suits waiting for you in soft hazy Smoke Greys, ideal for this ideal time of the year.

For such alertness and responsiveness to your needs, you can look confidently to the *new* Botany Fashions for Men which (as of *old*) will continue to create apparel for you with only this aim:

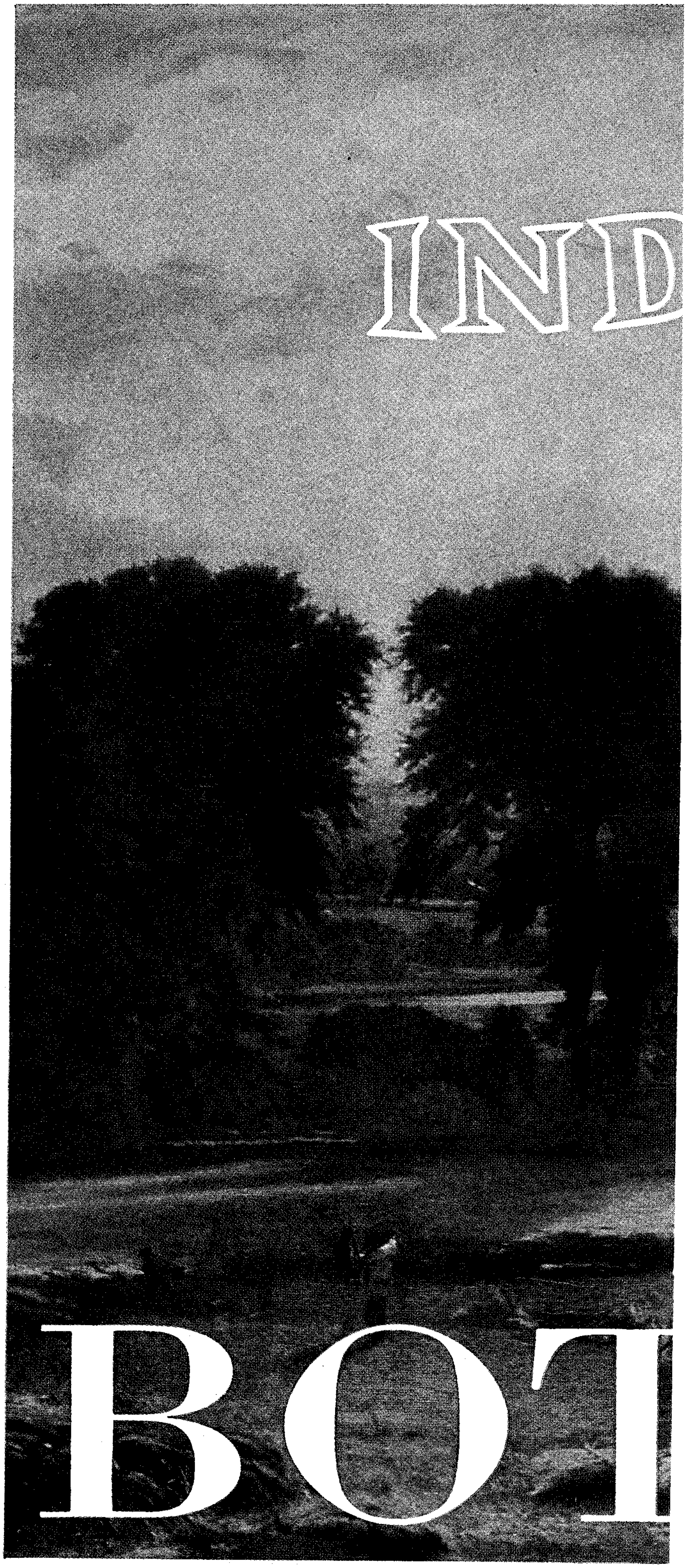
> "*To make the things* you need—*not to induce you to need the things* we make."

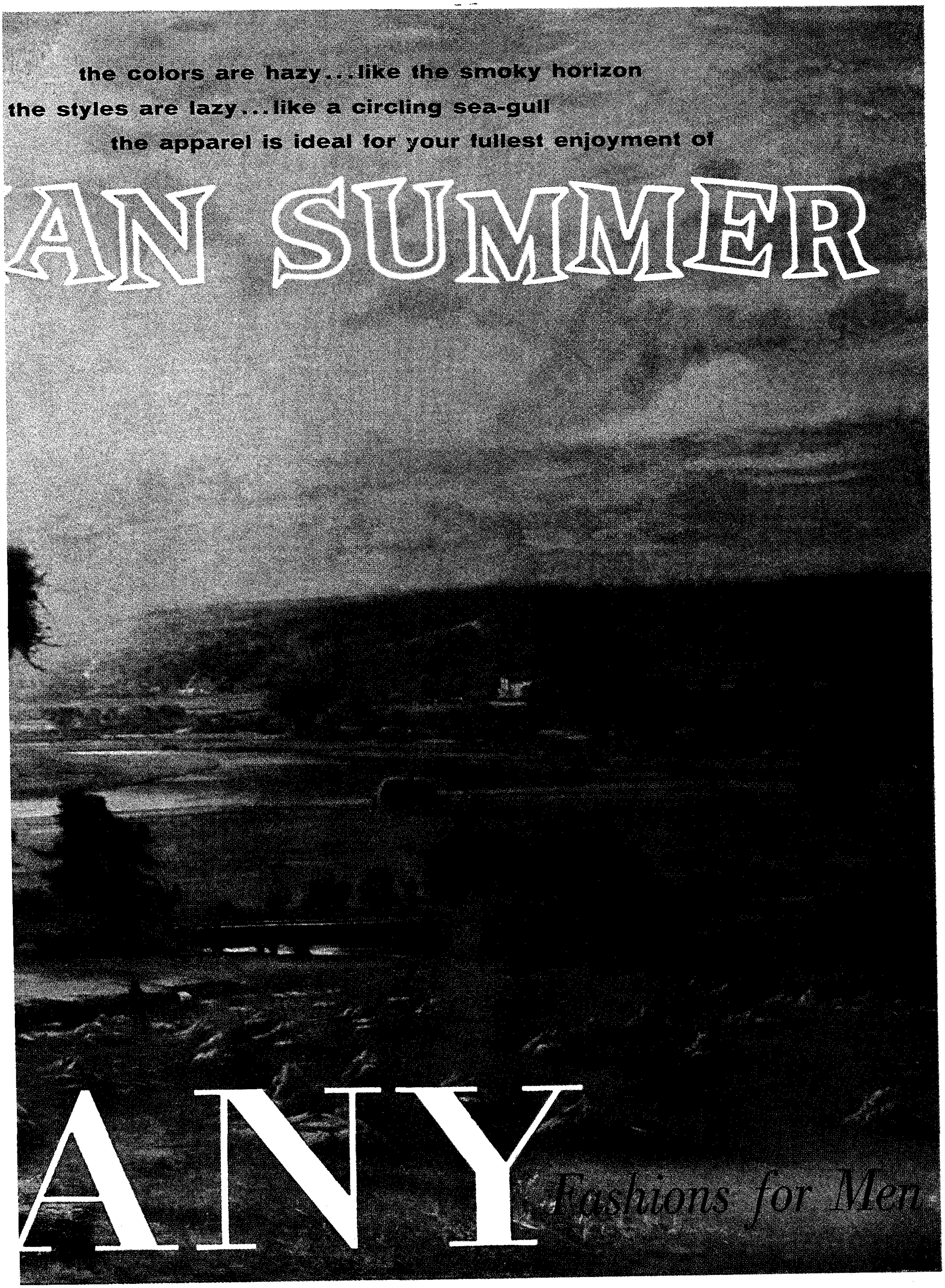
To appreciate how well this works out for you, see Indian Summer apparel at your favorite store. Or write for name of your nearest dealer.

BOTANY Brands, Inc.
Empire State Building, New York 1, N. Y.
manufacturers of **Slacks, Ties, Sportshirts, Robes and Socks**

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART

* TRADEMARK




the colors are hazy...like the smoky horizon
the styles are lazy...like a circling sea-gull
the apparel is ideal for your fullest enjoyment of
AN SUMMER
ANY
Fashions for Men

Exclusively at Saks Fifth Avenue, this Caerlee cashmere cardigan designed for Miss Lisa Ferraday.

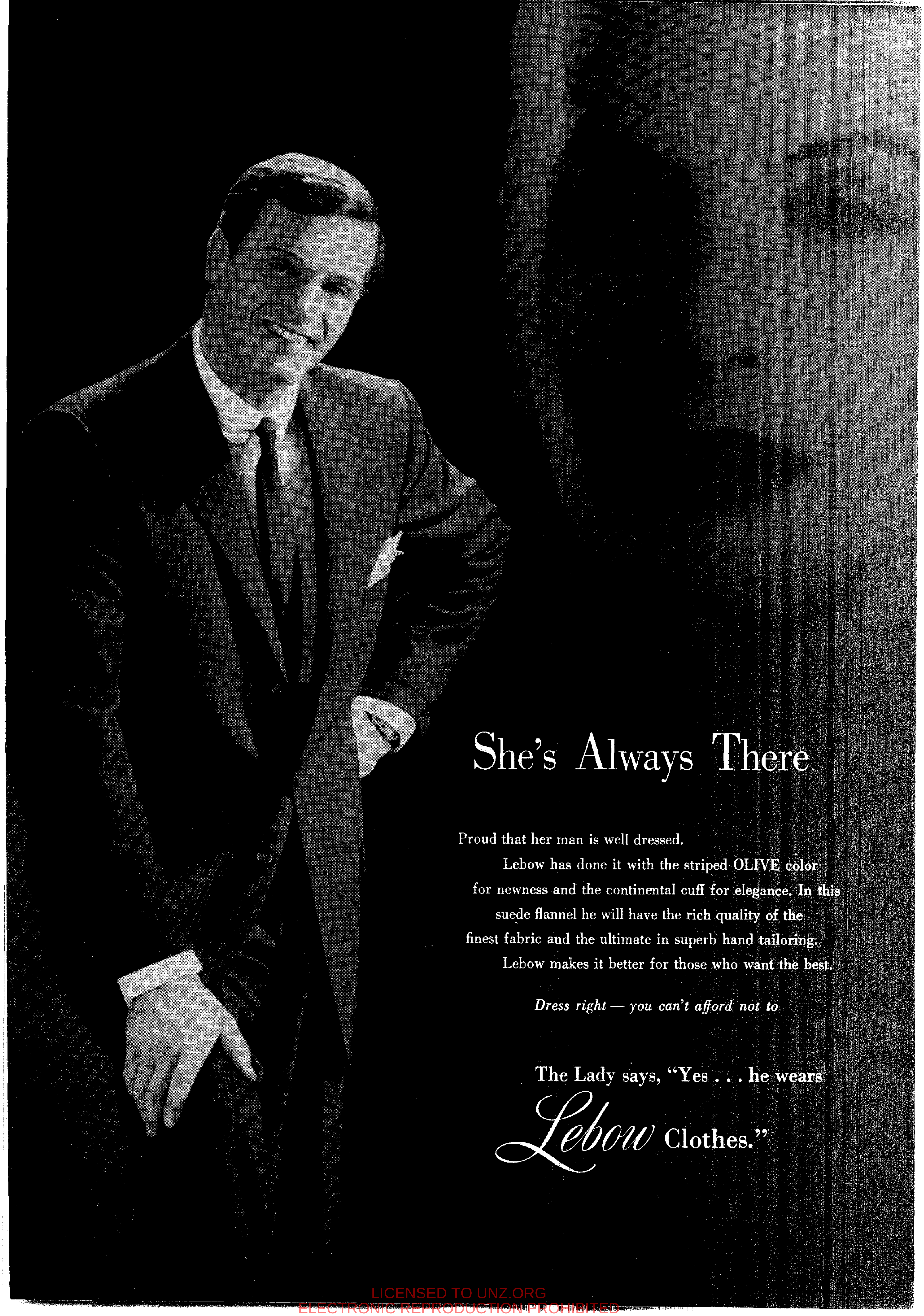
Says Caerlee:

"Woolite is the miracle soap for wool."

ESPECIALLY FOR WOOL
Woolite
cold water soap

NO SHRINKING
NO MATTING
NO BLOCKING

Honey Harbour Company, Inc., 10732 Riverside Drive, North Hollywood, California. New York Office: 175 Fifth Avenue



She's Always There

Proud that her man is well dressed.

Lebow has done it with the striped OLIVE color for newness and the continental cuff for elegance. In this suede flannel he will have the rich quality of the finest fabric and the ultimate in superb hand tailoring. Lebow makes it better for those who want the best.

Dress right — you can't afford not to

The Lady says, "Yes . . . he wears
Lebow Clothes."

Superglow Solid Powder

with **Lumium**

Finely compressed, handsomely cased and portable — this is the same Superglow Face Powder with Lumium that has made cosmetic history on the dressing table . . . that is known (pretty well around the world now) for its extraordinary way of washing out tiny lines and shadows by reflecting, rather than absorbing, light rays. Here now — prepared to pay you the same glowing compliment at a moment's notice — the same famous powder, in the same famous flattering shades.

in a fluted golden case or an ivory-and-gold compact

Germaine Monteil

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

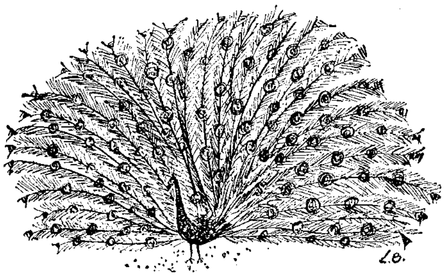
ON the eve of the recent Miss America contest, a scholar at one of those scholarly meetings read a paper critical of the looks of the entrants. The young ladies were too pretty, he declared, to be representative of American misses; they merely typified what American men dream of in women. The scholar seemed to think that this pampering of fantasy is dangerous—whether to men or to women we're not sure. Well, along came the contest finals, and who should win out, on a combination of beauty and talent, but a young lady acclaimed for her reading of a macabre dramatic poem? One's wildest dreams of beauty-contest winners never embraced any such chilling recitation, and now we don't know what to think, except perhaps that ultimately this new trend will be carried to its logical conclusion, and the judges at Atlantic City will find themselves passing on the merits—spiritual and metrical, as well as physical—of lady poets. The international contests would, naturally, have to fall into line, and the next dream we have will feature Dame Edith Sitwell, a Miss Universe sash draped across her shoulders, majestically walking the length of some floodlit runway.

THE match industry has a sort of beauty contest of its own now. Inspired by Oscars, Tonys, Emmys, Edgars, and the other Christian-name awards of our time, the industry is offering Joshuas and Henrys to outstanding match-book manufacturers and match-book collectors, respectively. (Joshua Pusey, it seems, invented the things, and Henry Rathkamp was an early collector of them.) We wince at the prospect of all the honors yet to be announced, let alone conferred: the annual Johnny, for the person who buys the most Philip Morrises; the Morris, in turn, for the fellow who borrows the most (in a single fiscal year) under the Morris Plan; the Philip, for whoever succeeds in marrying Princess Margaret; and so on, until the last name is exhausted and the last mantel topples under the weight of the trophies. It's getting so these days you can't tell an award from a hurricane.

Banker

THERE is a handsome, forty-nine-year-old man named Ben Feit who appears each Tuesday evening, under armed guard, on the television show called "The $64,000 Question," to represent the banking interests. This high-priced question was answered last week by a Marine captain, who, with the help of his father, could understand a French menu. The next morning, having eaten a couple of fried eggs, with a barely perceptible pinch of pepper and salt, we went over to see Mr. Feit, at the Fifth Avenue branch of Manufacturers Trust Company, of which he is a vice-president. He was mopping his brow. "Gee whizz!" he remarked. "I'm still shaking like a leaf." He produced his wallet and handed us a check. It was made out to Richard McCutchen, the Marine culinary flash. "The Captain gave it to me to hold," Mr. Feit said. He jumped around a bit, and remarked, "There you have it. Sixty-four thousand dollars!"

We returned the check to Mr. Feit, and told him we thought he puts on a hell of a show when he plays his part on the broadcasts—which is to sit at a desk onstage, flanked by two bank guards, and hand Hal March, the master of ceremonies, sealed envelopes containing thousand-dollar-and-over questions.



"It's only a tiny part," said Mr. Feit. "You can't really call it acting."

A lady passing through asked for the personal-loan department.

"That's on the third floor," replied Mr. Feit, and, turning to us, said, "You can't call what I do acting, but I guess I get a bang out of it."

We asked Mr. Feit to run through his lines, and he obliged immediately.

" 'Mr. Feit,' " he began, " 'would you please explain your function?' "

"But *you* are Mr. Feit," we said.

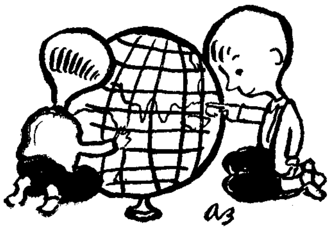
"What we call a cue," said Mr. Feit, and continued, " 'From this point on, all questions come from the locked vaults of Manufacturers Trust Company, New York. Manufacturers Trust Company guarantees that only authorized members of the bank have the keys and combination of the vault and that, except for the editors, no one has seen these questions, not Mr. March, not even myself.' Do you know why I'm guarded by two bank guards on the program?" he asked.

"Why?" we said.

"Because the TV producers wanted it," said Mr. Feit. "I assume they think it adds to the excitement. As it happened, we had the Revlon account—they're the sponsors, you know—and that is how we came to be chosen to guard the questions. I myself was selected for this TV role by Harold Miner, another v.p. at the Fifth Avenue branch. Really, I don't know why he picked me, but when he said give it a try, I did. We keep questions in some thirty categories in our safe-deposit vaults, although only twelve categories are used at one time on the show. Each category contains seven questions: one worth a thousand dollars, one worth two thousand, one worth four thousand,

and so on, up to bingo, or sixty-four thousand dollars."

Mr. Feit took a deep breath and told us how he'd come along from Manual Training High School, in Brooklyn, and Textile High, in New York, to his present eminence. He planned to become a lawyer, and spent two years at St. John's University Law School, in Brooklyn, but in 1929, when his father died, he got a job. A letter of introduction led him to Manufacturers Trust, and that was that. He started in as a credit investigator, working out of the main office, on Broad Street. In 1931, he got married, and shortly after moved to the post of assistant credit manager of the Fifth Avenue branch. He rose to credit manager, and in 1937 he was made an officer of the bank, with the title of assistant secretary. He was in the Army from February, 1943, to September, 1945. Because he was overage for a combat assignment, he spent most of that time as a staff sergeant attached to an Army Air Forces medical unit at Robins Field, near Macon, Georgia. He came back to his old desk at the Fifth Avenue branch, and in 1951 was made an assistant vice-president. He reached his vice-presidency July 11th. The Feits live near the Brooklyn Museum, and have no children.



We asked Mr. Feit to what extent his theatrical career has influenced his life, and he admitted that it has made him something of a celebrity in his neighborhood and the target of some good-natured kidding. Mrs. Feit sometimes rouses him in the morning by calling out "Curtain time!," and she's been heard to call the program "The Ben Feit Show." Before his first appearance, Mrs. Feit rehearsed him in his role. The opening show, he admits, was pretty nerve-racking. He still gets tensed up before each performance, skips his usual drink before dinner, and drinks a glass of hot milk when he gets home, to help quiet himself down. Mrs. Feit usually joins him for dinner on the night of the show and goes to the studio with him. He gets no salary for the job.

Mr. Feit himself has, of course, never seen the show. "Do you think I sound like a banker?" he asked us.

We assured him that he does.

"When I first started doing it," he said, "I noticed that the director took a lot of pains telling everybody else just how to look and gesture and inflect each word, but nobody told me a thing. I was a little hurt until I suddenly realized why. 'For gosh sakes, you ham bone,' I told myself, 'they don't want you to do it like an *actor*, they want you to do it like a *banker*, and that's what you *are!*' After that, I felt better about the whole thing."

•

MIDWESTERN INTELLIGENCE: A sign on a shelf in the book department of Sears, Roebuck in Chicago proclaims, "Readable Fiction."

Little Water

RECENTLY, vodka has been coming along like a house afire, rising from nowhere to fifth place in this country. This year's sales of vodka are expected to double those of last year, when Americans downed more of the stuff than they had in all previous years combined. Wishing to look further into this matter, we sought out a Russian-born friend of ours named Rudolph Kunett, who, as president of Ste. Pierre Smirnoff Fils, has been trying to interest Americans in vodka for two decades. The last time we had seen Mr. Kunett was in 1934, when he was engaged in setting up the first Smirnoff plant in this country, at Bethel, Connecticut. On that occasion, he was wearing a smock and looked as if he had just come in off the steppes. His costume for our reunion, at the Plaza, was a blue serge business suit, and he looked as if he had just come in from a rather wearing board meeting. Pointing out that it was nearly lunchtime, he suggested that we move into the Oak Room.

"What will you have?" Mr. Kunett asked when we were seated.

"A vodka Martini," we said.

Mr. Kunett said he would have straight tomato juice. "I must sample vodka all afternoon," he explained, "and I don't want to spoil my taste."

When the waiter appeared, Mr. Kunett asked him what kind of vodka he had. The waiter mentioned a non-Smirnoff confection. "Poisonous," said Mr. Kunett. He peered around broodily until we inquired about the enormous increase in vodka consumption. Then he brightened.

"When I last saw you," he said, "we were selling six thousand cases a year. In 1949, we were still selling only a hundred and twenty thousand cases. This year, we expect to sell one million two hundred thousand." Mr. Kunett gave a superior smile to the waiter as he handed us our poisonous Martini, and went on, "Sixteen years ago, all was tragedy. My partner, Vladimir Smirnoff, fourth generation in the company, had just died, and I decided I would have to sell out. It was difficult. Both Vladimir and I were born into the business. The Smirnoffs were sole purveyors to the Czar from 1886 until the Revolution, when they fled, and my father had provided them with the raw spirits used in making vodka. Fortunately, the Heublein people, who took over our plant, were very decent. They made Smirnoff Fils an independent subsidiary and had me stay on as president. But even with the help of their salespeople, the company sold only ten thousand cases a year, and when the war came, we had to cut out vodka entirely, to save alcohol. After the war, we started in again, only to find liquor stores crowded with cheap vodkas. But quality will always count, and in 1949 people started to buy good vodkas, and three years ago I set up branches in France, England, and Mexico. Now I plan to have branches in Spain and Italy, too. Our sales in France have quadrupled in the last two years."

We asked Mr. Kunett what caused the rush to vodka.

"Who knows?" he said. "You must remember that more vodka has always been consumed than any other liquor in the world. Bourbon in America, Scotch in England, rum in Cuba—none of them can hold a candle to vodka. In Russia, Poland, Bulgaria, and Serbia, *everyone* drinks vodka. Until I was twenty-one, and left Odessa for a German university, I didn't know there was any other liquor. There have always been four hundred million people drinking vodka, as opposed to eighty million for any other liquor. Maybe when Russia was allied with us during the war, Americans got acquainted with Russian products. Americans, you know, were uninformed about Russia, but they were *mis*informed about vodka. Vodka, it was said, is lethal, gives you exceptionally bad hangovers, and is made from moldly potatoes. None of this is true. Vodka is pure grain alcohol, specially purified through charcoal. There is a film writer of English parentage named Jack Morgan who operates a restaurant called the Cock'n Bull in Hollywood. Seven years ago, he figured that he could make Americans like ginger beer as much as the English do. He failed in that attempt, but he had his bartenders—five crackerjack men—try to find out what you could put with ginger beer to make it more attractive. They decided on vodka, and after they'd rejected such names as Timoshenko, Stalingrad, and Zhukov, somebody thought of Moscow Mule. It was a splendid success, and people learned that vodka isn't lethal or anything else bad. Vodka's big advantage lies in the fact that it virtually lacks taste, color, and odor, and so can be mixed with just about anything. It's particularly successful with fruit juices, since it allows you to have the true flavor of the fruit. Most Americans who drink hard liquor don't like the taste, so vodka is fine for them. Smirnoff redistills the raw spirits and starts out making vodka with ninety-five per cent pure alcohol, three per cent water, and two per cent of materials called congenerics. After a lot of tank work, some further dilution with water, and filtering through charcoal from especially porous and absorbent trees, the liquor comes out practically pure. Whiskey gets its flavor from what's left in it, gin from herbs that are added."

"What does the word 'vodka' mean?" we asked.

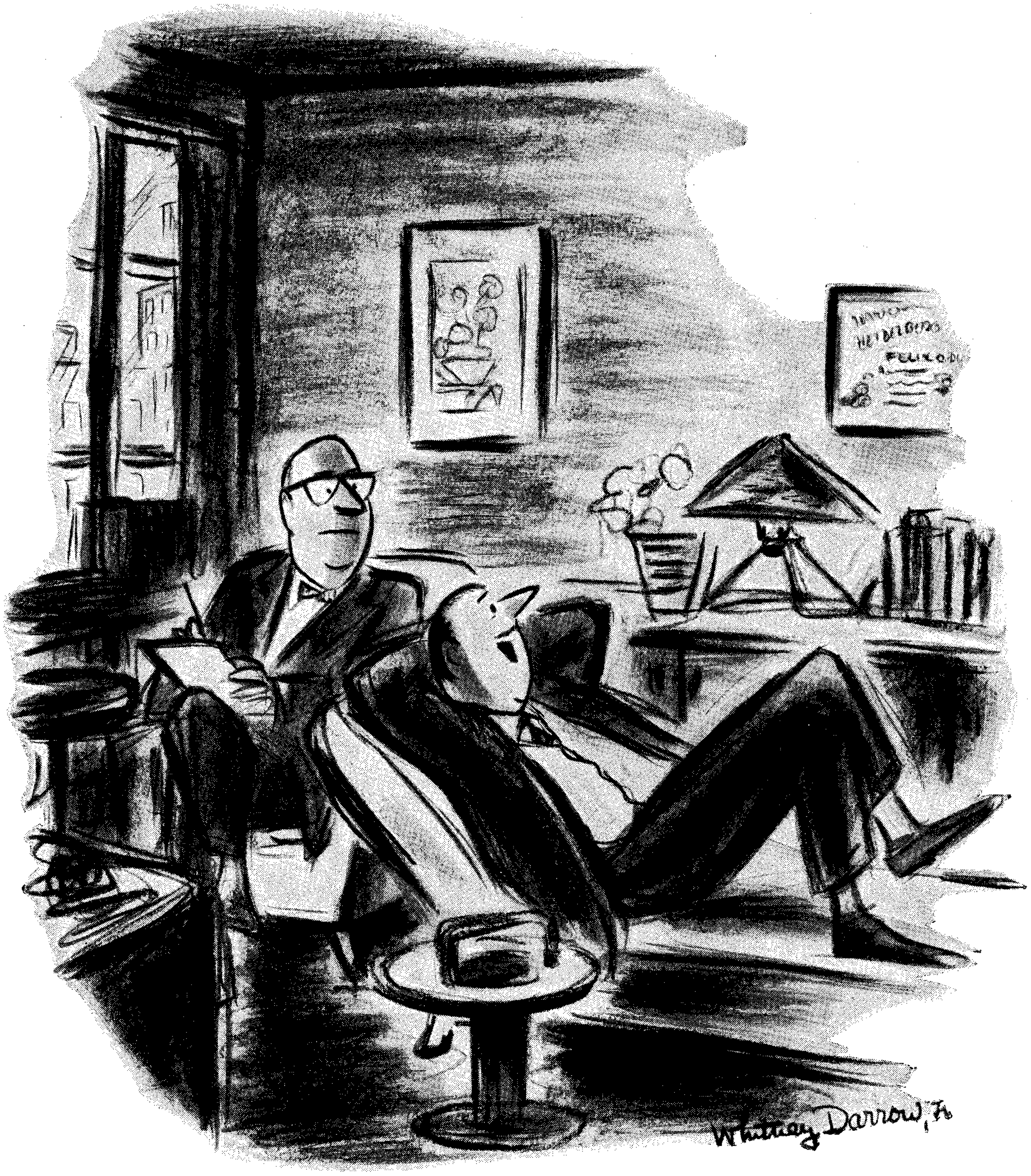
"It derives from the Russian word '*voda*,'" said Mr. Kunett. "That means 'water.' With 'ka' added, it becomes 'little water.'"

Science

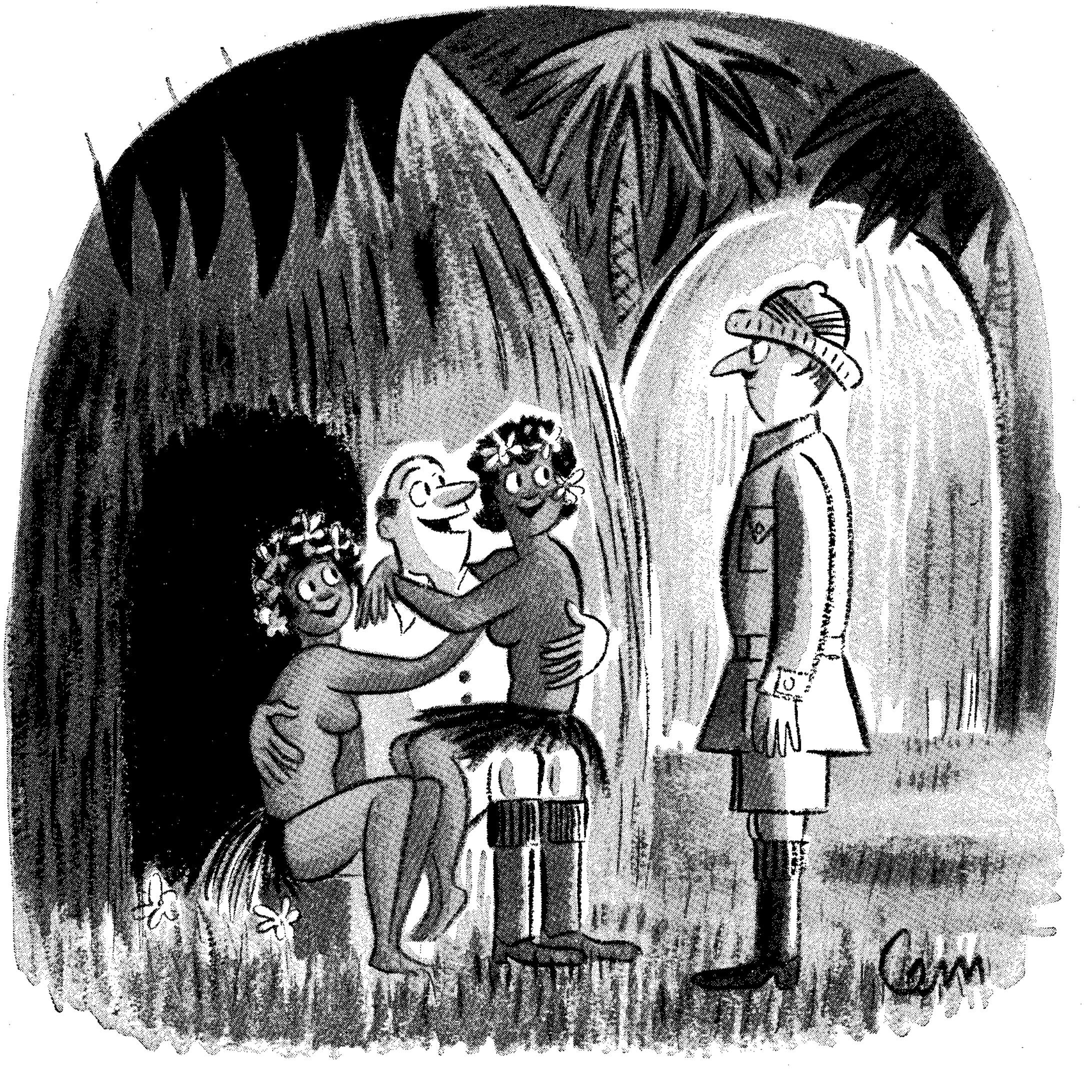
SEEMS the young daughter of a middle-aged physicist in Los Alamos went for a Sunday-afternoon walk with her aunt, in the course of which they stopped to watch a touch-football game being played on a vacant lot by a group of small boys and their fathers. "It would be good for Daddy to do something like that," she said thoughtfully, "but, of course, all he can do is think."

Rose Circuit

EDWIN DE T. BECHTEL, a semi-retired lawyer who has offices at 2 Wall Street, is a member of the boards of the New York Botanical Garden and the Horticultural Society of New York, the possessor of a seven-hundred-plant, three-hundred-variety rose garden in Mt. Kisco and a Garden Club of America bronze medal for distinguished service in the field of rose culture, a frequent visitor to champion rose gardens in the United States and abroad, and, all in all, just about as fanatical a rose fancier as ever had an office window overlooking the Stock Exchange. Hearing that he was recently back from a summer of visiting European rose gardens, we went down to the stony, roseless cavern of the Street one day last week to visit *him*. We had been told that Mr. Bechtel's daily routine consists of interrupting discussions of briefs and torts, on the slightest provocation, in order to discuss roses, and during our visit he went even further than that, becoming so wrapped up in the subject of roses that he instructed his stenographer and telephone operator not to interrupt him with any talk of law. "It occurred to Mrs. Bechtel and me last spring that we had never been in Europe at the height of the rose season," said Mr. B., a kindly-looking man who was wearing a bow tie and pince-nez. "So we decided to go over in late May, catch the gold-medal competition at the Parc de Bagatelle, in Paris, hop over to Switzerland for the Geneva Concours International, then visit some


Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"Oh, and speaking of Mother, just send her the bills. She takes care of all those things."



"I'm not going back with you, Haskins. I'd rather be a big frog in a little puddle than a little frog in a big puddle."

• •

of the rose crowd in Germany and Denmark, and end up in England. In other words, do the whole rose circuit."

In Paris, Mr. Bechtel related, he and his wife admired the delicacy of French rose planting, which allows plenty of green background, and were the guests of the city, along with other visiting rose fanciers, at a luncheon in a restaurant on the first level of the Eiffel Tower. Then they moved on to Geneva. "The city was agog with the judging," Mr. B. told us. "There were about thirty distinguished judges, and the exhibitors included some of the world's great rose men. There was McGredy, of Northern Ireland; Poulsen, of Denmark; Dot, of Barcelona; and Wheatcroft, of England, to name just a few. Oh, it was splendid! Superb exhibits! Gardens with great spruce trees as the axis! A ballet at night to Mendelssohn! There were various awards, including one to Dot for his pygmy roses."

After the Geneva Concours, the Bechtels went to Schleswig-Holstein, among other places, to visit Wilhelm Kordes, whom Mr. B. identified for us as one of the greatest living rose hybridizers. "Kordes looks like a Wagnerian god, and is a demon at developing hybrids that resist black spot," Mr. B. said. "Having moved on to England, that land of great rose growers, we visited Henry James's garden at Rye. I knew his brother and nephew. How well I remember William lecturing at Harvard, doing things with his lapels to give himself an air! Henry's house was partly destroyed in the bombings, but the garden is well kept up by the National Trust and there is a nice display of hybrid teas. At Sissinghurst Castle, in Kent, I admired V. Sackville-West's rose garden, and complimented her on the horticultural accuracy of her garden poems. She said, 'I'm glad you think I know my stuff.' I'm not a rose purist, however. There was a French writer many years ago who declared in shocked tones that interbreeding varieties of roses is immoral—*hybridité adultérine*, he called it. I'm more lax, although I do feel that it's going too far to combine a rose with its grandmother."

Mr. Bechtel (with whom, as particularly retentive readers may recall, we had a talk in 1945 about his early days as a law clerk with the late President Roosevelt) retired in 1948 as a senior partner in the firm of Carter, Ledyard & Milburn, and since then has been handling a few clients on his own. We asked him when he got interested in roses, and he said he supposed it was during his childhood on a Pennsylvania Quaker homestead that had a rose-covered stone wall and an old rose-covered slave burying ground. "I despise sentimental rose fanciers, though," he told us. "It isn't necessary to be romantic about roses."

Choosy

IN a five-and-ten-cent store on East Fifty-ninth Street, one of our beaters listened in on a conversation between a brisk young matron and a harried salesgirl at the toy counter. "What I want, and can't seem to find," said the matron, "is a small metal car made to scale."

"To what?" asked the salesgirl.

"To scale," said the matron. "I mean an exact duplicate, in miniature, of a regular car."

"Is this thing educational?" asked the salesgirl after a worried pause. "If it isn't, we don't stock it."

Emergency

THE longshoremen were called out on strike last week just before the Queen Elizabeth docked, at 3:30 P.M., with 2,173 passengers. In the hope that the impromptu transference of, say, five thousand pieces of luggage would be an instructive spectacle, we walked over to Cunard's Pier 90, at the foot of West Fiftieth Street. At first, everything seemed normal. The ship, looming like a white cliff of Dover, was in place. Passengers, not yet disembarked, could be glimpsed along the railings. Outside the Cunard shed were the same old guards and street strutters, and the same uneasy nest of taxis; inside was the crowd that has been welcoming liners all summer—college types merging into business types, with a sprinkling of nuns. "Porter Service for Baggage Is Free," a sign overhead said wistfully. "No Tipping Required." But the porters had vanished. The atmosphere in the waiting room was heavy with perfume and apprehension.

It needn't have been. The first thing we saw when we were admitted to the customs area was a pair of businessmen fighting over a loaded baggage truck—the kind with two wheels—as merrily as if it had been a luncheon check. "Let me, Charlie, let me!" one cried. "I got it," Charlie replied, and, with a grin and a grunt, he jerked up the handles and took off. Lots of young men in white shirts and white gloves were assembling the luggage for customs examination. We asked a pier guard who they were. "I don't know," he said. "But they're doing a better job than the regular porters." We stopped one of them. "Cunard office workers," he said, panting. "Strictly volunteer. A hundred and ten of us." Their efforts were mingled with those of Queen Elizabeth stewards, passengers, friends of passengers, officers from the liner Media (in a supervisory capacity), and a grizzled man wearing a uniform with the words "Porter—Waldorf-Astoria" embroidered on it. People, on the whole, looked benign. The immigrants doubtless imagined that rugged self-help is the rule over here. "*Alors! Voilà l'Amérique*," we thought we heard somebody say. A holiday tingle was in the air. The business of baggage manipulation, so dark and hazardous in the hands of professionals, had been driven out into the open.

We saw one portly party make a fine ankle-high catch of a parcel that had toppled from a jiggling heap. Another mounted a trunk and waved a handkerchief. A child, trying to do his bit, threw himself at a baggage cart, and but for his mother's shrill intercession might have perished under the wheels. Helpfulness took many forms. Bag owners walked before their volunteer porters, pointing onward with canes or umbrellas. One man went so far as to grab his porter by the elbow and steer him. Crowds collected around the ship-to-dock conveyer belt, egging it on. Wives walked by their husbands' sides, lightening the load with conversation.

Wheeling techniques varied. With the two-wheeled carts, the main problem was the angle at which the handles should be held; 30° loaded, 60° unloaded seemed the popular choices, but there were those who handled them both ways at a steady 45°. One young man, who looked like Mel Ferrer, maneuvered his cart by gripping it at the middle and staring over its handles, as if toward some distant source of dance music. An older man, resembling William Demarest, seized his roughly by one handle and dragged it behind him. We didn't see Michael Redgrave, though the *Tribune* said he had been on board. Handlers of four-wheeled baggage wagons were of two schools: the Graceful, involving much pivoting and fancy footwork based on aesthetic-rhythmic principles, and the Purposeful, or "There, Mac," based on analogies with automobile driving. In some cases, two people ran a cart, one to a handle—father and son, lover and beloved, master and chauffeur. The chauffeurs, incidentally, cut the finest figures, with their long legs and motherly faces.

By four-thirty, the baggage from the ship was pretty well assembled on the pier, and more and more people, having been through customs, were heading for the doors, some with no cart at all. We noted that a person carrying two ponderous items of luggage (one of them likely to be a buckling carton) walks skimmingly, with quick, fluttering steps, his eyes fixed on his destination. The person carrying one bag bobs along, darting angry glances at people without bags.

The number of carts increased. They began to swoop. "Heads up!" a man with a white mustache shouted. "Heads up, heads up!" came the echoes, as if the phrase had just occurred to everyone. "Heads up!" we sang, and made for the door.

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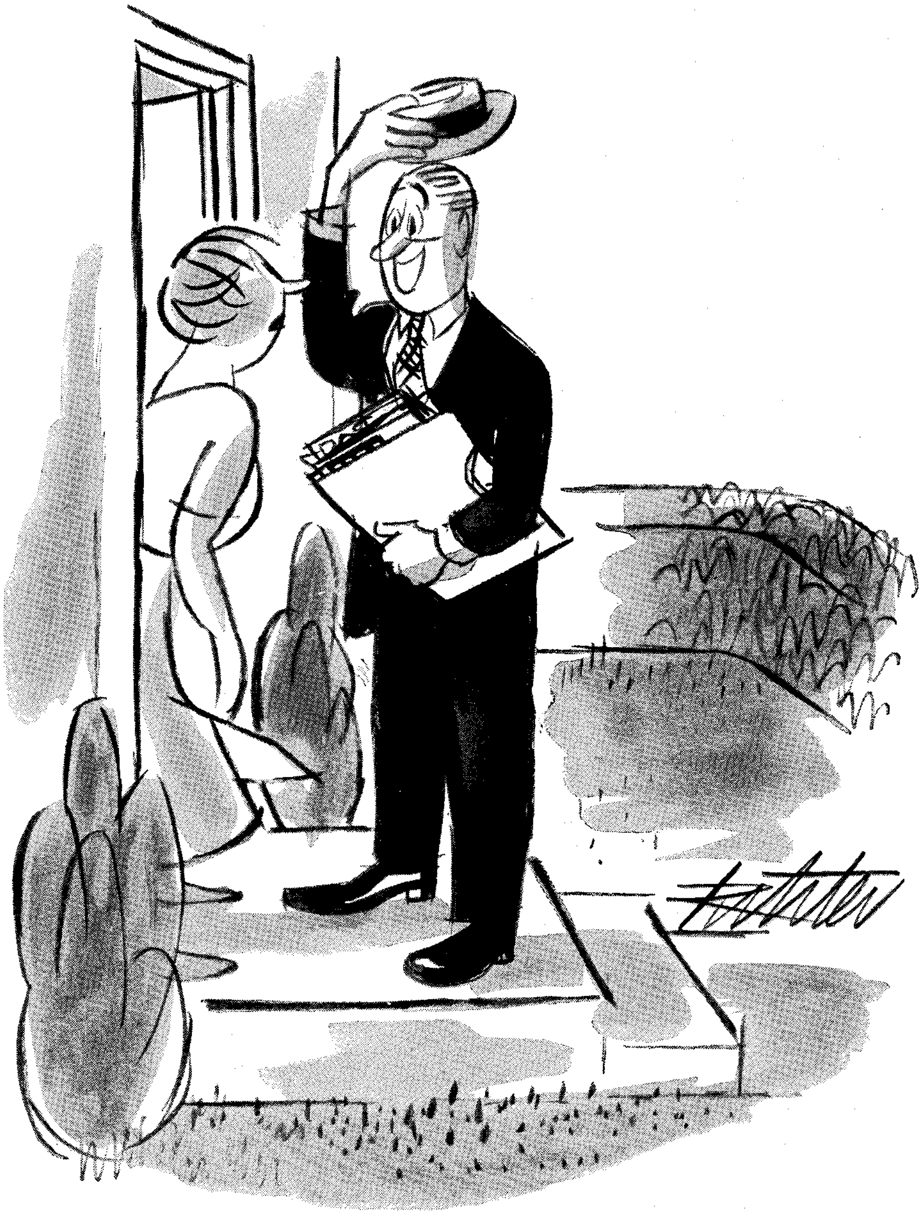
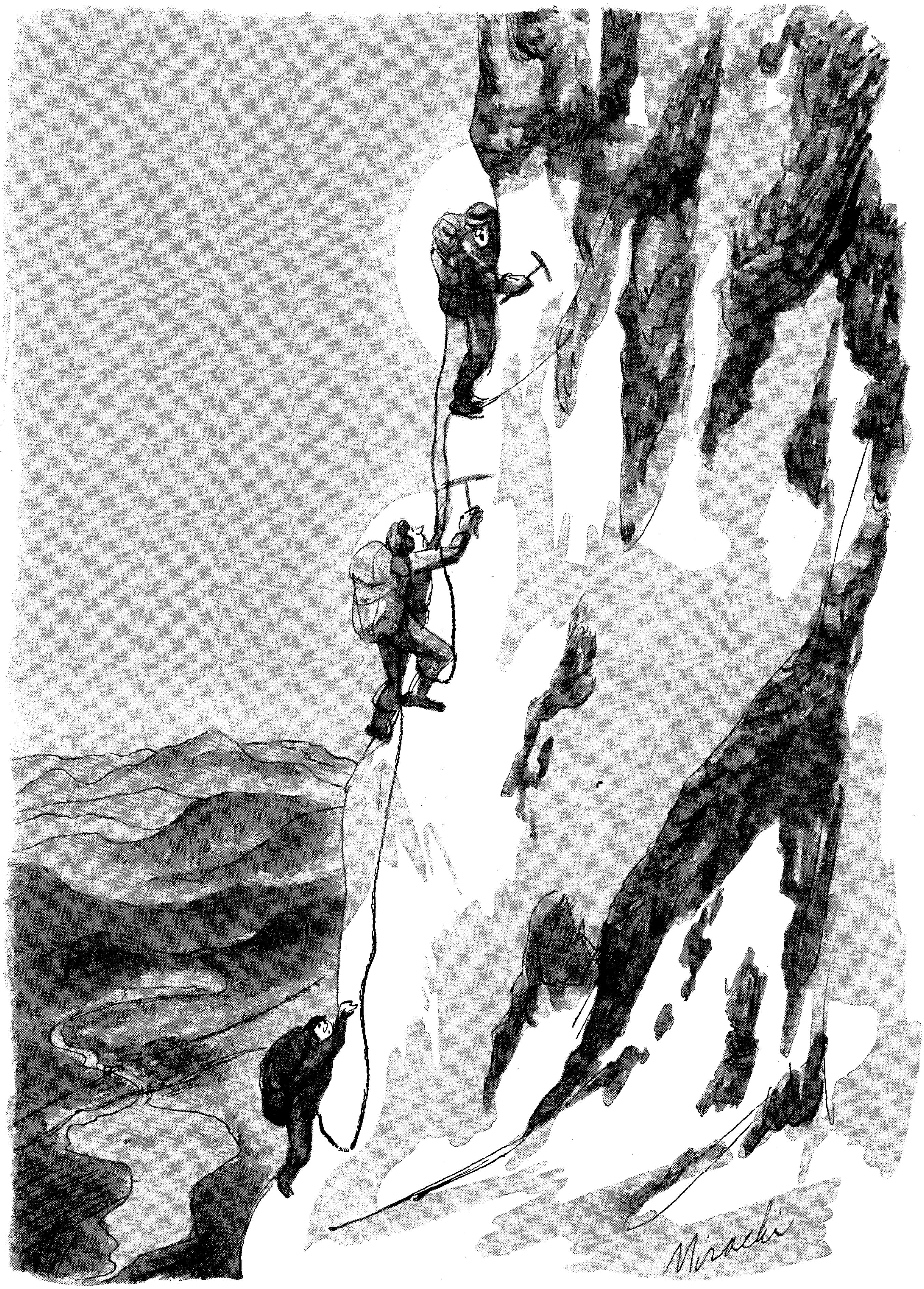
OVERHEARD on the Forty-second Street crosstown bus: "You don't need to explain about politics to me. I've got my pulse on everything."



"Good afternoon, Madam. I bring you greetings from Henry Luce, Gardner Cowles, Ben Hibbs . . ."



"Damn it, Harrison! There's a time for asking why, but this is hardly it."

STORM

Hector Boudreau had come down to the boat very early. Everybody knew that it would be too rough for trawling—there'd been a small-craft warning out for days—but he'd come anyhow, and tinkered with the engine and cleaned out the tiny cabin. He'd even dragged the little mattress from the single bunk out on the deck for airing; it smelled faintly of mildew. The pillow cover was stained with greasy fingerprints and smelled strongly of hair oil. He took it off and threw it to the dock, and dropped the pillow in the sun. Then he stretched out full length on the deck, in the shade of the cabin. With one shirtsleeve, he wiped the sweat off his chin. For a minute, he stared straight up into the bright-gray cloud-filled sky. He winced and closed his eyes. The bright-gray light still burned inside his head.

He dozed, but so lightly that he knew he was dozing. Then he was wide awake. Sighing, he turned. The knife in his pocket pressed into his hip, and he flipped over to his back again. Thinking suddenly how much he must have looked like a fish, he laughed aloud, but shortly, because he was not in good humor. He was worried.

It was the feel of the water under the hull, the nervous movement of even the sheltered waters of the back bay.

"It does not need my knowing of it," he muttered aloud.

Gabriel Mauntier, loafing on the Mickey Mouse, not twenty feet away, called, "What you say?"

Hector did not answer; he blew out his breath into the heat.

"A man talking to himself means a wife is beginning a child sure," Gabriel said.

Hector propped himself up on one elbow and squinted into the glare. "I done have enough children for a while."

Gabriel shifted his unlighted cigarette from one side of his mouth to the other. "That ain't the way it goes always."

Hector looked up at the sky, at the steady, high band of clouds and the low bits of racing ones.

"You ain't working," Gabriel said.

"I ain't loafing, me."

"What you doing, then? You tell me, maybe, what you doing?"

"I ain't gone out this morning for the same reason you ain't gone."

"Not talking about that. What about this here minute?"

"I'm waiting for the old man to come down, so we can fix the nets."

A thin stream of saliva shot over the side from the gap between Gabriel's front teeth. The cigarette in the corner of his mouth did not move.

Hector rolled over and rested his chin on his palms, listening. There was only the soft plop of a fish jumping and the faint creak of the mooring lines and the sound of water on wood, on the hull, on the pier. And still he couldn't rest. They said, some people, you could tell how far away a storm was and how bad it was just by looking at the waves. I can't, me, Hector thought, though I seen plenty.

Almost the first thing he remembered—the morning after a hurricane, his mother had given him a boost up to the roof to see what had been torn away. The wind had peeled back strips of tin like pieces of cardboard or tinfoil.

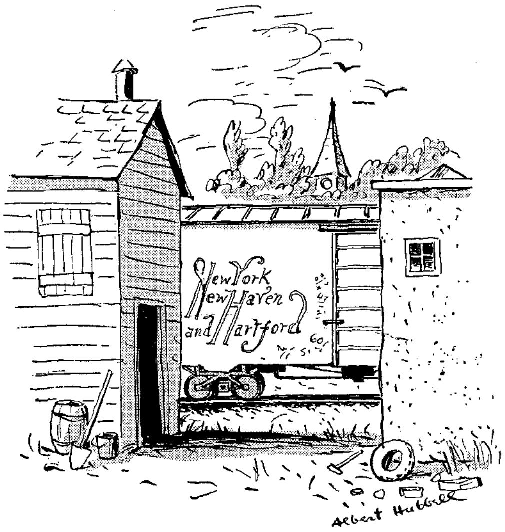
A hurricane once every nineteen years, people said. It was past due.

He sat up and stared at his oil-streaked sneakers. The clouds had a funny color, he thought.

His ears singled out two new echoes on the wood pier—the light, barefooted scampering of his son and the irregular but quick step of his father.

Archange Boudreau had a bad hip. It had been crushed between hull and dock seven years before. They hadn't thought he'd live when they took him over to the hospital at Petite Prairie; he was conscious all the way but not making a sound, not answering anybody, not seeming to hear.

Hector grinned as the old man came aboard. "You ready for work, no?" It was funny how a crippled man could walk that fast, be that light on his feet. Archange could still work on the boats, though it was harder for him, and he had sold his interest in the boat to Hector.



The little boy giggled, and Hector glared at him. "You go see what you mama doing, you."

The boy stood shifting from one bare foot to the other, his small, close-set black eyes glinting.

Hector lifted his arm. "*Fil'-toi!*" he shouted, and the kid ran with long leaps down the pier, all the time looking back to see if he was followed.

The old man leaned against the cabin to take the weight off his bad leg. "You rip up the nets this last time I am not with you," he said. He'd got a belly since the accident. The top button of his pants was always open.

Hector put out the mending equipment—the heavy bobbin and the ball of tarred twine. "There going to be some storm sure."

Archange's fingers fumbled for the twine; the ball dropped and rolled across the deck, unwinding as it went. "Better a man dead than a cripple," he said. He'd been saying that for the last seven years, and he did not mean it. His hold on life was as tight as an old crab's on bait.

"Maybe." Hector got the ball and put it in place. "And maybe not." He picked up the net. "Here, see."

His father did not look. Instead, he stared off down along the bay where there was nothing but a fringe of marsh grass and a couple of brown pelicans fishing and, way high up, a man-of-war gliding, with wings straight out. "There plenty of wind in those clouds," he said.

"I said that, me," Hector said.

"You got to have somebody hold the other side, if I going to fix it." His father nudged the heap of net with his toe.

"I going to hold it, like this here."

"You can stand with you arms out like that for a long time?"

"For long enough I can."

His father threaded the heavy bobbin, and his fingers began the quick, intricate knotting that would repair the net. Hector had never had the patience to do that himself. He held up the net and let his eyes wander around the boat: overhead the draping black nets, their lines wrapped around the winch, lead weights swinging in the wind, and underfoot the paint-chipped deck. He wished he had an arm free to wipe his face. He could feel the little trickles of sweat working down his cheeks, through the stubble of his day-old beard. It was hot, for all that there was a strong wind coming out of the low-scudding clouds. "There always storms in September,” he said.

Archange clicked his tongue between his teeth.

“This time it will be a hurricane,” Hector said.

“You have said that before,” his father reminded him.

“It will.”

“Then we will have to get the boat away.”

“I can understand without you tell me.”

During the worst storms, there were very few men left on the island; most of them were gone with the boats, the most valuable things. They took them as far inland, up Bayou Verde, as there was time for. The old, old men remained, but they were not much use. And the children. And the women. They stayed and pulled in the wood shutters tight. Under the clouds, the air turned cold and rain came in swirling eddies, so that the littlest kids cried from cold as much as fright. And the women and older children saved what they could and lost what they must. They had been doing it this way on the island for a century and a half—ever since there were sailing ships in the harbor, part of Jean Laffite's fleet.

Hector said, “I will take Claire and the kids with me.” He dropped the net from his fingers.

“Jesus Maria!” His father threw down the bobbin. “Did I not tell you that you could not hold anything steady enough?”

Hector picked up the net again without a word.

“She will not go,” his father said.

“She will go if I drag her. They will be safer with me.”

His father grinned slyly. “That is not necessarily the truth. Do you remember Philippe Lombas?” Heading for the bayou during a small storm, the Bonne Femme had disappeared. There were not even bodies. “Just because you are not on the island, you are not safe as in a rocking chair.”

“I will take care of them,” Hector said.

“Claire will be all right. She can take care of herself here, if nobody can.”

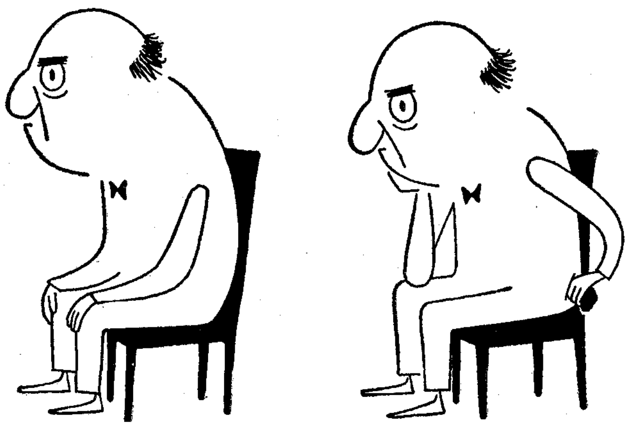
“No,” Hector said. “You do as you like with your wife.”

Archange stopped working and looked up into his son's face. “But you will need her here. You want to lose everything?”

“No,” Hector said.

“You have seen what happens to houses in storms with nobody to watch them.”

“I have seen that. If we take the boats, they will come with me.”



His father sniffed as if he had got a cold.

“They coming,” Hector said.

“It is all equal with me,” his father said.

WITH his eyes half shut against the glare, Hector remembered, kept remembering, back to when he was a kid, older than his son now, but not much—seven or eight at the most. There weren't any radios in those days—just the sky and the wind and the Gulf to tell them what was coming. He'd hidden behind hackberries and scrub-oak bushes, crouched under the planks of the docks where the big cats rubbed and mewed against him, and watched the men, the little groups of men, as they talked and studied. Finally, one night, they took the boats away. He was asleep when they left; next morning he'd waked early and gone sneaking out of the house. The docks were empty; not even the cats were there; just the big mooring lines, hanging over the boards, trailing in the water.

At midafternoon, when the wind came up sharply and it began to rain, his mother called him and his two sisters inside into the main room of their house that was parlor and kitchen and bedroom for him. They sat, and hardly moved, listening to the sounds outside—the swishing of the oleander bushes and the creaks of the hollow chinaberry trees and, from the windward side of the island, the steady sound of the surf.

At six or so, his mother stood up and beckoned to him. “Come help me.” They went outside in the steady falling rain and pushed the heavy wood shutters to. The wind was already so strong they had to fight to get them closed. Five shutters took them nearly half an hour.

Inside it was dark—only the faint hairline of light around the edges of the windows and the one strip down the middle where the shutters met. His two little sisters had crawled up in a corner of the bed and were crying.

“Fix the door, che',” his mother said, breathless and panting.

There were iron hooks on the door for a cross-brace. And over in the corner was the bar, an old piece of iron that his grandfather had found years ago on the beach at Isle Camina—a thin, flat bar of iron, rusted but solid, that might have been almost anything. He got it and dropped it into place, and then carefully—because his eyes had not yet got used to the dimness—felt his way over to a chair. It was a rocker. He began to tip it softly back and forth, dipping his head up and down—resting it on his chest, then throwing it back as far as he could.

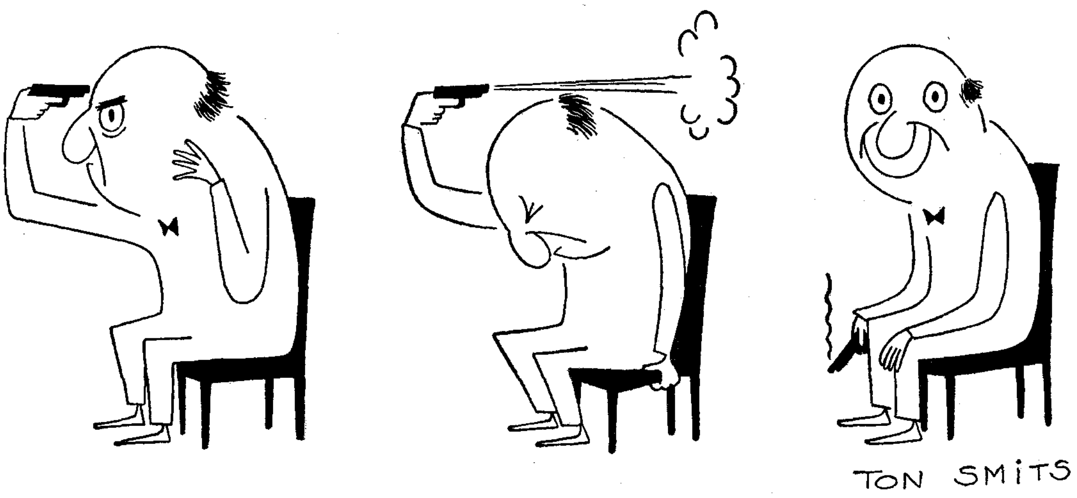
They sat there, the four of them, with just the sound of his rocking and the rattle of the wood beads of his mother's rosary. They did not make a light; the dark seemed safer. Outside was the sound of thousands and thousands of bushes rubbing together, being pulled and twisted together, and the plopping of heavy drops of rain into the sand, and, farther away, the sucking of the water at the beach. His mother lit the vigil light in front of the statue of Saint Christopher.

By eleven or so, the tone of the wind had begun to change; it got higher, and clearer, too—like a bell almost, or a set of bells. There were small, sharp crashes when flying things—branches or bits of wood or pieces of other houses—smashed against the walls. “It's here now,” his mother said.

The wind seemed to be scratching against the outside of the house. They could hear it run up and down like fingernails on a washboard.

The chimney went; the bricks rattled down along the roof. The house was swaying. On the south side, a shutter gave way. It didn't blow in or hang rattling. It popped out like a cork out of a bottle, and was sucked away. All the loose things in the room rose up toward the ceiling in the flood of wind. The house was quivering, the roof straining at its beams. “Hector, open the windows!” his mother shouted. “*Vite!*”

He clambered across the bed and pounded his fists at a shutter until it flew



open. He realized he was kneeling on his sister; which one he couldn't tell. She was wailing. He slapped at her, clambered down, and threw himself at the next closed window. "We got to," he heard his mother telling him, "or the roof or maybe the whole house goes." They caught at the flying things—odd bits of cloth and paper. Nothing looked familiar to him or felt familiar. The vigil light had gone out; there was only the peculiar color of the sky, only the rain pouring in through the open windows and his clothes sticking to his body. He thought for a minute that the whole island had slipped into the Gulf, and he began to whimper.

His mother said something to him, but he couldn't make out the words. The stovepipe fell clattering to the floor; they began to cough from the soot that sprayed upward. And very distinctly, far off somewhere, he heard a cock crow.

His sisters were scrambling around the room, hunting for a place to hide. Even in all the noise, he heard their fierce little scurrying as they tried to wedge themselves behind the big old oak armoire. He was standing in the middle of the floor, crying, with rain so hard in his face he could not catch his breath, when the armoire toppled over. For that half second, he heard it falling—heard something falling—and would have run but wasn't sure of the direction, and caught his breath to scream but didn't have time; one of the wide-flying doors clipped him across the back of the head.

HE still had that scar, a thick gray line. It was sensitive to the sun, and tender; he had let his hair grow long over it.

"I almost got my head smashed in, me," he said.

"Eh?" Archange said.

Hector touched the scar. "Here." His father looked up briefly. "Except you hold the net, I will not finish this for two or three weeks."

"O.K., O.K.," Hector said.

A yellow and black cat that had been fishing under the pier paddled lazily out to an isolated post (all the island cats could swim), clambered to its broad top, a couple of inches above the water, stretched, shook, and settled down, eyes half closed but watching the water.

"You remember old Mrs. Guillot?" Hector asked.

"She been dead a long time."

"Sure," Hector said. "Back in that storm." They'd found her under the smashed cistern in her yard.

And the Guidry boy—there wasn't even a trace of him. He was just gone. Nobody ever did know what had happened.

Hector shifted on his feet, but held the net steady. "I have made up my mind fast. They coming with me."

His father did not look up from the work. "Wait anyhow until the radio tell us what is there," he said.

WHEN all the nets were finished, they went over to the Perrin Grocery and sat on the porch drinking beer. There were some other people—Gabriel Mauntier, the Roches, and Pete Clement, and a couple of kids, who sat back in the corner of the building reading the funny books, hidden so that old Perrin would not see them. The radio was on full blast—hillbilly music, and every hour a news broadcast. Old Perrin always played his radio loud; he was proud of its volume, and he was deaf besides. "It take a good radio for me to hear it," he had said before he went off to New Orleans to buy one.

He had the fanciest set on the island. He kept it on a table at the back of the store, in the part that was his living room. Before he turned it on at six o'clock for the first program of the day, he would take out a cloth and dust it. He never let his wife touch it at all, and the dust rag was washed out every week. When he went to bed, he covered the radio with a piece of soft clean canvas, for the same reason he covered his bald head at night—to keep it safe from the damp.

He was sitting in a rocking chair on the porch. "You know Augustine and that bunch is gone?" Those were the oyster luggers, smaller boats. They had a separate dock on the far end of the island.

"That don't mean nothing at all," Archange Boudreau said.

"I'm just telling you," old Perrin said.

"Ain't been no other news?"

Perrin shook his head.

"Funny thing," Hector said, "the way it seem better to hear big news out of a big set." Nobody answered him.

At suppertime, Hector's boy came to fetch him. He shook his head. "Tell you mama you bring it to me here. *Fil'-toi!*"

"You taking this too serious." Old Boudreau got to his feet slowly and stretched carefully.

"I stay here, me," Hector said.

"You got a radio at home," his father said.

"I rather stay here."

"They been storms before. And they be more of them," Archange said, and walked off.

Hector sat still, his back propped against the wall, his legs cocked in front of him. His son came scrambling back, a sandwich in his hand. He held it out stiffly. "Mama, she say you got plenty beer here."

Hector looked at the sandwich and did not move to take it. "You go tell you mama I want a regular dinner, what she got cooked. Tell her don't make it so I got to go down there."

"Man, she got a temper," Gabriel Mauntier said. Hector shrugged.

In five minutes, the boy was back, with a plate of food this time. Hector looked at it carefully before he took it. "You wait for this here," he said.

"I got hungry," the boy whined, rubbing his big toe up and down a crack between the boards.

"Quit that or you get a splinter." The boy stopped and tucked that foot

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behind the other. "And you wait, or I got to fix you, too," Hector said.

He ate slowly, staring at the food, until the plate was clean.

At four o'clock, an announcer's crisp voice read off the formal hurricane warning and gave the course of the storm. Without saying anything, the men went inside the grocery, over to the north wall, where there was a government navigation chart. Old Perrin snapped on the light over it—a little lamp with a wooden ship's wheel for a base and little sailing boats around the shade.

"Halfway between Port Ronquille and Verde Bay," he said. "Here." Right under his finger was the island.

"We repeat, hurricane precautions should be taken in this area," the radio voice said, emphasizing the words in a flat, unconcerned way. "The course of the storm is estimated . . ."

Hector did not bother to listen any more. He went outside. There were things to be done now. Archange had come back, and was trying to light a cigarette in the wind, leaning with one arm wrapped around the porch post. The church bell had begun to ring. The light top sand of the road was blowing like smoke along the ground.

"You going with me?" Hector asked.

"Why you think I ain't going with you?" his father said.

"Don't know, me."

Périque Lapetier shouted, "Hector, hey, what you say?"

"What?"

"You want me to go with you?"

"*Oui.*"

"I be there, me," Périque said. He was a tall, thin fellow, not more than eighteen or nineteen, with a small, sloping forehead, and eyes so close together that he looked like a rabbit. He and Archange Boudreau were the regular crew on Hector's boat.

"See you," Hector said.

He and his father began to walk along the path to their houses. The wind was not any stronger yet. There was never a slow rise, but all of a sudden, when the storm was very close, the winds would come swirling down out of the clouds. And that would be it.

"You going to take the old lady?" Hector asked.

"What for?" his father said. "Somebody got to stay with the house. She want to stay."

The sand blew in Hector's nose and he sneezed. "Damn. Mine going with me," he said.

His father turned aside and pushed open the gate to his house. Hector went on to his own place, close by. Children nearly always put up their own houses within an easy distance. Archange Boudreau had five daughters and a son, and four of them had built around him. It was like that all over the island—little clumps of houses, and wide empty places between.

Rubbing the thick whitish scar on his head with one finger, Hector climbed his steps. The house was empty. He called. The baby, in the crib in the bedroom, answered with a squawk. Hector went over and studied the angry little face.

"You look like an old man," he told the child. "Just like an old man, you." He walked through the living room again and then into the tiny half room that was the kitchen. "Claire, hey!"

There was a scuffing sound right under his feet. He stuck his head out the window and looked down.

His house was built off the ground, not as high as most old places but four feet or so, on brick foundations. Under it was an accumulation of things: nets too old to be patched (bits of them could be used for kids' crab nets); two pirogues that he used when he went back in the marsh, hunting; some empty barrels he forgot just why he was keeping; a tiller from a dinghy that had gone to pieces long ago; some washtubs and washboards and a charcoal pot—all of them with streaks of spider webs.

His wife was emerging, rear end first, from under the house. Without looking at him, she straightened her back with a wiggle and bent again to pull out a long shutter of heavy boards, cross-braced. His son scrambled out, pushing on the other end.

"This kid here is screaming his head off," Hector told her.

She looked up, her eyes bright green-blue and startling in her brown face. "I got plenty enough to do out here. If you got nothing more than waking him up, you put him back to sleep."

"You heard the hurricane bell same like me," he said.

Her face was streaked with dirt; there were shreds of spider web in her black hair. "You got nothing to do but stand there?" she said. "Ain't you got a boat to take out? Ain't you got these shutters to put up or you house goes blowing away?"

"The kid is shouting like he is going to die."

"You nurse him." She bent to her work again, dusting the cobwebs off her feet and ankles. "If I going to do your work."

He went to the icebox and got himself a bottle of beer. The cold against his hands felt good. He held the bottle for a while, rubbing his palms up and down the sides. Then he saw her standing in the doorway.

"You got no sense enough to uncork a beer bottle?" she said.

He pursed his lips. "I was wondering when you come in looking to see what I am doing."

"I don't come looking for you. I never yet come looking for you."

He snapped off the cap and tossed it out the window.

"I come in to see why my kid sound like he being murdered in here," she said.

"Go see, then," he said, between gulps.

She stalked into the bedroom. The baby was tiring from his yelling already. She tucked a sugar-tit into his sagging mouth.

Hector followed along and pinched her on the behind. It had been on his mind ever since he'd seen her come backing out from under the house.

"*Cochon!*" She swung at him.

He ducked, and retreated to the door, grinning. Then, to annoy her more, he began to whistle the refrain from "Ma Petite Négresse": "I love my wife, I love my child, but most of all I love ma 'tite négresse."

She jabbed at him with her elbows and pushed past, stomping her bare feet along the boards. He pinched her again—on the hip, this time. They had splendid fights, yelling at each other, and sometimes throwing things. Once, she'd caught him with a beer bottle that left a gash and a scar on the back of his hand. Then they would go to bed. And if the kids woke, they let them cry.

He followed her out to the front porch, admiring the set of her broad hips. It was some woman he had, and he knew it. And not like Philomène Degas, her who had gone to bed with most all of the island, not forgetting even the boys who were still in school.

"I got no time to be thinking like that," he said aloud.

"What you muttering about?"

"We got to get those shutters up."

"I been telling you that." She stomped down the steps and around the side of the house.

"We got to get the shutters up because we leaving," he said.

"What you saying now?"

"You coming with me."

"And leave the kids here?"

He sighed patiently and reached for the first shutter. "You coming. All of you coming."

She was quiet. He stood on a little low ladder and lifted the shutter into position.

"No," she said.

"Huh?" He turned and looked down at her. "Hand me the other shutter."

She did not move. "I ain't going."

"Gimme that shutter."

They put the rest up in silence. In a space between the trees they could see the black-squared hurricane-warning flags go up on the flagpole in the middle of the island.

Inside again, he took down a large canvas zipper bag. "You can just put the kids' stuff in here."

"No," she said. "I ain't going to leave. Somebody got to stay and take care the place." She turned around, looking at the room, with the new red upholstered living-room set they had bought only one winter past. She had half finished tucking canvas over the chairs. "Somebody got to stay or water ruin everything."

"You going if I got to take you by the seat of the pants and throw you in," he said.

She sat down, so hard that the springs of the chair made a little squeaking sound. "Everybody else, they going to stay."

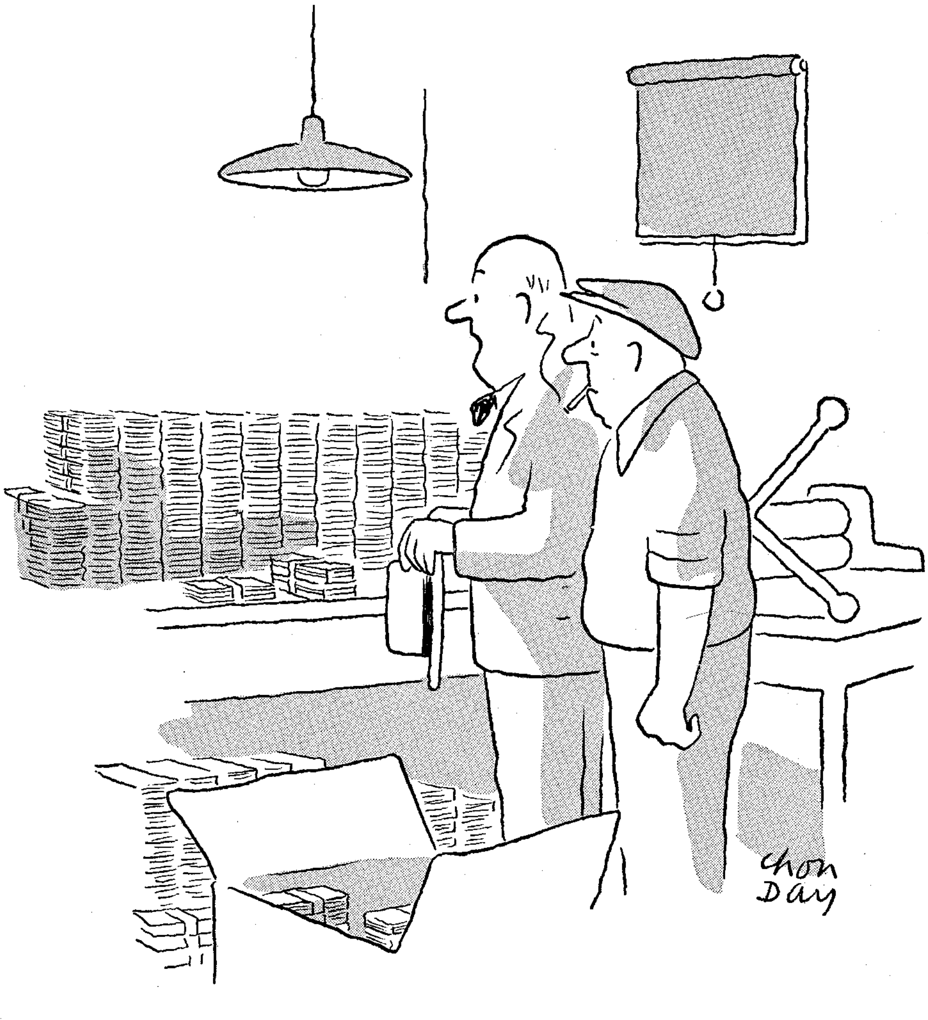
He did not answer.

"Less they got to go with the boats, everybody else going to stay right here."

"Everybody else is crazy," he said.

She jumped up. "You crazy, you! Wanting to shame me in front of all the others! With everybody staying right here!"

He went out on the porch and sat



"One million bucks! Makes you feel humble, doesn't it?"

down, tilting his chair back against the wall.

"You going!" he called.

She did not answer.

"I'm going to stay here, me, for ten minutes. Then we going to lock up all the doors and go."

He heard a few soft movements, then nothing.

Over beyond the trees, men were shouting, but so far away he couldn't make out the words. Funny, he thought, the way trees muffled sounds. He hoped the storm did not blow down too many of them.

That other hurricane—when he was a boy—had swept some places clean, like a thousand people had gone through with knives and brooms. And at some other places there were heaps—against a tree that had been too strong or too lucky to go, or against a house that was still standing. He remembered following the sound of dogs. He'd run to keep up with the others; his legs had been dropping off, but he'd kept going, not knowing what they were after but going all the same. The dogs had gone yapping around one of the piles of brush and wood, where a big chinaberry tree had been torn, root up, from the ground. And they tugged at the shrubbery, and he worked, too. Until his mother got him by the shoulder and pointed him home and gave him a swat on the rear end to help him along. It had taken him two days to figure that out. Nobody spoke of it before him. He'd heard the kids whispering about it, whispering about the people under there. And when he understood, he began to shiver all over, so much that his mother thought he had malaria, and gave him a big dose of whiskey and quinine and put him to bed.

Hector rocked back and forth on the legs of his chair. "You near ready?" he called.

Over to the left, somebody was hammering, boarding up windows; that would be the old man at the store. Trying to keep his stuff from getting wet.

Two kids ran past, one of them with an air rifle. "You going to shoot a hurricane?" he called to them, and they giggled.

His father came ambling down the path, the printed cloth bag in his left hand swinging sharply with his uneven walk.

"You need some help?" Hector asked. Then he slapped his hand to his forehead. "Mary Mother, but I just forgot to ask if you and the old woman needed some help over at the house!"

THE GREEKS HAD A WOID FOR IT, SO WHY SPEAK ENGLISH?

I know through intuition that Tereus was the son-in-law of King Pandion of Athens, and the eccentric husband of Procne,
But I know from experience that no Briton with any pretensions to culture can resist exhibiting his or her Cockney.
The more their brackets rise from middle to upper,
The less they can simply ask you for a simple meal and the more they have to go into the act and ask you for an ever so nice piece of 'addock and the inevitable nice 'ot cupper.
Some persons think this is pretty irritating insular jargon,
But I think that the British have themselves a typically tight little insular bargain,
Because they have only one dialect readily available to amateurs,
Whereas we have two, which is truly, if I may misuse a third dialect, calamiteuse.
This great country, which wants all its children to go to college but is distrustful of its adults with college degrees,
Why, it is also peopled with people who are convinced of their proficiency in speaking both Southern and Brooklynese.
As one who from the cradle obviously saw all and knew all,
I early abandoned the hopeless fight against honey-chile and you-all,
But I refuse to surrender to the other horror, which, if we stand fast, we can avoid;
Namely, a lot of out-of-town jocose references to the corner of Toid Avenoo and Toity-toid.
I think I know from whence this reversion to the lingo of Chimmie Fadden comes;
Its source is the inverted snobbery of a radio and TV audience that doesn't know anything about the Dodgers but loves to talk about Dem Bums.
I adore Pee Wee Reese and Carl Erskine, but I'm afraid I detest non-Brooklynites to whom Oiskine is the poil in their new-found erster,
And that's why I'm a Giants-firster.
Getting back to Tereus,
He married his wife's sister, Philomela, after telling her that his wife, her sister Procne, was dead, subsequently cutting out Philomela's tongue and eating his and Procne's child, after which they all got changed into boids, and he took the woild serious.

—OGDEN NASH

• •

His father dropped the bag and leaned against the porch railing. "No," he said. "The shutters is all up and the plants in off the porch, and the old woman she is lighting a candle next to the holy palm. Let's us go."

"Claire!" Hector called. "Let's us go."

She appeared in the doorway, so suddenly they both knew she'd been standing just behind it, waiting. "I ain't going," she said.

"God almighty, woman!" Hector said. "Ain't I got enough to do without dragging you to the boat!"

He went inside, and closed and fastened all the windows. She stood in the doorway. "There stuff in that there bag on the table for you, if you want it," she said.

He looked inside the bag and then picked it up. "Least you ain't so lost you senses you forgetting food," he said.

She came into the living room and sat down on the arm of a chair, her hands still on her hips.

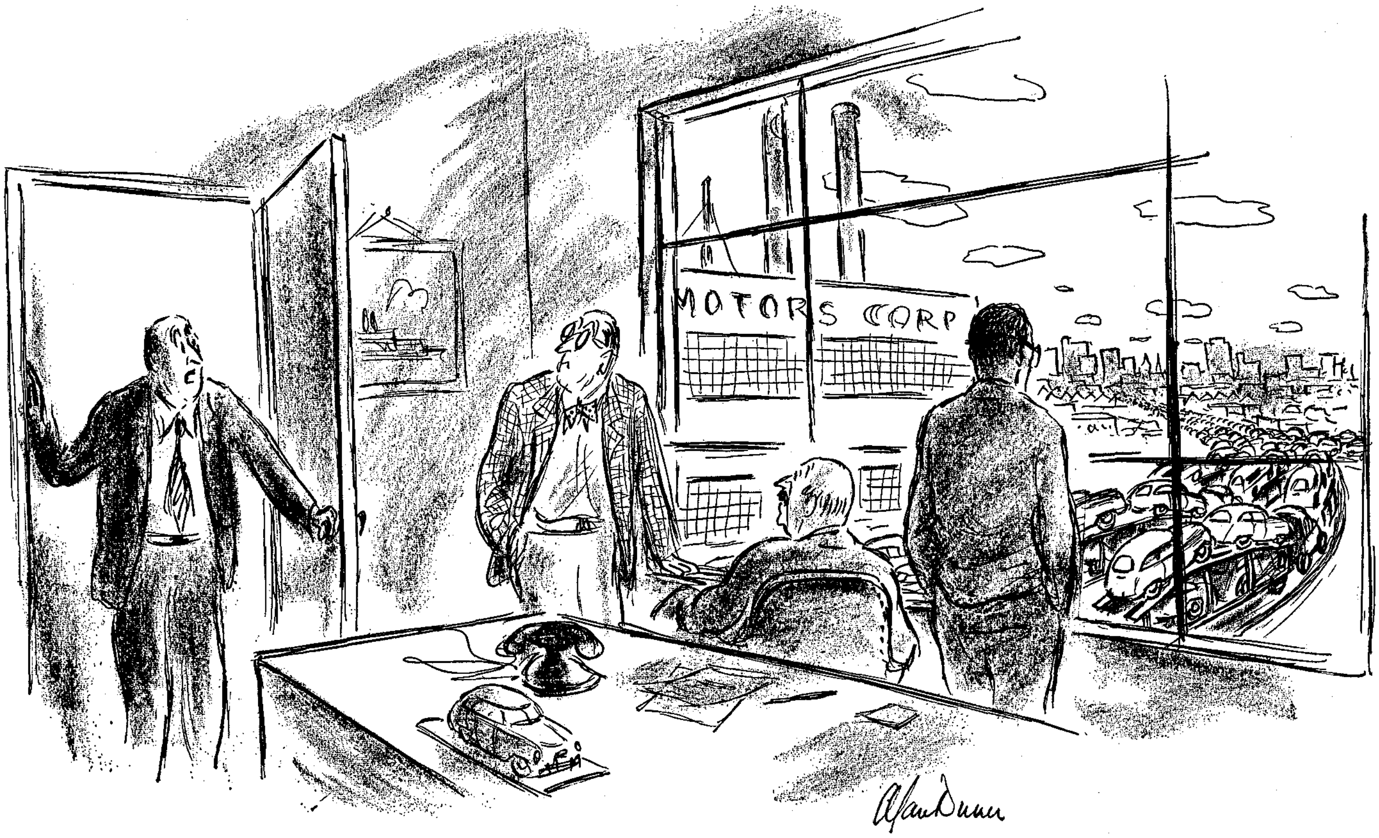
"O.K.," he said.

She did not move.

"Get the kid before I lose my temper and bat you over," he said.

"He ain't here. Ain't neither of them here."

He glanced in the crib—it was empty—and shouted out the window,



"The jam extends from the city clear to our production gate. Gentlemen, we've reached the saturation point!"

• •

"Bobo!" There was no answer; just that hammering far off.

"What you done with them?"

She shrugged.

"Where you put them, you?"

"Where you ain't ever going to think to look for them."

"You want the boat gets smashed to pieces, with us all wasting time hunting for the kids?"

"You leave me here to look out for things."

"You crazy! You crazy!"

He spun on his heel and dashed down the steps and took a few steps in the trees, shouting, "Bobo!" There were so many places she could have hidden the baby—anyplace inside half a mile.

Périque passed. "Hey, boy!" he called. "We got to be going!"

"Jesus Maria!" Hector said, and jammed his hands in his pockets. "Ain't you got nothing to do but pester me?"

Turning to Périque, Archange said, "Don't pay a mind to him." He took Périque by the arm and whispered in his ear, "Don't get hot with him. He don't mean what he saying, him. He got wife trouble."

Périque grinned shyly. "I be down at the boat."

The old man followed Hector, who was walking back and forth peering in each clump of hedge and oleander. "You got no reason to talk to Périque like that," he said. "What we do if he got mad and wouldn't come out with us? What we go and do then?"

"We ain't going out." Hector turned around, his face flushed with anger. He kicked at a small white periwinkle plant.

"I ain't saying nothing," Archange said.

"I ain't going to let nothing happen to those kids, me."

"*Oui.*"

"And her, she can go down in the bay, for all I care, her."

"*Oui.*" His father was still following him. For all that he was a cripple, he could move fast on the uneven ground.

"I don't care none if the boat get smashed," Hector said.

"You ain't going to eat, then."

"Quit telling me what to do."

"I ain't telling you nothing," Archange said. "Except there ain't no sense both you staying here to watch the kids. She can take care of them just as well as you can."

They had stopped walking abruptly. "You hear something?" Hector asked. They were in the middle of an oleander patch. The leaves and branches bent and lashed down in their faces.

"No," his father said. "You ain't ever going to find them in time."

Hector leaned against one of the largest oleander trunks. "That kid got to get hungry, and then he going to start to yell, and then we know."

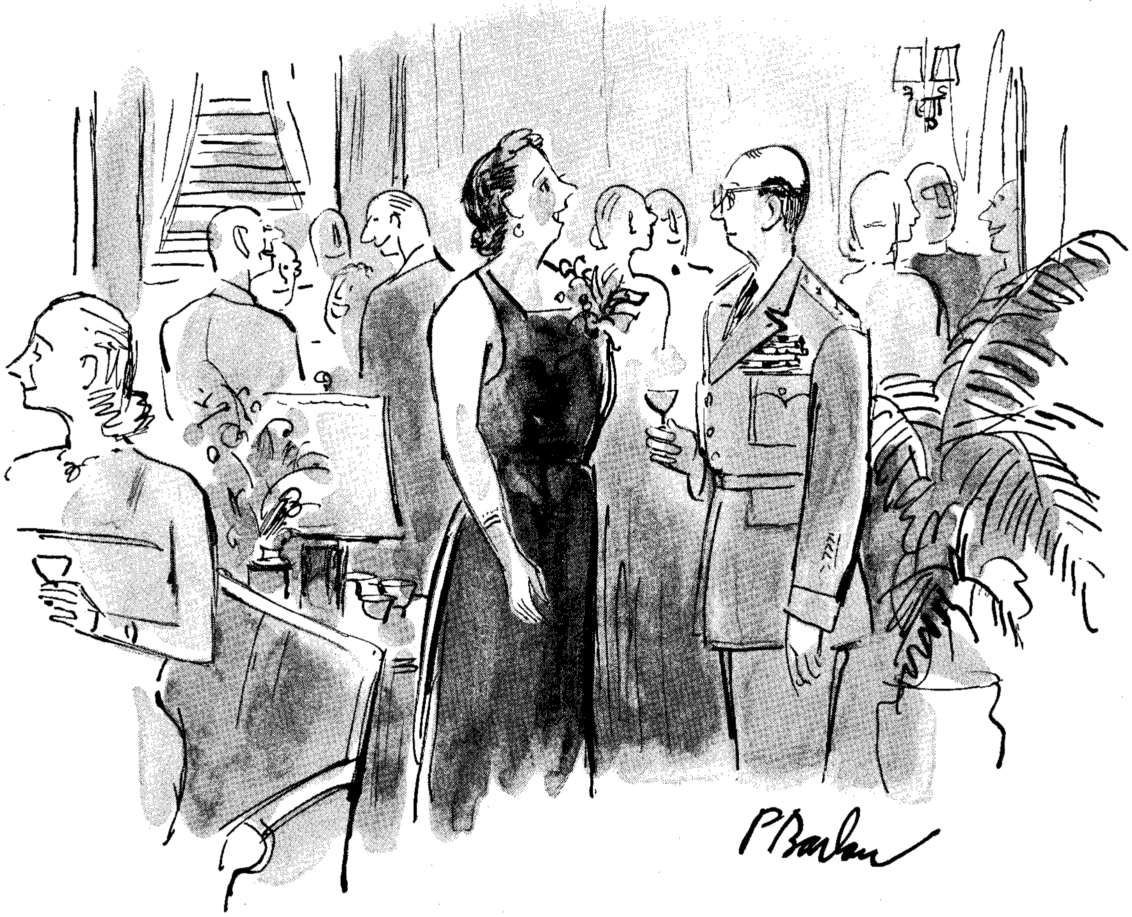
His father thought about this for a moment. He caught one of the branches that pounded his face, pulled a little piece off, and swung it, like a switch, in the air around him. "That kid ain't going to get hungry for four hours or five, maybe. And that'll put us right out in the middle of the bay, without no harbor at all."

Hector was staring at the ground.

"So," his father said, and rubbed the side of his nose with the little twig, "iffen you wait any four or five hours, or any time like that, I ain't going with you. And Périque ain't neither, him. Then it just too late. Ain't neither of us that crazy."

Hector squinted up into the sky, one eye closed. His father whistled softly and tunelessly between his teeth.

Hector walked back to his house slowly, and then took the steps in a single jump. His wife was just where they had left her, sitting on the arm of the



"What are you affectionately known as to your men?"

• •

living-room chair that was covered with canvas. She half closed her eyes when he came in; her heavy underlip was curled and pouting.

"You so crazy you don't go hide from me!" he exclaimed as he slapped her across the cheek. She was up in a second, kicking at his stomach, reaching for his eyes. Carefully, using his left arm to shield himself, he beat her with the flat of his hand. He finished with a push that sent her slamming back into the chair and the chair smashing into the wall. She sat quiet, glaring at him.

"Eyes of a bitch!" he said. He was panting. "Ain't going to let you ruin my boat, me."

His father stood waiting outside.

Hector picked up his bag and slung it over his shoulder. "I will come back as soon as I can," he said, "and if the kids they are not all right, I will take you to little pieces and feed the crabs with you."

She spat through the door after them.

EVEN the sheltered waters of the bay were rough. They headed straight across, the wind astern. A flock of gulls passed, coming from the south. They were riding the wind, hardly moving their wings.

"*Là-bas*," Périque said, pointing at a boat almost out of sight in the beginning dark. "Can't tell who it is, this far."

"They must about turning up the bayou right now, this minute," Hector said.

"We ought to be up there with them," Archange said.

"We going to get there," Hector said. "We got the wind running with us."

"All the same, we can't go no faster," his father said, and stretched out on the bunk to rest his leg. "And I wish we was there right now."

Périque laughed, and crinkled his little eyes. "We going to make it. Or maybe we drown."

The old man pulled a knife from his shirt pocket and began to clean his fingernails. Hector motioned Périque to take the wheel, and went on deck. They were taking a little spray; there was a little trickle running out the long slit scuppers. With one hand for balance on the lifeline that circled the cabin, he stared back at the island.

"Hey, boy!" Périque called. "Ain't nothing you see out there you can't see from in here!"

"If you fall over," his father called, "there ain't going to be any use even trying to find you."

"Why she stay, in place of hiding with the kids? Why she didn't save herself no beating?" Hector said aloud.

Behind them, the island was just a clump of trees with a clump of storm-colored clouds resting right on top of them. The rain had begun there, too; you could tell by the color of the haze. The trees would be lashing around like crazy, he thought, and for a minute he saw it all clear—the people running for cover, slamming doors after them, putting in the bolts. She'd be doing that, too. He could see her, racing up the steps. She'd have stayed outside until the last minute, after she'd sent the kids inside. Maybe she'd even stay out in the rain for a while, because it would be cool.

But she wasn't one to do that, he thought. She'd be inside, making sure the covers were tight around the furniture and that the kids were in bed. And then she'd sit down, rocking and waiting.

He cocked his head at the faintly green-tinged clouds streaming overhead, and listened to the wind that was carrying them. And suddenly he began to laugh.

He was still grinning when he turned inside and closed the cabin door behind him. —SHIRLEY ANN GRAU

•

"Will you please differentiate for me between chicory and endive?—C. C."

The white, tightly rolled vegetable, which during the early summer is to be found in the market is Belgian chicory, but is called endive, and is grown in dark cellars from a breed of green called Flemish chicory. This Flemish chicory in its above-ground, garden state is quite close to the greens we know in the market as escarole. A green that is sometimes called endive here is actually American grown chicory (just as Belgian endive is actually Flemish chicory given special treatment). It is the root of this plant which is dried and used in combination with roasted coffee beans to yield French and New Orleans coffee.—*The Post.*

We drink Sanka.

WHAT GRANDMOTHER CARTY TOLD US

When I read a story about the tenth Duke of Argyll in a recent issue of this magazine, I got to wondering, as I do whenever any Duke of Argyll is mentioned, whether my Grandmother Carty was making up stuff, passing along a legend, or imparting a well-known fragment of history when she used to talk to me about the Duke of Argyll years and years ago.

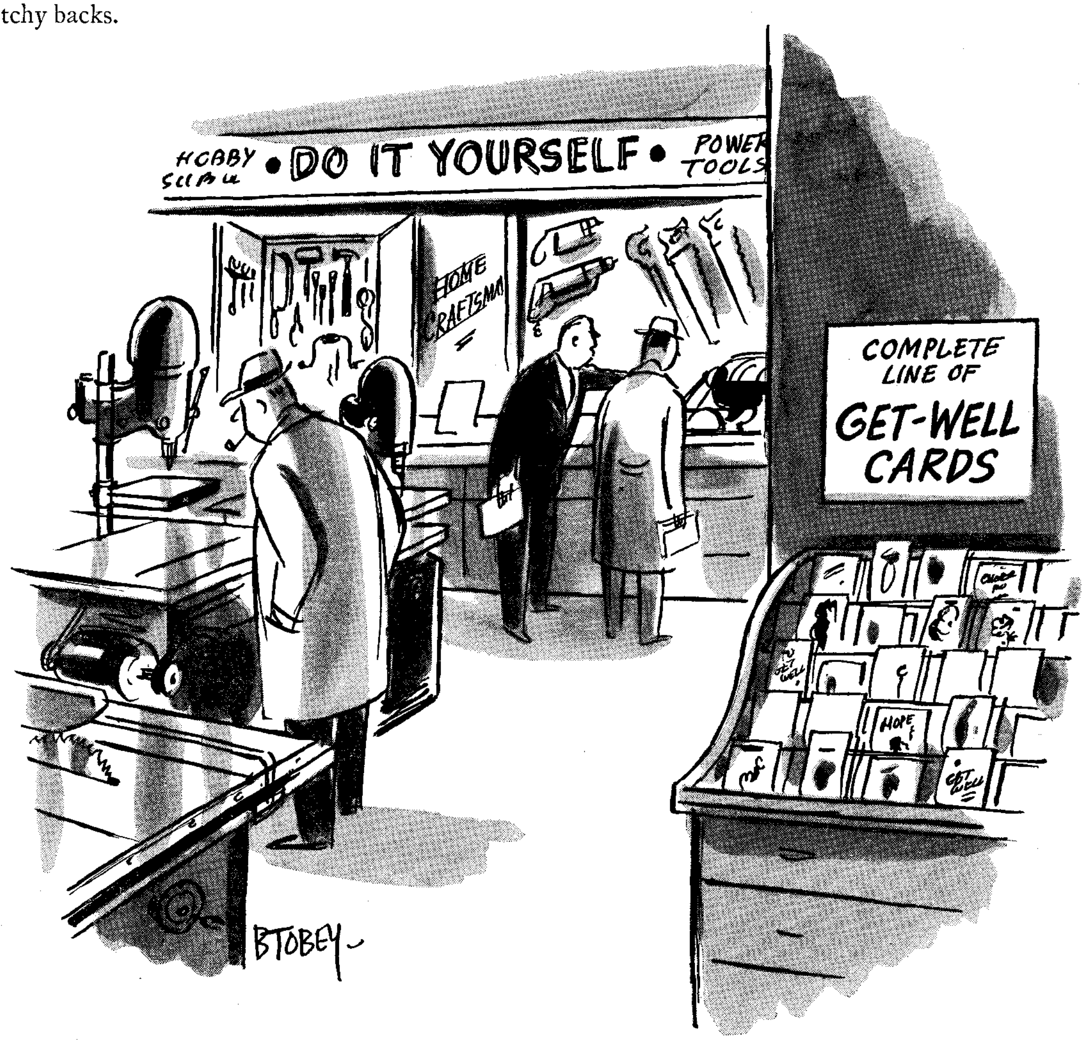
That was when I was a small boy, and spent a lot of time with Grandmother Carty, because my mother was too busy running a small candy-and-newspaper store at Lawrence and Elm Streets, Lawrence, Massachusetts, to spend much time with me and my brother Willie. What Grandmother Carty told me about one of the Dukes of Argyll has always stuck in my head. Also, it has made me think of all Dukes of Argyll as mighty nice fellows, and whenever a Duke of Argyll pops up in the news or in fiction, I can't help saying to myself, "God bless the Duke of Argyll!" It's a benignly haunting phrase that Grandmother told to us two kids.

She said that centuries ago there was a Duke of Argyll who was sorry for Scottish country people with itchy backs. She never made it clear to Willie and me why Scottish country people's backs were any more itchy than any other country people's backs, or, for that matter, any city people's backs. Grandmother Carty came from Ireland to Massachusetts, and, come to think of it, there was another phrase she passed on to Willie and me that I have never forgotten. She came across the ocean in a ship whose steerage fare was extremely low, and she said the immigrants like herself had to bring along at least part of their food for the voyage. She said that at the embarking place, wherever it was, a man hollered, over and over again, "All aboard that's going aboard! Carry your bread in your BOO-ZUM!" Meaning, I guess, carry a couple loaves of bread inside your shirt if you were a man, or inside your shirtwaist if you were a woman. Rhythmic, surging phrases like that, once I hear them, never seem to leave me, and I don't mind that even today, when I hear "All aboard!," why, I sing out inside my head "... that's going aboard! Carry your bread in your BOO-ZUM!"

Well, forget about bread in the bosom and let me get back to the Duke and the peasants with itchy backs. Grandmother Carty said the Duke of Argyll she was talking about had a truly fine concern for those people. So, she said, the Duke caused to be put up along the highways of the rural regions a series of stone posts, about as high as a person's shoulders, an average person's shoulders. They were not as close together as, say, Burma-Shave signs nowadays but perhaps two or three miles apart. When an itchy back got too itchy to bear, Grandmother told us kids, the afflicted Scot could go over to the next stone post he came to, lean against it, and rub the itchiness out of his back with a species of physical delight. At the same time, said Grandmother Carty, the grateful Scot would cry aloud, "God bless the Duke of Argyll!"

What is this that Grandmother told us? Is it a well-known legend, or did it happen, or what? Whatever it is, I say to myself "God bless the Duke of Argyll!" whenever I come across the name. Seems to me the name's always showing up. Sometimes Grandmother Carty's words lead me to attribute even more to the Duke of Argyll than he merits, crediting him for odd, unrelated favors to mankind, regardless. For a long while, I thought that it was on the Duke of Argyll's estate that Rudolf Hess landed that time, even if more accurate minds, uninfluenced by any Grandmother Carty, knew it was on the grounds of the Duke of Hamilton that Ol' Hess plopped down. Wasn't some Duke of Argyll trying to dig up a treasure ship from the bottom of the ocean someplace? God bless him if he was. And what I wish is that somebody would go over to the library and get me straightened out about what Grandmother Carty told us. I could go and do this myself, but I never will, because I don't want to know badly enough to take all that trouble, and that's the God's truth.

—John McNulty



ANNALS OF CRIME

THE CASE OF THE SCATTERED DUTCHMAN

THE afternoon of Saturday, June 26, 1897, was warm and moist in New York City, and it is probable that boys were swimming off every idle dock in the North and East Rivers. James McKenna, thirteen years old, of 219 Avenue C, and John McGuire, fourteen years old, of 722 East Twelfth Street—both addresses within a few steps of the East River—were among those who at three o'clock were swimming in the slip on the south side of what was then a disused dock at the foot of East Eleventh Street.

I will lift the next five paragraphs bodily from a story at the top of the first page of the Sporting Edition of the *Evening Telegram* of that date, because I cannot think of any sound way to amend them:

> They saw an object slip into the line of vision past the edge of the dock, and the cross current gave it the appearance of trying to enter the slip. It looked much like a package of merchandise, but the article in which it was wrapped looked like a bright piece of bunting or a flag, with the sun striking it.
>
> The two boys swam eagerly toward what they thought would prove a prize. The bright covering they found to be oilcloth, and the package was carefully tied up with good strong string.
>
> McKenna got on one side and McGuire on the other and between them the package was brought inside the slip and one of the boys pulled one end of the string from around the oilcloth and dropped it over the edge of the stringpiece.
>
> There was a general rush on the part of the dock hangers-on to furnish a knife, and McGuire slipped back over the edge of the dock and dug the knife in the oilcloth covering.
>
> The knife stuck and refused to come out, and the boy gave it a wrench. Then he tried again, and succeeded in working a small hole in the cloth. He saw something white, and the sticky feeling of the knife blade sickened him.

The *Telegram*, which specialized in sporting news, had a later final edition than the city's other afternoon papers, since its readers counted on it to report the winner of the last race at Sheepshead Bay. (The race that day was a steeplechase, won by Mars Chan, at 2–1.) On Saturdays, the *Telegram's* Sporting Edition was even later than on other days, because there were seven races instead of six. The story of the discovery in the East River was the only important non-sporting item on the first page, and over it were these headlines:

MAN'S TRUNK
FLOATS IN RIVER

HEADLESS AND LEGLESS BODY WRAPPED
IN OILCLOTH GETS INTO EAST
ELEVENTH STREET SLIP

FOUND BY SWIMMING BOYS

THEY THINK THEY HAVE A FIND, BUT
MAKE A GHASTLY DISCOVERY

IS THE WORK OF AN EXPERT

CUTS LOOK LIKE THOSE OF DISSECTING
TABLE—MAN WAS IN PRIME

The other top headlines on the page dealt with a bicycle race at Manhattan Beach, the victory of the New York Giants over the Washington Senators (both in the National League then), and the triumph of a two-year-old named Blueaway in the Zephyr Stakes, twenty-five hundred dollars added. (A well-played second choice, he also paid 2–1.)

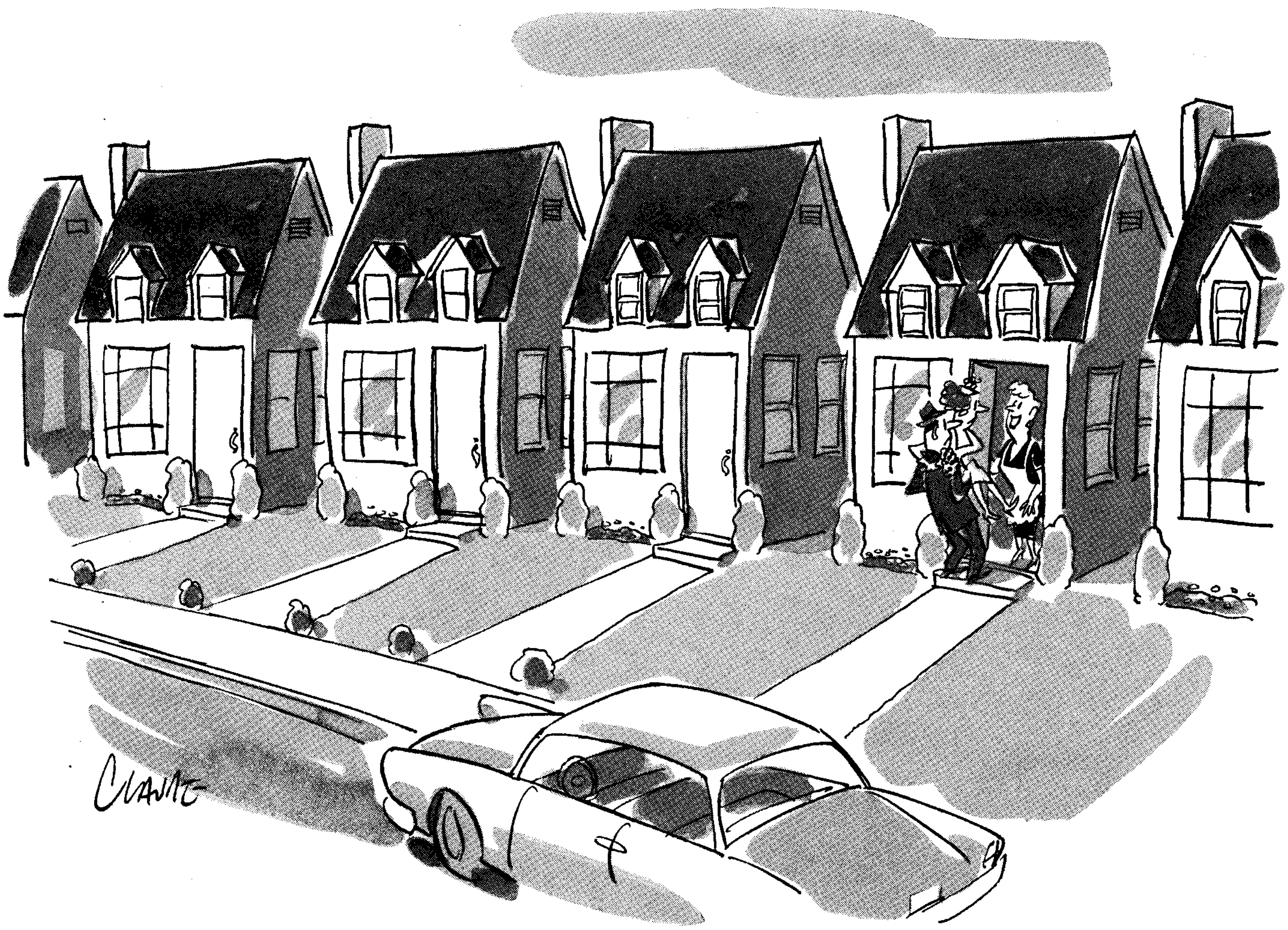
After telling of the sickened boy, the unknown *Telegram* writer continued:

> It was not until a half hour later that someone reported the matter to the Union Market police station [this was on First Avenue, near Tenth Street], saying merely that something securely wrapped in cloth was knocking against the end of the dock.
>
> Policeman Winter was detailed to take care of the matter. With the assistance of some laborers, he got the package upon the boards.
>
> The policeman cut the cords and rolled back the oilcloth, disclosing to view the trunk of a man, in an almost perfect state of preservation.
>
> The neck had been severed cleanly from the body, almost on a line with the shoulders, and the work was done in such a manner as to lead to the conclusion that it was that of someone accustomed to handling amputating instruments.
>
> The work of amputating the legs had not been done so cleanly. They had been severed from the trunk just below the abdomen, in a rather slovenly fashion, not at all like the work of a dissecting table.
>
> The chest had been marked and scarred in a peculiar manner. The flesh had been lifted from the bones just below the left breast and cut off cleanly all the way across the chest to a point almost on a line with the shoulder. The cut was even and laid open to view several of the ribs.
>
> This, in connection with the clean amputation at the neck, inclines the police to the theory that the trunk was fresh from the dissecting table when found.
>
> The only drawback to this is the unprofessional work on the lower half of the trunk.

The possibility that the dissection had been performed by two persons working in great haste—the more professional member of the team on the neck, the other on the torso—had not occurred to the *Telegram* man.

A district reporter for the *Telegram* may have been in the police station when the tip came in, and accompanied Policeman Winter to the dock, or he may have learned of the find from the station blotter and hurried to the dock while the parcel was being dragged from the water. In either event, he—or a police surgeon he may have talked to—was clearly an excellent observer, and the further development of the case was to confirm not only the details he phoned in to the rewrite man but many of the rewrite man's immediate deductions from them. It may be, of course, that my own deductions about how the *Telegram* story was put together are in error, and that the city editor, apprised

CONSUMERS' TESTING LABORATORY
O. SOGLOW



"Why, you must be the new people next door!"

by telephone of the interesting nature of the find (he could hardly have been informed of it before four o'clock), dispatched a star reporter straight to the scene in a hack. Even with the prevailing speed limit of twelve miles an hour, the reporter could have got from the *Telegram* office, in Herald Square, to the foot of East Eleventh Street in twenty minutes, made his notes from his own observation, and returned to his desk by five, after which he could have written his story between the fifth and seventh races. This would have been drawing it fine, however, even for the newspaper titans of 1897, when, according to an old journalistic friend of mine named Ned Brown, "what they call a porterhouse now wouldn't have counted as a chuck steak."

The rewrite job, as I therefore judge it to be, continues:

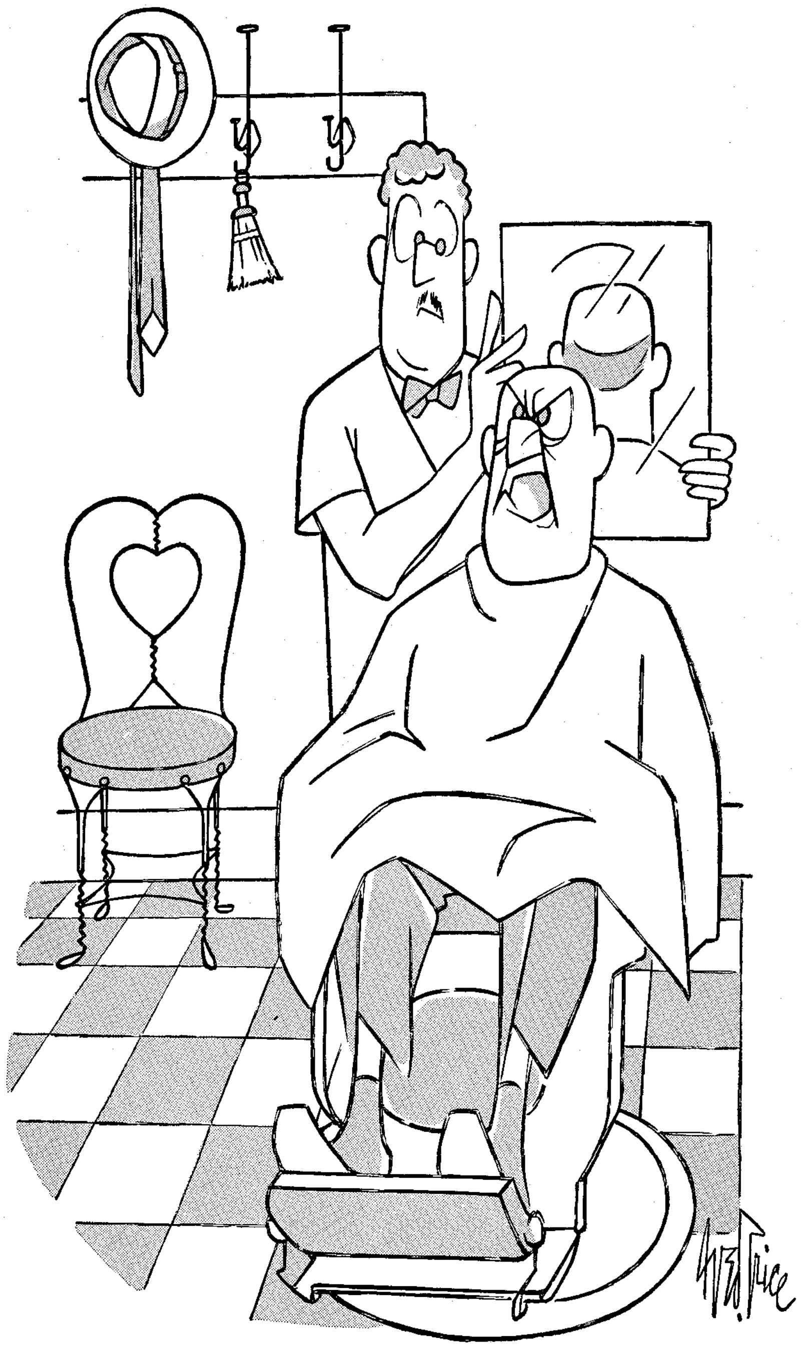
> The trunk is that of a man who was evidently in the prime of life. He must have weighed fully 180 pounds, and the arms are big and powerful. The chest is that of a man accustomed to unusual exertion and regular calls for increased lung power.
>
> The flesh is clear and white, and indicates that the man was in perfect health, and the muscles of the body show plainly that their possessor was a giant in strength.
>
> The hands are small when figured in proportion to the evident weight and height of the man. The fingers are small and well shaped and do not resemble in any way the fingers of a man accustomed to manual labor.
>
> On the inside of the left palm is a small blue mark, evidently extending deep into the cuticle. It looks as though it might have been burned in with powder. There are no needle pricks to indicate it is a tattoo mark, nor is there any regular formation to it.
>
> The oilcloth in which the body was enclosed was brand new. It had never been placed on a floor as a covering, the underside bearing no mark. It was of good quality. The pattern was red squares with small gilt stars.
>
> The string was white, very heavy, and after the knots were tied had been cut cleanly with a sharp instrument. Scissors or a small pocket knife would not have been able to cut it so cleanly.
>
> A curious crowd surrounded the object as it lay on the Eleventh Street dock. A messenger was sent to the Coroner's office.
>
> The police are taking an extraordinary amount of interest in the case, owing to a great extent to the signs of refinement and the fact that the body had been but such a short time in the water.
>
> Between the oilcloth and the spine of the trunk was found a sheet of new cheesecloth, a little heavier than the ordinary kind, more like that used in hospitals, but in no way resembling absorbent cloth.
>
> This discovery has served to strengthen the theory of the police that the work is that of a band of medical students from the dissecting table of a hospital.
>
> In substantiation of the rumor of foul play, its adherents point to the peculiar wound on the breast, claiming that the strip of flesh may have been taken off to destroy tattoo marks or other marks that would help toward an identification.
>
> They also claim that the legs may have been marked in some way, and they too were taken off and disposed of in some way.

None of the other afternoon papers—the *Evening World*, the *Evening Journal*, and the *Evening Sun*—had so complete and incisive a story. Their city desks had been put off by the first reports from the police of the precinct, who, the *Evening World's* brief story said, "incline to the belief that the body may be that of a medical subject." The police claimed later that they had taken this position in an effort to keep the newspaper sleuths out of their way while they got started on the serious business of investigation, but the *Journal*, having been caught flat-footed, continued for weeks to charge that the police had tried to squelch the story just to save themselves trouble. The *Journal's* implication was that Lord knew how many other crimes had been shrugged off in this fashion; only the enterprise of newspaper reporters—the *Journal's*, of course—had forced the police to revise their attitude in the torso case.

The next morning's *Sun*, on behalf of its teammate, the *Evening Sun*, attributed the medical-subject theory to pure stupidity on the part of the police, and the *World* of that Sunday morning took the same position. The paper was on to the possibilities of the story and gave it two columns on the first page, under the headline "BOY'S GHASTLY FIND." In the course of its account, the *World* observed, "It does not appear that the police made any attempt at investigation, but jumped at and accepted the theory that the portion of the human being had been cast into the river by the students of some medical college who had been studying anatomy." According to the *World*, the discovery that it was probably a case of murder had been made by doctors at the morgue, after the torso was removed there.

None of the Sunday papers had anything substantial to add to the *Telegram* account, although they padded it out with direct quotations from the coroner, a Dr. Tuthill; the medical examiner, a Dr. Dow; and the Superintendent of Bellevue, a Mr. Murphy. (First names of such well-known civic characters were evidently considered superfluous in news stories of that golden age.) Both the *World* and the *Herald* were skeptical about the likelihood of a solution. "The finding of the upper portion of the headless trunk of a man in the East River yesterday furnishes a mystery that will not easily be solved," the *World* reported, and went on, "All indications point to an atrocious murder. There is, however, no apparent clue by which the identity of the victim may be discovered, or his slayer brought to justice." The *Herald* stated, "There is nothing to tell when or where the crime was committed, whether on land or on sea, and there is not one chance in a million that the identity of the victim will be discovered." The suggestion that the man had been murdered and dismembered aboard a ship evoked the romantic possibility that he had been a Spaniard spying on Cuban gunrunners. The police said he could not have been a sailor, because there were no calluses on his hands.

THE morning *World* and the *Evening World* had different staffs but shared the eleventh floor of the proud new Pulitzer Building, on Park Row, and dovetailed their coverage of running stories. The Pulitzer Building, with its sixteen floors, was the tallest building in New York, and from their city rooms the men of both *Worlds* could look over to and beyond the North River or out to sea, as well as at Brooklyn, across the only bridge there was over the East River at that time. All Manhattan lay visibly at their feet, and it accentuated their cockiness. The *World* had a circulation of 370,000, which was almost as much as the four other morning papers had among them. These were the *Herald* and the *Sun*, *ex aequo* with 120,000; the *Times*, with 75,000; and the *Tribune*, with 76,000. The *World's* predominance had been achieved within a few years after Joseph Pulitzer came to New York from St. Louis and bought the paper from Jay Gould, in 1883. The *Evening World*, founded by Pulitzer four years later, had overshadowed its afternoon contemporaries just as decisively until it was challenged by a newer newcomer—young William Randolph Hearst's *Journal*, which made its appearance in 1895. Hearst was trying to take over Pulitzer's afternoon field by imitating all Pulitzer's circus tricks and then adding an extra elephant for the clowns to jump over. By 1897, despite brilliant retaliatory strokes on the part of Pulitzer, Hearst was beginning to show results. The *Evening World* still led the afternoons, with a cir-



"Well, what are you waiting for—three cheers?"

THE FUNDAMENTALS OF WEARING "DACRON"

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Modern living calls for clothing that's comfortably casual but correct. The slacks worn by the gentleman above have that quality of free and easy comfort . . . plus the built-in neatness of "Dacron"* polyester fiber.

The handsome gabardine fabric—excellently tailored by Majer—is a skillful blend of "Dacron" and wool. "Dacron" contributes a shape-retaining stability that helps these slacks keep their well-groomed look through strenuous days of wear . . . a resiliency that shrugs off wrinkles, helps slacks freshen themselves overnight.

And "Dacron" helps slacks resist the wilting effects of humidity or rain, makes possible easy soap-and-water removal of many spots. It's fundamental that superbly tailored slacks of "Dacron" will help keep you looking casual but well groomed. Never a substitute for fine tailoring, "Dacron" is always an incentive to that end.

*Registered trade-mark for Du Pont's polyester fiber

BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING
. . . *THROUGH CHEMISTRY*

DU PONT
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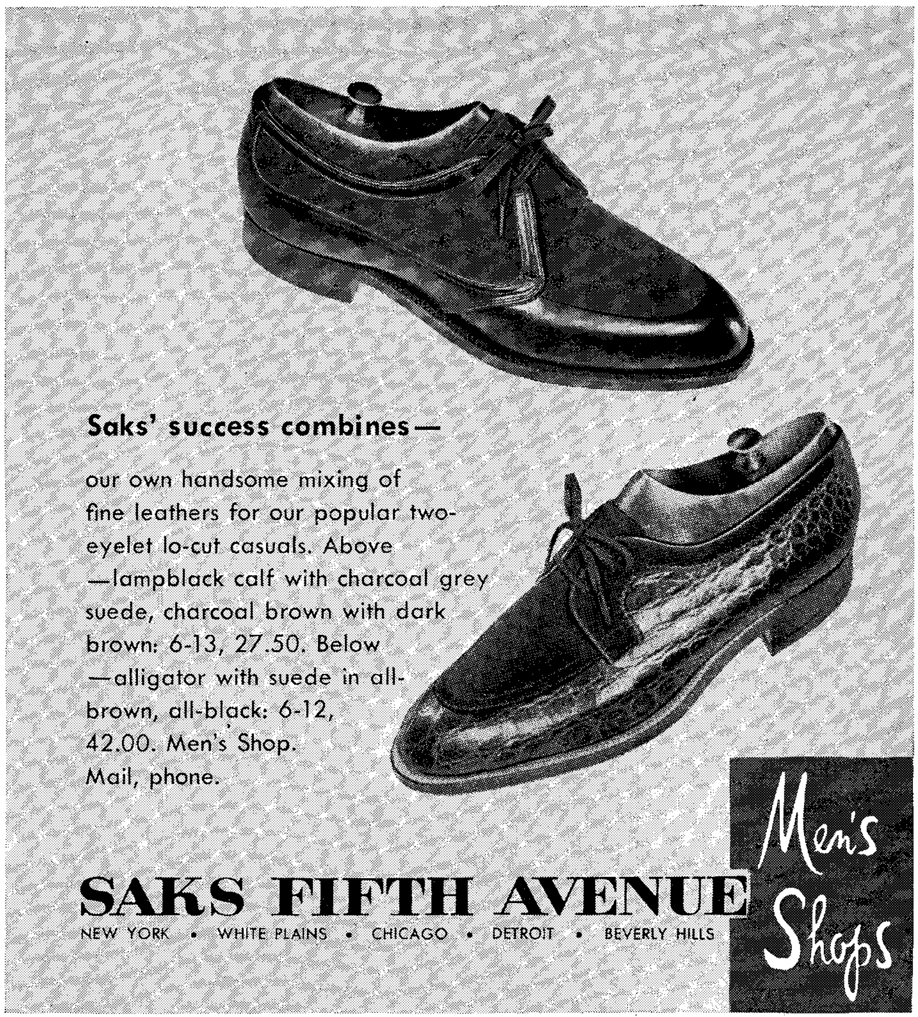
MAJER SLACKS are skillfully tailored of 50% "Dacron", 50% wool in year-round-weight gabardine. In all colors including charcoal tones, about $20. At the following stores: John David, New York; Marshall Field, Chicago; Boyd's, St. Louis.



Saks' success combines—

our own handsome mixing of fine leathers for our popular two-eyelet lo-cut casuals. Above—lampblack calf with charcoal grey suede, charcoal brown with dark brown: 6-13, 27.50. Below—alligator with suede in all-brown, all-black: 6-12, 42.00. Men's Shop. Mail, phone.

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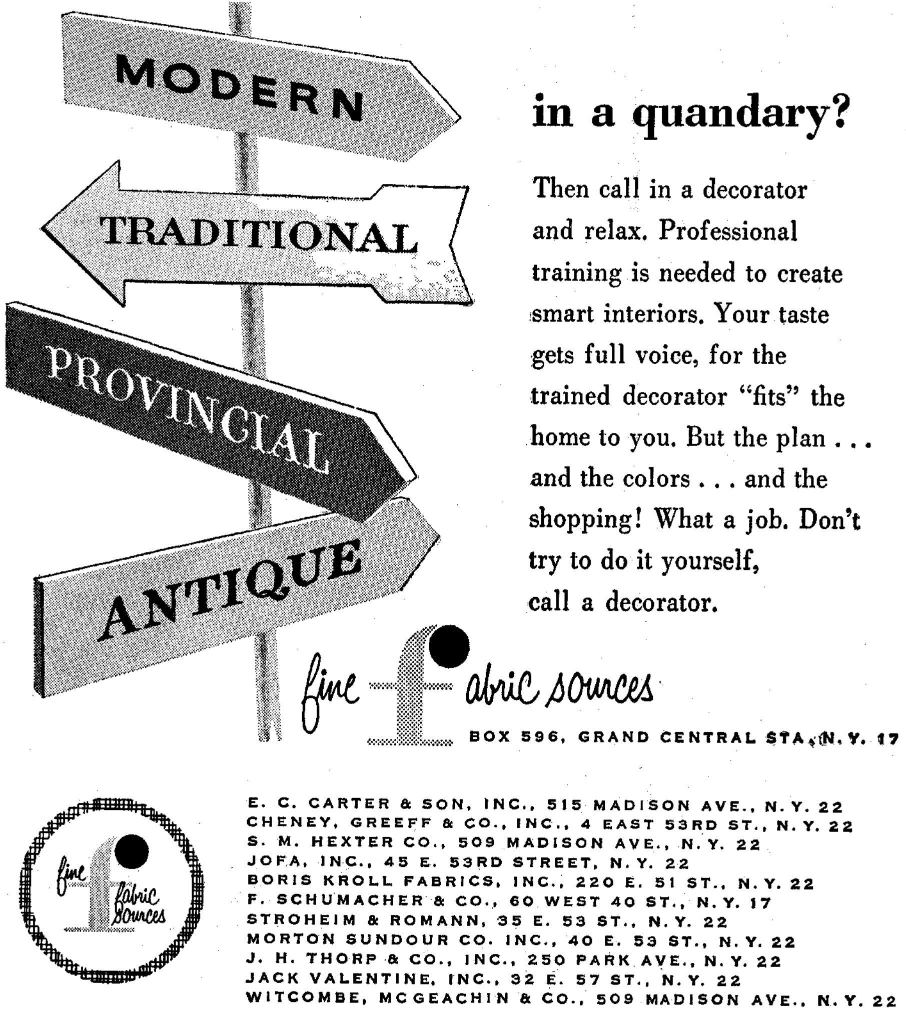
Men's Shops



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TRADITIONAL
PROVINCIAL
ANTIQUE

in a quandary?

Then call in a decorator and relax. Professional training is needed to create smart interiors. Your taste gets full voice, for the trained decorator "fits" the home to you. But the plan . . . and the colors . . . and the shopping! What a job. Don't try to do it yourself, call a decorator.

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BORIS KROLL FABRICS, INC., 220 E. 51 ST., N.Y. 22
F. SCHUMACHER & CO., 60 WEST 40 ST., N.Y. 17
STROHEIM & ROMANN, 35 E. 53 ST., N.Y. 22
MORTON SUNDOUR CO. INC., 40 E. 53 ST., N.Y. 22
J. H. THORP & CO., INC., 250 PARK AVE., N.Y. 22
JACK VALENTINE, INC., 32 E. 57 ST., N.Y. 22
WITCOMBE, MCGEACHIN & CO., 509 MADISON AVE., N.Y. 22

culation of 360,000, but the *Journal* claimed 309,000, and was gaining. The *Evening Sun* and the *Evening Telegram*, with 100,000 each, were out of the hunt; Edwin Godkin's *Evening Post*, with 25,000, had become a symbol of the unpopularity of virtue.

The Hearst-Pulitzer feud made for virulent competition, and in its course reporters became direct rivals of the police. A *World* or a *Journal* man finding a useful clue at the scene of a crime would bring it back to his newspaper, in which it would appear as a chalk-plate illustration over the vainglorious line "Made from a photograph taken in the *World* [or *Journal*] office." Had reporters reached the East Eleventh Street dock before the police on the day the torso was found, the officers would have attached no significance to the chunk missing from the victim's brisket. They would have been sure that a *World* or a *Journal* man had carried it away.

Reporters developed their own leads in solving crimes, outbidding the police for stool pigeons and at times outbidding the detective branch for details observed by uniformed men. Then they would follow through in person, "arresting" suspects, if the latter didn't appear dangerous, and extorting confessions from them. These they would publish as scoops. The practice sometimes proved momentarily awkward when it developed that a reporter had abducted an innocent party, but there were few such mistakes a ten-dollar bill couldn't square. Neither the *World* nor the *Journal* begrudged outlays occasioned by excessive zeal. In making "arrests," the reporters, who had shiny badges and pistol permits, usually represented themselves as detectives, but when printing the story their papers invariably said they had "made the arrest as citizens." Some of the reporters, as one might expect, became better detectives than most city detectives, and when a big case broke, the Police Department would put tails on the leading newspapermen, while the newspapers would put tails on the more resourceful detectives. This was a form of recognition the latter enjoyed to the point of sticking to familiar disguises in order not to throw the journalists off their track. Naturally, there were exchanges of information between friends in the two professions, by which cops helped reporters to discredit rival reporters and reporters helped cops to discredit rival cops.

The *World* and the *Journal* assumed airs of independent sovereignty. In headlines as well as editorials, the rival sheets gave themselves credit for defeat-

Gumerson, Nelson, and Cook

They've got 7,502 clients

. . . at least they did at last count. It varies.

The clients are the participants in the dealer advertising program set up in 1925 for one of our clients.

If you think it might be complicated to handle advertising on an individual basis for all 7,502—you're right. That's why these three men run it.

They are businessmen. Advertising is *created* by a different breed. But, budgeting and scheduling outdoor boards, newspaper space, and radio and television time for that many clients is a job for businessmen.

Lawrence R. Nelson, senior vice president, secretary and treasurer, is Campbell-Ewald's senior financial officer. Hermon Cook runs the accounting department. Paul Gumerson is in charge of the Dealer Advertising Schedule Department. They—and 95 schedule and accounting assistants—handle this part of our business.

Paul's division keeps track of every dealer's contribution. They make sure all the dealer's money is spent for advertising in his community—and there alone. They make sure they spend no more than his contribution and, if he asks that they spend less, they are responsible for holding the rest as a sort of trust.

Hermon's big job is to pay the 8,178 newspapers, outdoor plants in 7,216 cities, the 4,607 theaters, and the 904 radio and TV stations and networks (latest count) used by the dealers. He's prompt, too.

Cold, exacting work? Certainly. Cold, exacting men? Hardly. All three are understanding advertising men, who guide the finances of a business whose assets are people, whose people are talented specialists.

Their one guide is simply expressed by the theory Larry Nelson has held through the 29 years he has served Campbell-Ewald:

We're businessmen—our business is advertising.

CAMPBELL-EWALD *Advertising* Detroit • New York • Chicago • Los Angeles San Francisco • Washington • Atlanta • Dallas • Kansas City

ing candidates they had opposed, rectifying conditions they had deplored, stopping outbreaks of leprosy they said they had detected, setting fashions, making slang, and, above all, solving crimes. Even the sportswriters conveyed the impression that they were not merely reporting games but coaching both teams and refereeing. "Being a newspaperman gave you stature then," says Ned Brown. "Everywhere except in society. It didn't cut any ice there. But elsewhere a first-string reporter on any recognized paper—especially one of the *Worlds*—had a lot of prestige. *Civis Romanus erat.* He was a citizen of no mean state."

TODAY, Ned Brown, a small man, is as spare and brisk as a whippet, with a sharp, inquisitive profile and lively blue eyes. He prides himself on his penetrating *coup d'œil*, which makes him a master at rapid chess and crossword puzzles, and at sizing up situations. Mr. Brown has worked for only one newspaper in his life—the *World*. The job lasted thirty-four years, until the paper ceased publication in 1931. During most of his service with the *World*, he was a boxing writer, but he didn't begin as one. When the mysterious torso was fished from the river, Ned was a very junior member of the *World* staff; he was working there during the summer vacation following his first year at Bellevue Hospital Medical School, which was then situated at Twenty-sixth Street and First Avenue, across the street from the hospital, with its wards and morgue. He did small assignments, mostly legwork, at space rates—five dollars a column if he telephoned the stuff to a rewrite man and seven dollars and a half if he wrote it himself. The bits he wrote personally were for the most part humorous items he picked up at night in the Tenderloin—the bright-light district that, by his definition, ran from Thirtieth Street to Forty-second, between Sixth and Eighth Avenues. He liked the Tenderloin beat because it permitted him to spend his nights in saloons—looking at people, listening, and fancying himself a young man about town—without having to disguise the fact from his father, who was Frederick Sherwood Brown, the telegraph editor of the *World*. The elder Brown had established his family in Flatbush, a remote *faubourg* of the independent City of Brooklyn.

Ned found Flatbush slow. His official hours were from two in the afternoon until midnight, but often when

The Aquascutum Expedition Coat

A distinctive raincoat, made of "Wyncol" D.711, the amazing cloth that conquered Mount Everest. It is windproof in gales, virtually tear-proof and extremely light in weight. Superior tailoring by Aquascutum makes this coat one of great efficiency and good looks. This Expedition Coat is the finest example of rainwear today. Two models: the classic "Field", illustrated, at 65.00, and the "Kingsway" trench coat at 85.00.

Even sizes 36-46 regular, 36-42 short, 38-46 long.
Mail orders invited.
Men's Clothing, Second Floor

JULIUS GARFINCKEL & CO.
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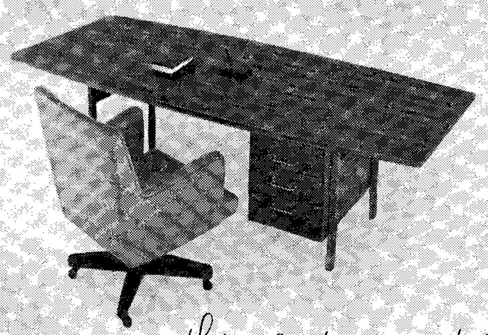
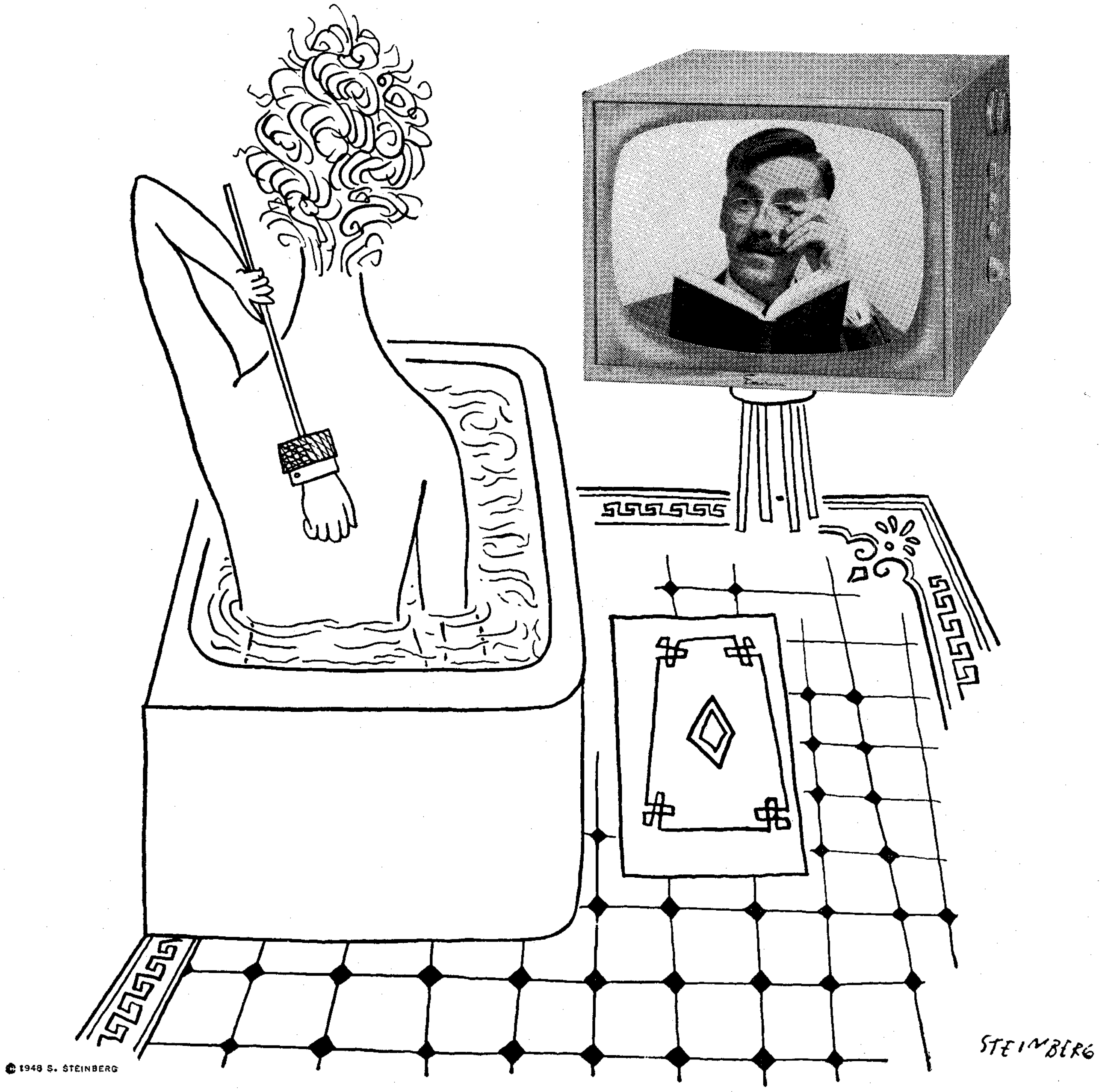

the answer is Risom

For the home or business interior.
Through leading dealers and decorators. Write for new 16-page brochure 25¢.

JENS RISOM DESIGN, INC., dept. N-16
49 East 53rd Street, N. Y. 22



Wherever you look...there's Emerson

The lady could, of course, be watching a soap opera... but the chances are she's merely bathing in the luxury of viewing her 1956 Emerson TV Model 1102...available in 8 *decorator colors* to harmonize with *any* room in your house. It's a gem of a set, with lines as clean as newly washed marble. Because of Emerson's exclusive Dyna-Power chassis, the picture is the sharpest, brightest this side of a movie palace. Or *in* a movie palace, for that matter. Trouble-free, it costs as little as *half* as much to operate—and parts last up to *ten times* longer. Your choice of colors...$138. *Wherever you look...look for Emerson TV, radios, phonographs, air conditioners.*

Emerson

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. Emerson Radio & Phonograph Corp., Jersey City, N. J.

Over 16,000,000 satisfied owners

Life begins with

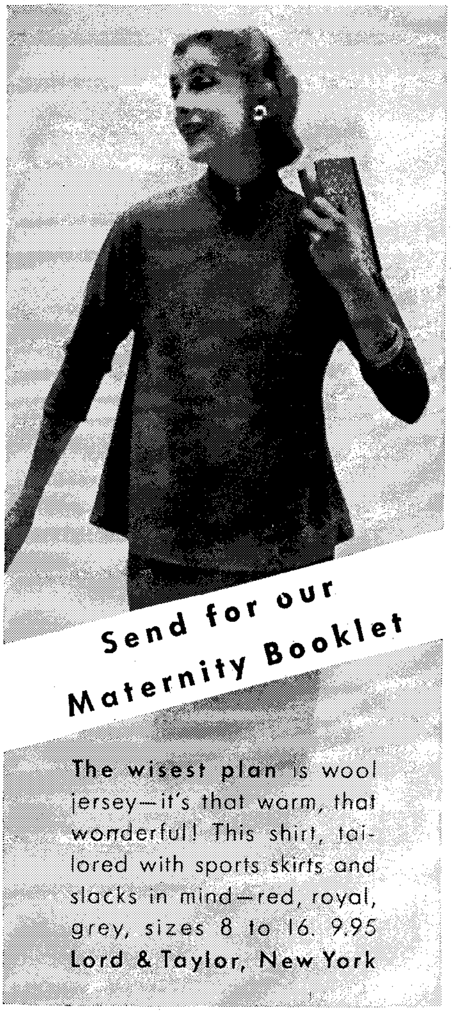
ARPEGE

LANVIN PARFUMS · PARIS

he was covering the Tenderloin he worked an extra hour or two, business merging with pleasure. On such occasions, the long journey home to Flatbush—by steam elevated train to Brooklyn Bridge and then by trolley car into the dark interior of Long Island—frequently seemed too dismal to endure, and then he would spend the rest of the night in the Murray Hill Baths, on Forty-second Street. The Murray Hill Baths were not on Murray Hill but between Broadway and Sixth Avenue, and, like all the other Turkish-bath establishments of the region, they stayed open all night. Turkish baths were infinitely more popular and numerous then than they are now; men on the town for the evening regularly wound up in one or another of them. An individual cubicle cost a dollar, a bed in the dormitory fifty cents; the ticket for either one included a scrubbing and use of the steam room and the plunge, universally esteemed specifics for overindulgence; an alcohol rub cost an extra two bits. There was always a tip for the rubber, who would not scorn a dime. The baths all favored a fanciful Oriental décor, like the tiled interior of a mosque. The Murray Hill was one of the largest and most ornate.

In those days, Mr. Brown says, few medical students went to a liberal-arts college; he himself entered medical college straight from Erasmus Hall High School, in Brooklyn, and in 1897 he was still in his teens. He was a hard-liquor drinker, but not when he was working; on those nights, he would buy a beer or two in each establishment he visited, "just to hold the franchise." When he retired to the baths, therefore, his mind would still be clear and his curiosity active; he would engage the rubbers in conversation and sometimes land a boulevardesque anecdote worth a dollar and a half at space rates, or a bit of information that might come in handy someday as background. He was keenly interested in anatomy, which was then, as it is now, the principal subject of the medical first year. At the baths, he had before his eyes a living exhibit of anatomical and dermatological peculiarities, and he was accustomed to discuss these with the rubbers; at heart every masseur is a doctor *manqué*.

Ned doesn't recall being in the *World* city room when the torso was first reported, and he is sure he wasn't sent uptown to the dock. But when he read the Sunday papers the next morning he was fascinated—both as a medical student and as a newspaper-



Send for our Maternity Booklet

The wisest plan is wool jersey—it's that warm, that wonderful! This shirt, tailored with sports skirts and slacks in mind—red, royal, grey, sizes 8 to 16. 9.95
Lord & Taylor, New York

"LAVISH AND LIVELY SONG AND DANCER"
—McClain, Jrl. Amer.

PLAIN AND FANCY

Air-cond.
WINTER GARDEN B'way & 50 St. Mats. Wed. & Sat.
NATIONAL COMPANY
Philharmonic Auditorium—Los Angeles
Now thru October 15th

METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE NOW thru Oct. 16
THE ROYAL OPERA HOUSE, COVENT GARDEN, LTD.
DAVID L. WEBSTER, General Administrator
in association with
The Arts Council of Great Britain
presents
THE FABULOUS
SADLER'S WELLS BALLET
Director, NINETTE DE VALOIS
Associate Director, FREDERICK ASHTON
Under the management of S. HUROK

BAKER shadows you
with handsome results . . . exclusive new Dusky Shadows

The shadow strikes an exciting note in menswear, as this Baker original so dramatically demonstrates. Imported from the famed British mill of Josiah France, this luxury-fabric features ombre stripes in dark, dusky tones. And the slenderizing effect of Baker's fine hand-tailoring will make every man a shadow of his former self! In grey, brown, green.

"It's bound to be BAKER" 200 Fifth Avenue, New York

At these and other exclusive men's apparel shops:

DE PINNA, NEW YORK CITY
Neusteter's, Denver, Colo.
Gentree, Ltd, New Haven. Conn.
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Julius Garfinckel & Co., Washington, D.C.
Marshall Field & Co., Chicago, Ill.
L. S. Ayres & Co., Indianapolis, Ind.
Henry, Inc., Wichita, Kansas

Rosenblath's, Shreveport, La.
Scott & Co. Ltd., Boston, Mass.
Kilgore & Hurd, Detroit, Mich.
Wilkinson's, St. Louis, Mo.
Harry Rook, Columbus, Ohio

Sichel, Portland, Ore.
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BRISSON, GRIFFITH & PRINCE'S
2 BIG BROADWAY MUSICALS
(Associate Producer Albert B. Taylor)
"TREMENDOUS MUSICAL!" —McCLAIN, JRL.-AMER.
GWEN VERDON in
A NEW MUSICAL
"damn yankees"
starring STEPHEN DOUGLASS • RAY WALSTON
MAIL ORDERS FILLED
PRICES: Mon. thru Sat. Evgs.: Divans (First 8 Rows) $8.05; Orch. $7.50; Boxes $5.75, 4.60; Mezz. $5.75, 4.60; Balc. $4.05, 3.45, 2.90, 2.30. Mats. Wed. & Sat.: Divans (First 8 Rows) $4.60; Orch. $4.05; Boxes $4.05, 3.45; Mezz. $3.45, 2.90; Balc. $2.30, 1.75, 1.15. (Tax Incl.). Please enclose self-addressed, stamped envelope with check or money order. AIR CONDITIONED
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"A HUMDINGER!" —Kerr, Her.-Trib.
JOHN RAITT • EDDIE FOY JR.
HELEN GALLAGHER in
A NEW MUSICAL COMEDY
THE PAJAMA GAME
with PAT MARSHALL
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PRICES: Evgs. Orch. $6.90; Mezz. $5.75; 1st Balc. $4.60, 3.45, 2.90; 2nd Balc. $2.30, 1.75. Wed. Mat.: Orch. $4.05; Mezz. $4.05; 1st Balc. $3.45; 2nd Balc. $2.90, 2.30, 1.75. Sat. Mat.: Orch. $4.60; Mezz. $4.05; 1st Balc. $3.45; 2nd Balc. $2.90, 2.30, 1.75. (Tax Incl.) Please enclose self-addressed, stamped envelope with mail order. AIR COND.
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NATIONAL COMPANY • ON TOUR
CURRAN THEA.–SAN FRANCISCO
Now thru October 2nd

Pulitzer Prize and Critics' Award 1955
THE PLAYWRIGHTS' COMPANY presents
Barbara BEL GEDDES
Burl IVES
in The ELIA KAZAN Production of
Cat on a Hot Tin Roof
by TENNESSEE WILLIAMS
with MILDRED DUNNOCK and JACK LORD
Scenery & Lighting: JO MIELZINER • Costumes: LUCINDA BALLARD
MOROSCO, W. 45 St. • Eves. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

AGATHA CHRISTIE'S Mystery Thriller
WITNESS for the PROSECUTION
Production Directed by ROBERT LEWIS
with FRANCIS L. SULLIVAN • PATRICIA JESSEL
Gene Lyons
HENRY MILLER'S, W. 43 St. • Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

man. Coroner Tuthill, he noted, had told reporters at the morgue that the disaggregated man could not have been dead more than twenty-four hours when his chest was taken out of the river; Dr. Dow had said "ten hours at the most." Even if one accepted the longer estimate, and added a few hours for possible error, the man could not have been killed earlier than Friday. The conclusions different doctors reached as to his height and heft varied a bit—one doctor explained that his estimate of five feet ten inches depended on the premise that a man's height is equal to the reach of his outstretched arms—but all agreed that he had been taller than average. Every newspaper account mentioned the solid but unworkmanlike hands. He had been a man who kept himself in good physical trim, but not by hard labor. A wealthy sportsman? A college athlete? An Army officer? Any one of them would make a corking good victim from a newspaper point of view. Ned had a special family interest in this kind of murder, because his father, while a reporter on the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, had cleared up the murder of a girl named Pearl Bryan, whose severed head had been thrown from the suspension bridge over the Ohio River between Cincinnati and Covington, Kentucky. The guilty wretch may have hoped thus to create a conflict of jurisdiction; the elder Brown, however, proved that the actual crime had been committed on the Ohio side of the river. It is a spiritless son who would not like to outdo his father, but Ned, as he rode the trolley over the bridge to work that Sunday afternoon (like all young and single men on seven-day newspapers at that time, he worked Sundays and had a weekday off), had small hope that he would be assigned to the Ghastly Find story. The Ghastly Find would be in the competent hands of Gus Roeder, the *World's* homicide specialist, and of Bill Reitmeier, who covered Police Headquarters, on Mulberry Street. They would need no help in keeping the story fresh for a day or two, after which, if it was as hopeless as the morning-paper stories indicated, it would lapse and be forgotten.

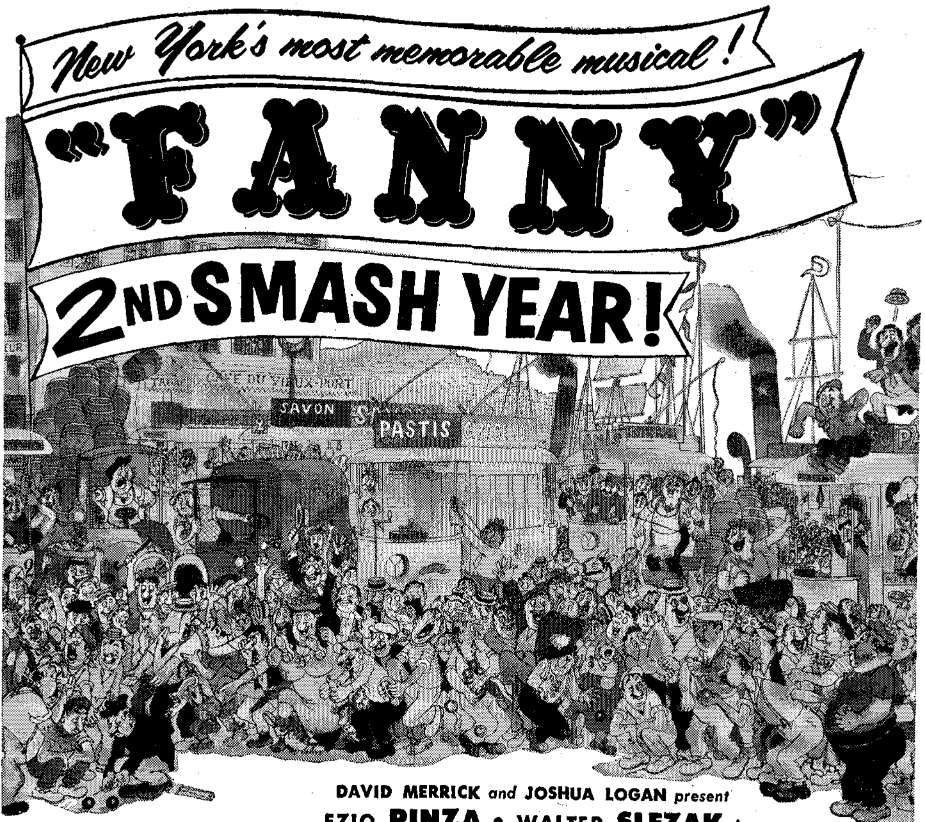
When Ned stepped off the elevator on the eleventh floor of the Pulitzer Building, he had no need of his peculiar gift to recognize that something extraordinary had happened. The day staff on Sunday was always light, but on that particular afternoon the city room was perfectly empty except for one early copyreader and the man on the desk—a Sunday substitute for Ed-

"BEST COMEDY OF THE SEASON!" —LIFE MAGAZINE
ROBERT WHITEHEAD and ROGER L. STEVENS present
BUS STOP
by WILLIAM INGE
with KIM STANLEY
ANTHONY ROSS • ELAINE STRITCH
DICK YORK
PHYLLIS LOVE • PATRICK McVEY
LOU POLAN • CRAHAN DENTON
Directed by HAROLD CLURMAN
Setting by BORIS ARONSON
Costumes by PAUL MORRISON
"BEST PLAY OF THE SEASON!"
Herald Trib., Time Mag., Journal Amer., A.P., World Tel. & Sun, U.P.
Eves.: Mon. thru Thurs.: $4.60, 4.05, 3.45, 2.90, 2.30, 1.75. Fri. & Sat.: $5.75, 4.60, 4.05, 3.45, 2.90, 2.30, 1.75. Mats.: Thurs.: $3.45, 2.90, 2.30, 1.75, 1.15. Sat.: $4.05, 3.45, 2.90, 2.30, 1.75, 1.15. Specify alternate dates.
Air-Conditioned MUSIC BOX THEA.
45th St. W. of B'way. • Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

"A delightful burlesque. It is hard to say which is funnier: the material or the performance." *Atkinson, N. Y. Times*
"THE BOY FRIEND" SMASH-HIT MUSICAL COMEDY
MAIL ORDERS FILLED
Evgs. Orch. $6.90; Mezz. $5.75; Balc. $4.60, 3.45, 2.90, 2.30. Wednesday Matinee Orch. $4.05; Mezz. $3.45; Balc. $2.90, 2.30, 1.75. Saturday Matinee Orch. $4.60; Mezz. $4.05; Balc. $3.45, 2.90, 2.30. (All Taxes Included). *Enclose self-addressed, stamped envelope with mail order and suggest alternate dates.*
AIR COND. ROYALE THEA. 45th St. W. of B'way. Ci 5-5760

NOWHERE IN AMERICA SO GLORIOUS AN EVENING
Enchanting Shows
Delicious Food
Lou Walters'
LATIN QUARTER
B'way at 48th St. CI6-1737
Open from 6 P.M. Shows 8 & 12

ward J. Casey, the *World's* assistant city editor. The man on the desk was telephoning, and as he saw Ned come in he put his hand over the mouthpiece and beckoned him with a sweep of his arm. When other reserves are exhausted, even the summer soldier is welcome. The man on the desk took less than a minute to tell Ned that a second parcel wrapped in oilcloth with a pattern of red squares and small gilt stars had been found, this one on the Bronx side of the Harlem River, at about the latitude of 176th Street, or ten miles from where the torso had turned up. Two boys out berrying with their father had come upon it in a sylvan setting, into which it had apparently been tossed from Undercliff Avenue, a winding carriage drive on the side of a hill. When the parcel was opened at the High Bridge police station, in the Bronx, it had yielded another section of the cadaver. The captain there had dispatched it to the morgue to be matched up with the East River bit. "If the pieces fit, it's the same stiff," the man on the desk said. "If it's part of a different stiff, then the guy with the red oilcloth has murdered them both." He spoke, Ned remembers, with the pleasure of a man who cannot lose. From the moment the first tip about the second bundle came in from Reitmeier, the Sunday city editor had been calling every member of the staff he could reach by telephone—directing those who lived uptown to the region of the find and ordering the downtown fellows to converge on the morgue or Police Headquarters. He had also been sending out the regular Sunday men as they reported for duty. He told Ned to hustle up to the morgue and report to Gus


New York's most memorable musical!
"FANNY"
2ND SMASH YEAR!

DAVID MERRICK and JOSHUA LOGAN present
EZIO PINZA • WALTER SLEZAK in
"FANNY"
(Based on the trilogy of Marcel Pagnol)
Musical Play by S. N. BEHRMAN and JOSHUA LOGAN
Music and Lyrics by HAROLD ROME
Directed by JOSHUA LOGAN
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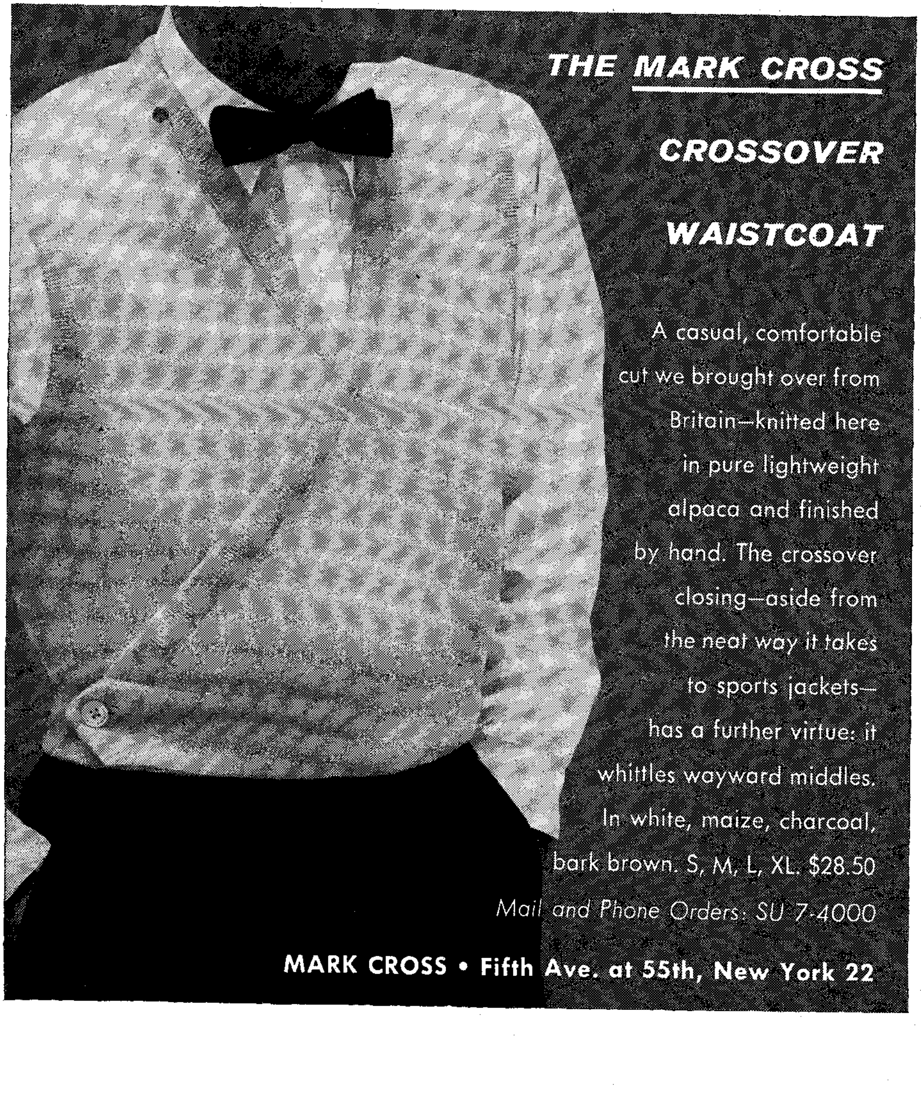
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A casual, comfortable cut we brought over from Britain—knitted here in pure lightweight alpaca and finished by hand. The crossover closing—aside from the neat way it takes to sports jackets—has a further virtue: it whittles wayward middles. In white, maize, charcoal, bark brown. S, M, L, XL. $28.50

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Why more people take home the Post than any other general weekly magazine

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There's only one explanation for the Post's lead in single-copy sales. It's more interesting to more people. You can forget about bargains and special offers. This is newsstand. And in a 4-week period more people pay cash to take home the Post than the next two general weeklies combined!

This preference for the Post is as strong in the home as it is at the newsstand. The Post leads in the number of hours the average reader spends with it. It leads in the number of times it is picked up and re-read. And it interests the *whole* family. (In the homes it enters, the Post is read by 95% of the husbands, 92% of the wives, 89% of the sons and 88% of the daughters 10 years of age or over.) It gets to the heart of America.

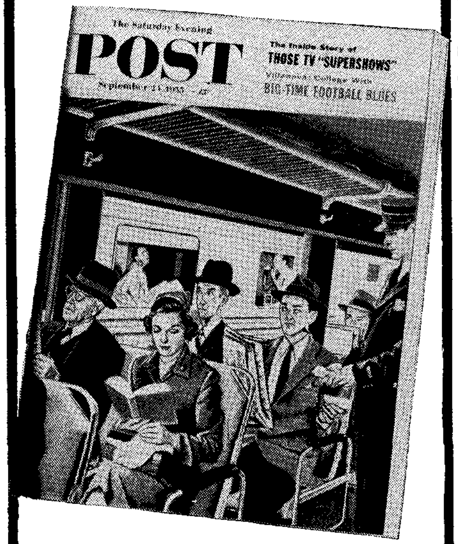
America reads the Post

"What a promotion idea — using football tickets to sell food!"

says **ED RICHER**
Vice President
Grey Advertising, New York

"Have you heard about the 'Grocery Bowl' games? Both football fans *and* ad men are talking about them. A chain of Philadelphia supermarkets is giving their customers tickets to this Saturday's Villanova-Baylor game. A $10 or $15 checkout slip puts you on the 50-yard line—free! It looks like a new trend in premiums. And it also looks like big-time football is having attendance trouble."

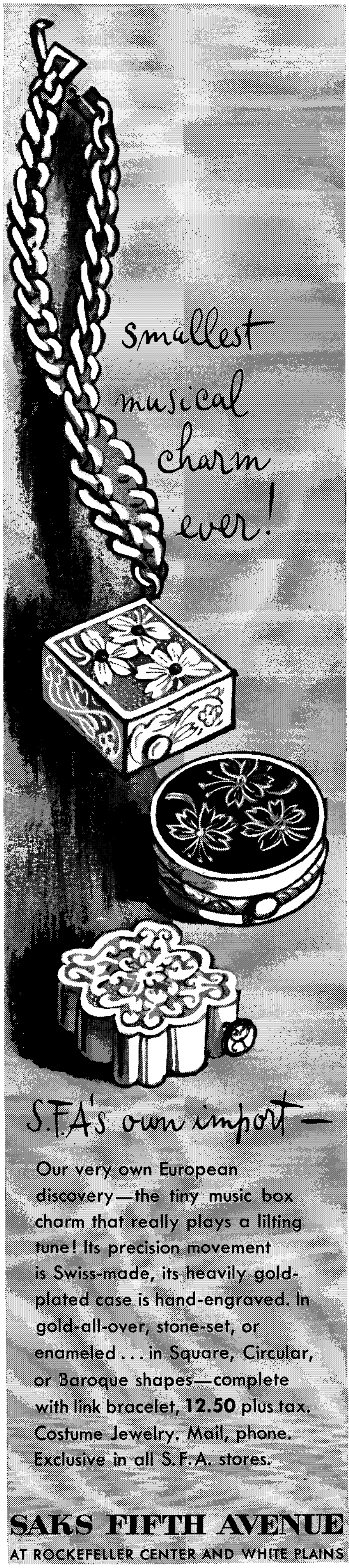
The whole story is in "Big Time Football Blues" by Harry Paxton and Jim Leaming in this week's Post.


The Saturday Evening
POST
September 24, 1955
The Inside Story of THOSE TV "SUPERSHOWS"
Villanova: College With BIG-TIME FOOTBALL BLUES

In all, 8 articles, 4 short stories, 2 serials and many special features in the Sept. 24 issue of The Saturday Evening Post.

Roeder, who was running the Pulitzer operation there. "Do whatever Gus tells you," he said, unnecessarily. "The *Journal's* probably got forty guys there already." Mr. Brown recalls his emotion on being assigned to his first big story, even though he anticipated only a legman's role (for which he was well fitted, being a tireless runner and weighing precisely a hundred and nineteen pounds). The field of his début could not have been better chosen, for, owing to his year at medical school, he was familiar with the morgue, and if there was one subject on which he would back his own opinion, it was a cadaver. The steam elevated bore him to the vicinity of the morgue in quick time, and he ran the rest of the way at a quarter-miler's pace.

Gus Roeder, the homicide man, was a red-faced German-American, already in his forties and therefore, to Ned, a hoary veteran. He could express himself well in English but spoke the language with a perceptible accent. (He worked from pencilled notes, which he surrounded with rhetoric as he dictated his stories to an office boy who, unlike him, knew how to run a typewriter.) He wore conservative dark clothes and a hard hat, and was not enough of a bohemian to be popular with his fellow-reporters. He was on good terms with a powerful faction of the detective force, however, and exchanged information with his police friends, to their advantage and his. He was also a friend of Frederick Sherwood Brown's, and knew that Ned was a medical student. The Bronx portion of torso had by this time been brought downtown, and the two fragments, put together, matched as neatly as pieces of a jigsaw puzzle; so did the cut edges of the two sheets of oilcloth. The second piece of victim included everything from the abdomen to a point above the knees, where the saw or knife had been employed again to detach the legs. These hadn't turned up yet. Ned found the juxtaposed segments of great interest. "The gaping ends of the blood vessels at the neck, where the head had been severed, and the thighs, where the legs had been cut off, indicated that the man had lost a considerable amount of blood before expiring," he says now, relapsing into his freshman patter. "In other words, the guy had been alive while they were cutting him up. That knocked out the medical-school idea." Ned also had a long look at the highly publicized hands. When he finished, he told Roeder what he suspected, and Roeder instructed him to follow his hunch. Roeder already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Our very own European discovery—the tiny music box charm that really plays a lilting tune! Its precision movement is Swiss-made, its heavily gold-plated case is hand-engraved. In gold-all-over, stone-set, or enameled . . . in Square, Circular, or Baroque shapes—complete with link bracelet, **12.50** plus tax. Costume Jewelry. Mail, phone. Exclusive in all S.F.A. stores.

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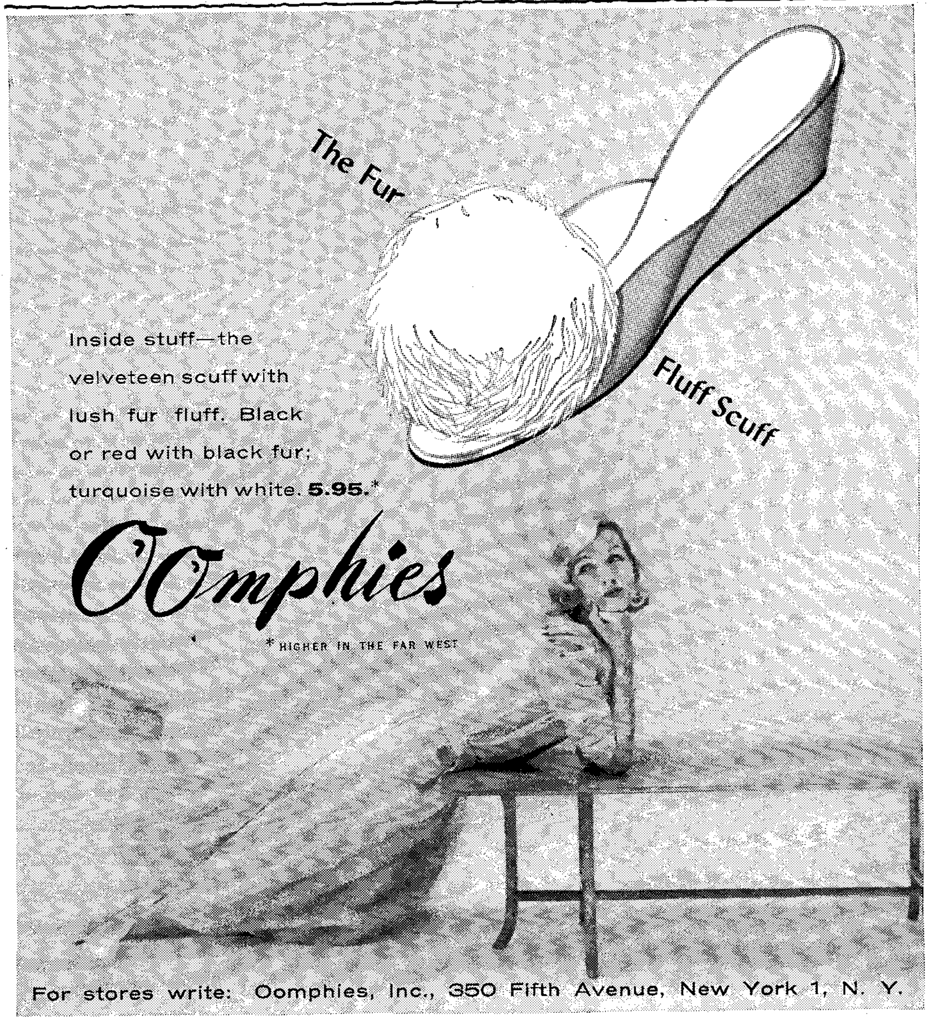

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Fluff Scuff

Inside stuff—the velveteen scuff with lush fur fluff. Black or red with black fur; turquoise with white. 5.95.*

Oomphies

*HIGHER IN THE FAR WEST

For stores write: Oomphies, Inc., 350 Fifth Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.

had a score of men out working on even longer shots.

SOME indication of the number of paths Roeder's men explored was to be found in the *World* of Monday, June 28th. A five-column top head on the first page thundered:

THE FRAGMENTS OF A
BODY MAKE A MYSTERY

Under it, in lines three columns wide, was:

A Piece of a Mangled Trunk Found
Yesterday in Harlem Fits Another Piece Found Saturday
in the East River

BOTH WRAPPED IN RED
AND GOLD OILCLOTH

Then, in single column:

A Man of the Middle or Better
Class Has Evidently Been
Brutally Killed

MANY STABS WOUNDS AND BRUISES

Portions of the Body, Which May
Have Contained Marks of Identification, Cut Away

THE POLICE ARE AS
YET ENTIRELY AT SEA

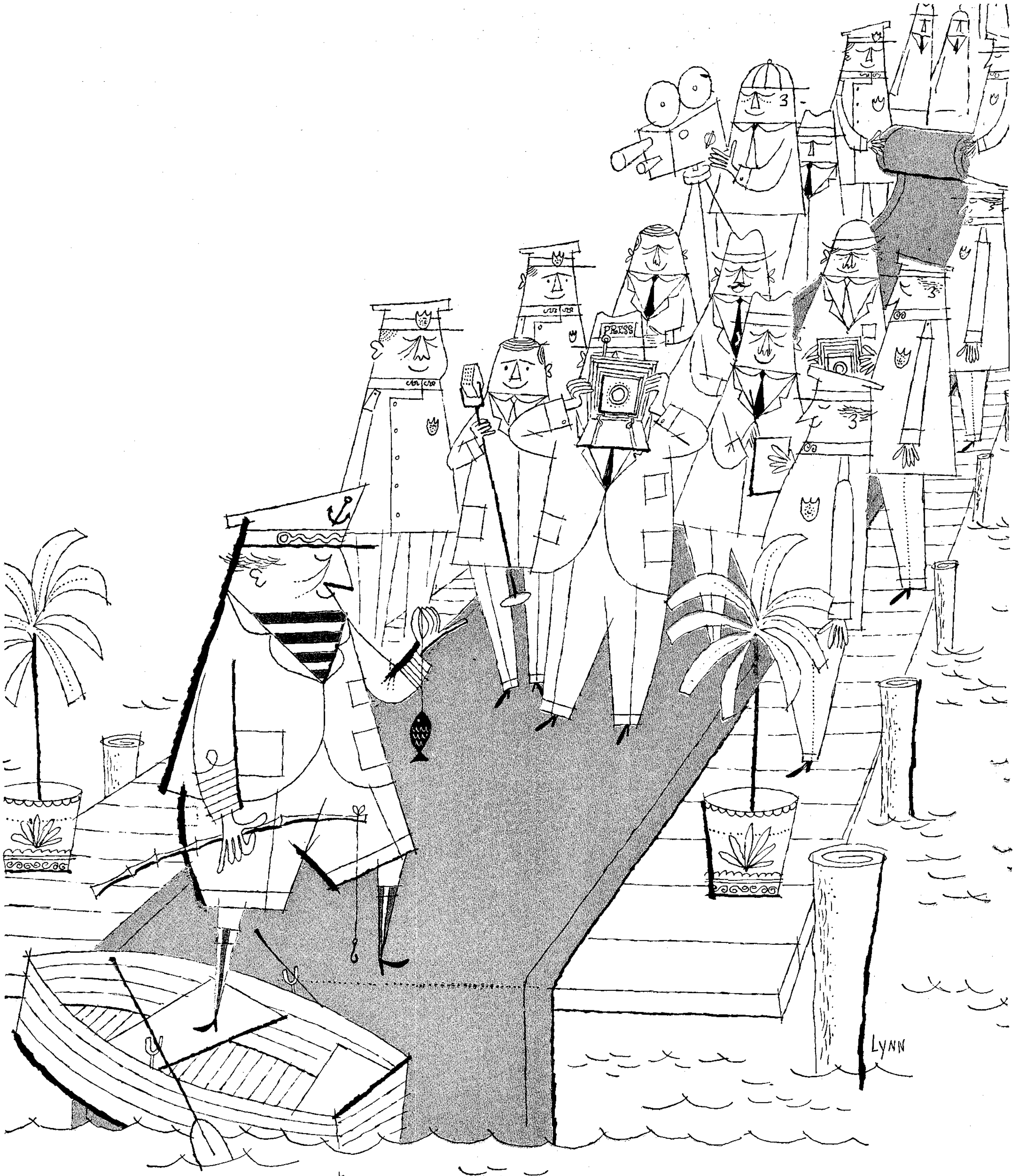
Carl Weinecke, Who Disappeared
May 17, Had Marks Which
Would Fit Places Cut
Away on the Dead
Trunk

CORONER TUTHILL HAS
A THEORY OF HIS OWN

Thinks the Victim Was Attacked
and Killed in a Fight After a
Hard Struggle

The text of the lead, set in bold type, was exclamatory and consecrated to the obvious. "Somewhere in Greater New York or near it since late Friday afternoon an awful crime has been committed" is a fair sample.

The layout of pictures on the front page illustrated the peculiar attraction of the great Pulitzer's journalism. Nestling under three columns of the top headline was a chalk-plate reproduction of the "Hand of the Headless Murdered Man—Exact Size (from a flashlight photograph made in the morgue last night by a *World* photographer)." The hands of the victim had been described in various accounts as large, small, and medium-sized. When I first saw the "exact-size" illustration in a bound volume of *Worlds*, I could not resist an impulse to put my hand over it and compare the two, and I suspect that three of every four readers of the paper in 1897 did the same thing. (From my comparison, I judge that the victim, like me, wore a size-8½ glove with a wide palm and short fingers.) The stubby thumb in the *World's* photograph was



everybody, yes everybody

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makers of fine cotton carpeting and
the ultimate in man-made fiber carpeting
E. T. BARWICK MILLS • CHAMBLEE, GEORGIA

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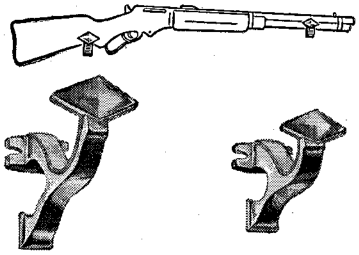
Gun accessories, like all else in A&F's famous Gun Room, are from the world's finest sources . . . selected by our experts to match the exacting standards of our sporting weapons.



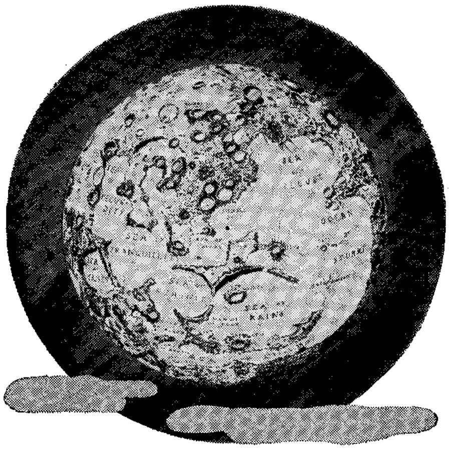
COLONIAL GUN CRADLE
Hang your guns handsomely with simple charm in the colonial manner. The solid brass "rests" are cushioned with leather to prevent scratches. Fits rifles or shotguns up to 10 gauge. Specify single or double barrel.
Set, $3.95

ENGLISH SHELL BAG
Made for us in England, each will hold 100 rounds for a full day of shooting. Adjustable web shoulder strap, and reinforcing strap across bottom.
Tan Hide $20.00 *Dark Pig. $30.00*
Brown Canvas $12.50

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH
MADISON AVE. AT 45TH ST., NEW YORK 17, N. Y.
CHICAGO—VON LENGERKE & ANTOINE

superimposed on a map showing "Route headless shoulders would take in floating from spot where other part of body was found." This had been drawn in accordance with a theory, enunciated in an interview granted by a former Chief of the United States Secret Service named Andrew L. Drummond, that the murder had been committed in the Bronx and part of the body thrown from High Bridge into the Harlem, which leads into the East River. "It would be foolish for a man to carry the body from the Battery, say, to High Bridge in order to throw it into the water," Mr. Drummond had told a *World* reporter. Next to the upper, or Bronx, end of the map was a sketch of "where the trunk of the body was found," and, next to the Eleventh Street end, a sketch of "where boys found the headless shoulders." The layout was completed by illustrations of the oilcloth ("reproduced from sample brought to the *World* office") and of the "clumsy knot with which each bundle was tied" (also "photographed in the *World* office").

Inside the paper were a dozen stories on assorted angles of the case. The wife of a Dane named Weinecke—an unemployed lumber inspector, of 82 East 115th Street, who had disappeared on May 17th—thought the installments might be of him. The *World* had to take some account of her views, although it did so with patent unenthusiasm; he would have made an anticlimactic victim, despite a halfhearted effort on the part of the editors to supply him with a mysterious past before his arrival in this country. There was a long story on efforts that were being made to trace the red-and-gold oilcloth pattern through jobbers to retailers, in order to question everyone who might remember selling any recently. Police authorities had wisely refused to theorize about the murder, and in revenge the *World* and the other morning papers said they were incompetent and "all at sea." The medical men had allowed themselves to be drawn more easily, and the reporters had induced Dr. Philip F. O'Hanlon, the coroner's physician who performed the autopsy, to venture a surmise as to how the man had been killed. "From what I can learn from the condition of the body, I should say that this is what occurred," the *World* quoted Dr. O'Hanlon as extrapolating. (It was the decade of Sherlock Holmes, and every physician felt that Dr. Watson had been unfairly dealt with.) "The man, who was a big, powerful fellow, was attacked. He made a strong resistance, but I should



map of the moon tray

Anyone for a trip to the moon? Here's a blithe tray with a topographic map of the moon colorfully portrayed on tile. A conversation piece at parties, it makes a most unusual gift for hostesses, brides and vagabond friends. 12" tile set in solid mahogany tray. Colors—Solar green, Cosmic red. $18.00
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the spirit of Scotland!
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BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY. 86.8 PROOF

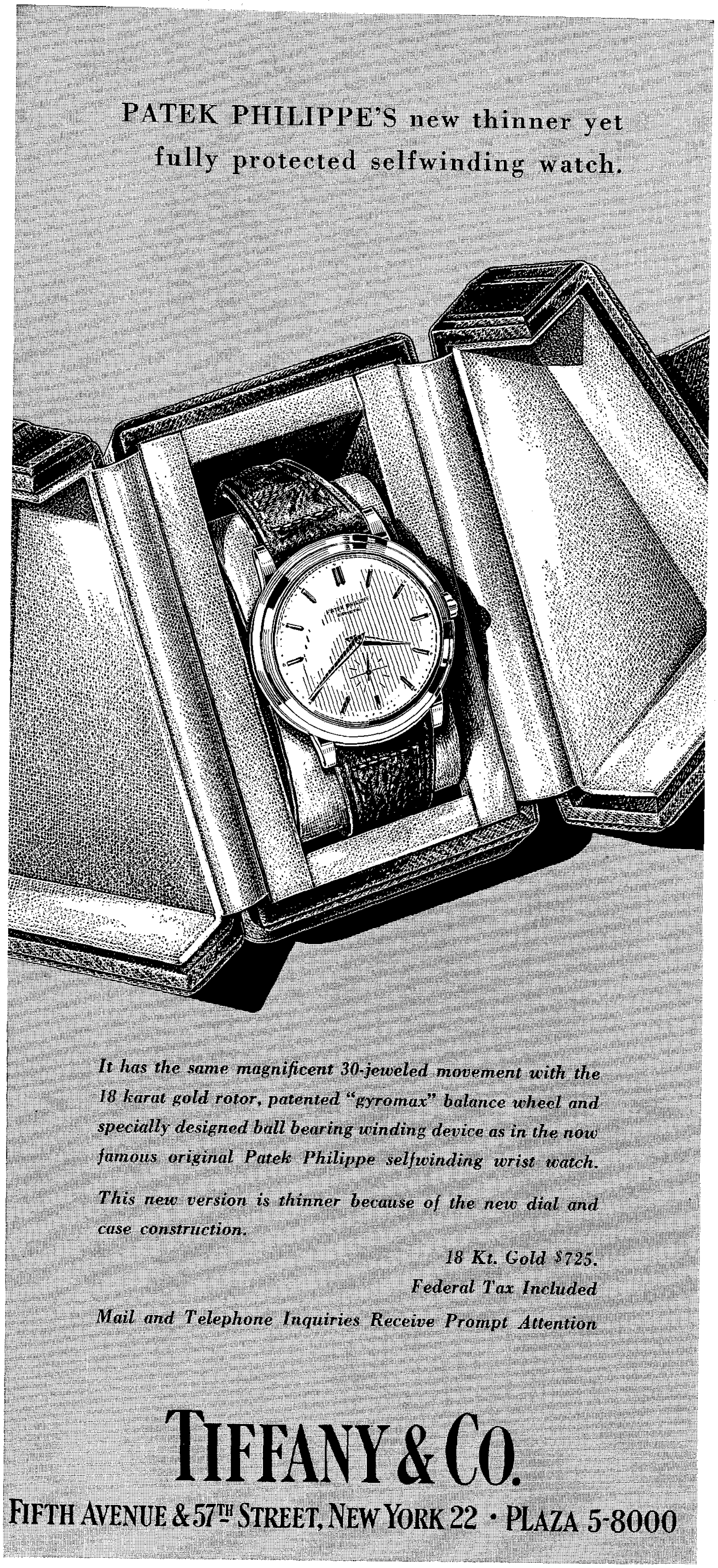
say he was overpowered by numbers. That he was knocked down I think is proved by the imprints of the toe and boot-heel on his arm. Some of the other bruises on his body may have come from kicks. I should say that he struggled to his feet and was standing erect when someone, who must have been very muscular, stabbed him in the collarbone with a big knife. This was followed immediately afterward by another wound—that which cut the heart. That caused death immediately. The blood under the thumbnail shows that he struggled hard or else that he clasped his hand to his bosom after he had been stabbed."

A *World* story on the autopsy itself reported:

> A close inspection was made of the hands with a view to determining the man's position in life. They were long and broad, the fingers were well formed, and while the palms were not callous, yet they indicated that the man had done some work, not recently, perhaps. The nails were cut down almost to the quick, evenly rounded, as though their owner had taken some care of them.
>
> The fingertips of the left hand were smooth and even; on the forefinger was a scar extending from the nail back to the second joint. It was an old one, and in the opinion of the examining physician, might have been caused by an operation.... There was little hair on the body, the arms, or the hands, and the latter showed little of the effect of the sun.
>
> Not a man who could live without work, was the judgment of those who examined the trunk, nor yet a man whose livelihood was earned by hard manual labor; he might have been a policeman, a carpenter, a bartender.

The most romantic reconstruction of the crime was furnished by Drummond:

> Andrew L. Drummond, for twenty-two years Chief of the Secret Service of the United States Government, and now head of a great detective agency in this city, with offices at No. 1 Park Row, is greatly interested in the developments in the murder case [the *World* reported].
>
> "I read the account in Sunday's *World*," said Mr. Drummond last night, "and from what you tell me now of the finding of another part of the body near High Bridge and of the result of the autopsy, I believe that this most atrocious murder was committed by a foreigner.
>
> "In the whole history of crime in this country murders which were done with like ferocity as this have always been committed by foreigners, usually those of a warmer climate than ours.
>
> "I should judge, from what I have heard of this case, that the murderer is a Sicilian, or possibly a Spaniard or Cuban. Maybe a Spanish spy has been put out of the way by Cubans.
>
> "But the theory of the murder which strikes me as the most likely one is that it is the result of a family feud among Sicilians. I know the ways of the Mafia so



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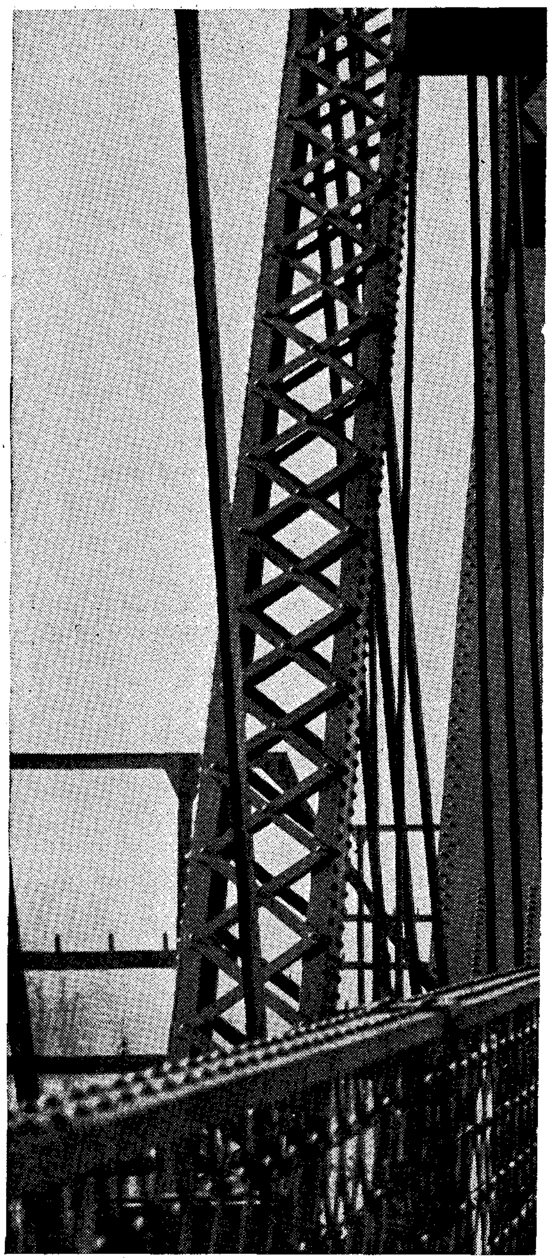


Consider the extraordinary situation that the railroads of this country face today.

Here is a fundamental industry, performing a service essential in peace and irreplaceable in war; which directly employs over one million people; which provides, maintains and improves, at its own expense, the roadways and other extensive facilities which it uses – and which pays taxes on those roadways and facilities. Here is an industry operating with constantly increasing efficiency; which is conservatively financed, with a steadily decreasing total of fixed charges.

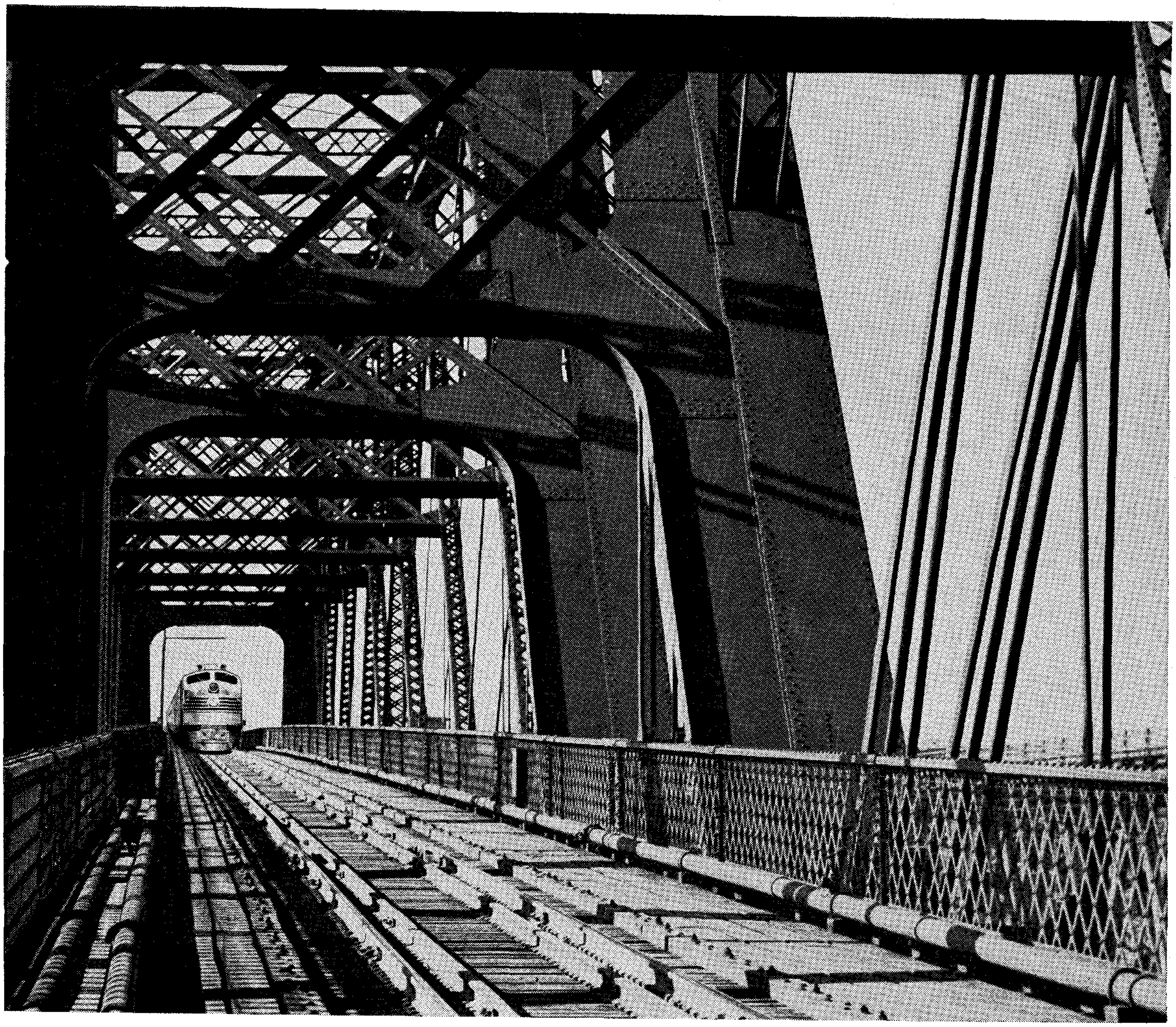
Yet here is an industry which earns a return on investment of only about 3½ per cent – among the very lowest of all industries; an industry so restricted by the application of laws governing transportation that frequently it is not permitted to price its services on a competitive basis.

How can such a situation have arisen in a nation devoted to the classic concepts of free enterprise and equal opportunity?

An important part of the answer is clearly indicated by the recent report of the Presidential Committee on Transport Policy and Organization created last year by President Eisenhower. This Committee consisted of five members of the President's Cabinet and two other high government officials. It was charged with responsibility for making "a comprehensive review of over-all federal transportation policies and problems."

The report of the Committee, released by the White House in April, opens with this sentence:

> "Within the short span of one generation, this country has witnessed a transportation revolution.
>
> "During this same period," the report continues, "government has failed to keep pace with this change . . . regulation has continued to be based on the historic assumption that transportation is monopolistic despite the . . . growth of pervasive competition. The disloca-



> tions which have emerged from this intensified competition, on the one hand, and the restraining effects of public regulation on the other, have borne heavily on the common-carrier segment of the transportation industry . . .
>
> "In many respects, government policy at present prevents, or severely limits, the realization of the most economical use of our transportation plant."

To the end that all forms of transportation should be developed to their greatest economic usefulness, the Cabinet Committee recommended, among other things, that:

> "Common carriers . . . be permitted greater freedom, short of discriminatory practices, to utilize their economic capabilities in the competitive pricing of their service . . ."

☆

Legislation to give effect to Committee recommendations has been introduced in Congress.

Passage of this legislation would not give railroads any rights that other forms of transportation do not already have or would not receive. The legislation recognizes that each of the competing forms of transportation has advantages in handling different kinds of shipments, moving between different points and over different distances. It proposes that each type of carrier be given the freest opportunity to do the job it can do best, at the lowest reasonable cost.

That's the way toward the best and most economical service, to the benefit of businessmen and taxpayers — and of the consuming public which, in the end, pays all transportation costs.

☆

For full information on this vital subject write for the booklet, "WHY NOT LET COMPETITION WORK?"

Association of American Railroads
921 Transportation Building
Washington 6, D. C.

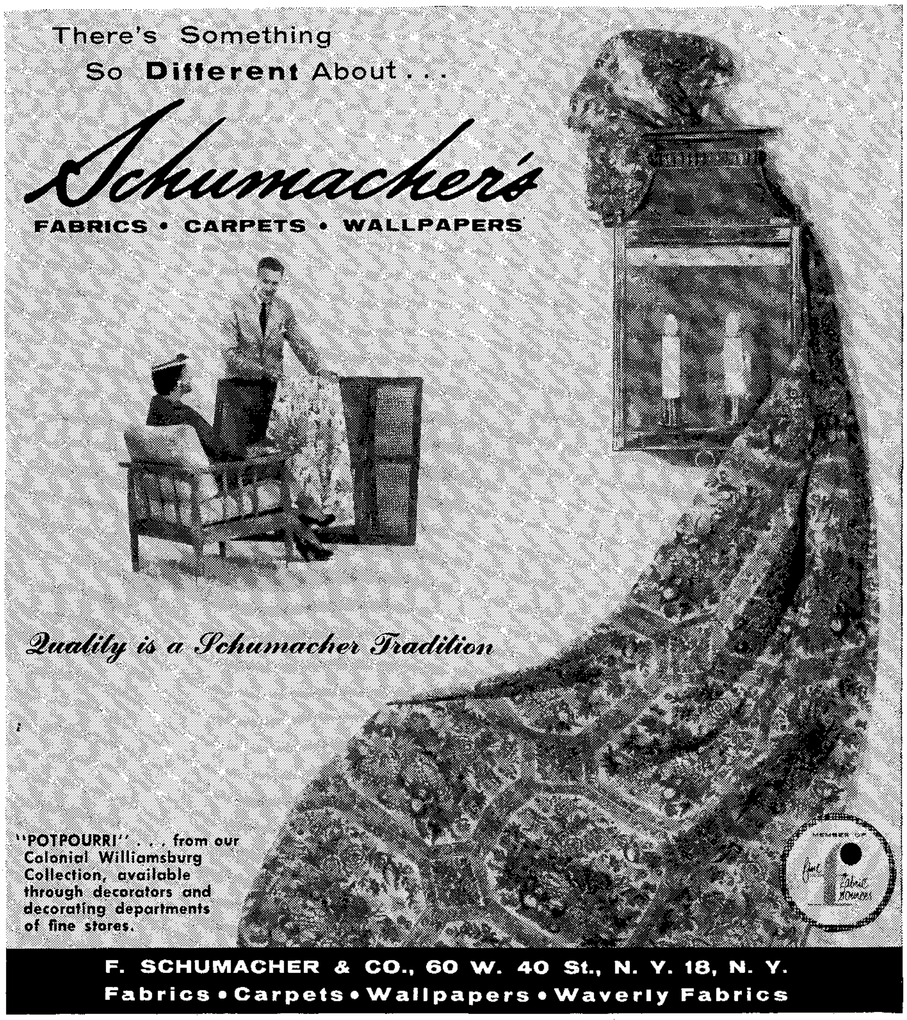
well that this strikes me as the most plausible theory. The red oilcloth points to Sicilians, who love bright colors. . . .

"Probably the murdered man was invited to a friendly game of cards at the home of the murderer, who had sworn a vendetta against him for some wrong to his wife or sweetheart. Then, in an unguarded moment, the man was killed and his body cut up for disposal by one or several men."

The Drummond story was the last on the murder in the *World* (it brought the total space the paper devoted to the case to eight and a quarter columns, not counting pictures), and was followed by this plug, in boldface type: "Further developments in New York's great murder mystery will appear in the editions of the *Evening World*."

NED BROWN, reading the story about the hands in the Monday-morning *World*, may have feared that a couple of the details would set somebody else to thinking along the line he was already following. But if so, there was nothing he could do about it, and he had a full program for the day. Ned was searching for a kind of soap called Cotaspam, or Kotaspam—he is no longer sure of the exact spelling. Not that he looked as though he needed soap; that morning Ned was probably the cleanest man in Greater New York. His naturally pink skin was now positively translucent. He had in a pocket ten dollars that he had drawn from the *World* treasurer, on the authorization of Gus Roeder, to use as expenses. Cotaspam was expensive soap—twenty-five cents a cake. Ned had to walk over to Broadway to find a druggist who stocked it, and when he did, he bought two boxes containing a dozen bars each, for a total of six dollars.

The reason Ned wanted Cotaspam specifically, he says, was that once, before having dinner at the home of a wealthy boy he was tutoring in Brooklyn, he had washed his hands in the bathroom there and had been so impressed with the fragrance of the soap that he asked the name of the brand. "It smelled Elysian to me," Mr. Brown says now. "Sandalwood, verbena, geranium, Sen-Sen, and Ed Pinaud's Eau de Quinine all in one." With the two boxes under his arm, Ned took a Broadway car as far as Herald Square, where he transferred to a westbound Thirty-fourth Street crosstown and rode to Ninth Avenue. Then he walked half a block north and entered a tenement at 441 Ninth Avenue. It was a family neighborhood of working people, mostly respectable and chiefly German or



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FABRICS • CARPETS • WALLPAPERS

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Fabrics • Carpets • Wallpapers • Waverly Fabrics

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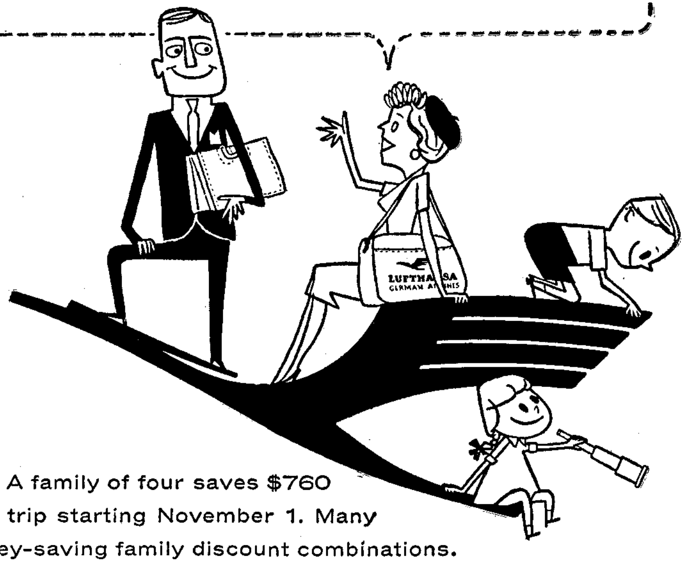

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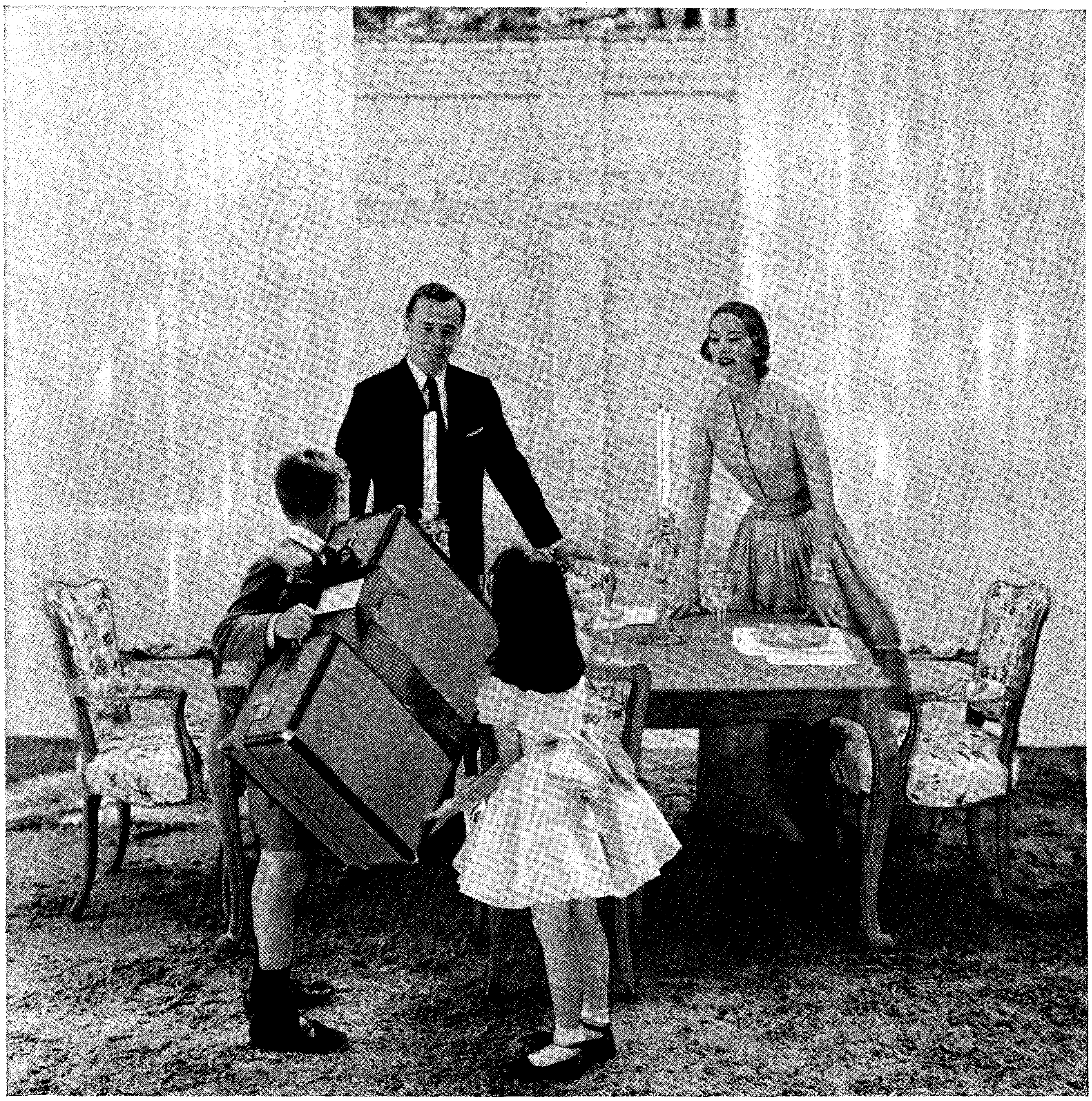

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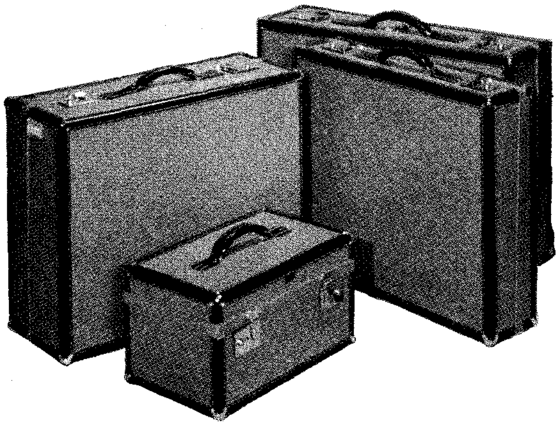

THE DISTINGUISHED HARTMANN SKYMATE IN POPULAR BUCKSKIN TAN DUCORD—*Men's 21" Singleton $75 . . . 25" Two-suiter $85 . . . Women's 26" Pullman Case $85 . . . 15" Poudre Case $70 . . . All prices plus taxes.*

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For Hartmann, made by hand more carefully than any luggage anywhere, is the perfect gift for any occasion. Take the Hartmann Skymate, for instance. Surprisingly light and classically simple, it is the ultimate in good taste and beauty . . . yet unusually easy to pack. And because it *is* Hartmann it marks its owner as a very discriminating person . . . entitled to all those special courtesies and attentions.

On *your* anniversary, how better to say, that only the finest is good enough? $29.50 to $750 at only America's finest stores. Write for illustrated brochure.

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SATIN-TOUCHED CARDIGAN OF 100% "ORLON"* ACRYLIC FIBER BY BOEPPLE. (SKIRT IN SATIN OF "ORLON" AND SILK BY LEONARD L. LEVY). CARDIGAN ABOUT $18. IN BEIGE, WHITE, PINK, BLACK. AT LORD & TAYLOR, CARSON PIRIE SCOTT; ROOS BROTHERS; AND OTHER FINE STORES. OR WRITE BOEPPLE SPORTSWEAR, 1410 BROADWAY, N.Y.C.

The Sweatered Look goes around the clock in "Orlon"*. Thanks to "Orlon", this formal cardigan is soft, easy to care for. Expect more than the traditional in ORLON.

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DU PONT
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BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING
...THROUGH CHEMISTRY

*"Orlon" is Du Pont's registered trade-mark for its acrylic fiber.

Du Pont makes fibers, not fabrics or garments.

Irish. During the years after the end of the Civil War, brick tenements had replaced frame houses as the city marched north. They were mostly small buildings, three or four stories high, with two families on a floor, and sometimes a store on the street level. A parking lot occupies the west, or odd-numbered, side of the block now, but some even-numbered houses still standing on the east side of the avenue in the next block north give at least an idea of what the neighborhood must have looked like. Ned climbed the stairs to the top floor of No. 441 and worked his way down, knocking at each door in turn. There was a woman in practically every flat, and to each Ned presented a cake of soap and delivered a little spiel. The company he represented was trying to find a larger market for its soap, he said, and so was making a special introductory offer. Each recipient was to use the soap for a day, just to experience how good it was. If she liked it, she could give him a nickel for it when he returned in the evening; if not, she was privileged to return the soap without any obligation. "One smell and they fell for it," Mr. Brown says. "They could tell it was expensive soap. Some of them wanted to give me a nickel right then, but I said no dice. 'The company wants to get your opinion of its product after you have used it,' I would say. 'I will be back at six o'clock.' " Such door-to-door canvassing was more common then than it is now; Ned had heard the routine scores of times in his own home. His appearance was plausible; he was young and thin, and wore a cap and a shiny second-best suit. He got rid of half a box of soap in No. 441 and then went through the same performance in Nos. 439 and 437, omitting only one apartment. This was on the second floor, above a drugstore, in No. 439, and a nameplate on its door bore the legend "Mrs. Augusta Nack, Licensed Midwife." When Ned had finished with No. 437, he had only a couple of cakes left, and he stuck them in his pockets. It was nearly noon, and he walked out of the neighborhood to a café near Herald Square to eat lunch and look over the afternoon papers as they came out. Talk about the elegant soap would spread through the three tenements, he knew; the women visited across the halls or from their fire escapes in warm weather, and in the afternoon there would be knots of them on the sidewalk getting a breath of cool air.

"There is nothing like a sweet smell to catch a woman," Mr. Brown says. "I know it from experience now, but at the time I had to figure it out for my-

don't look....

ONE
TASTE
TELLS
YOU
IT'S

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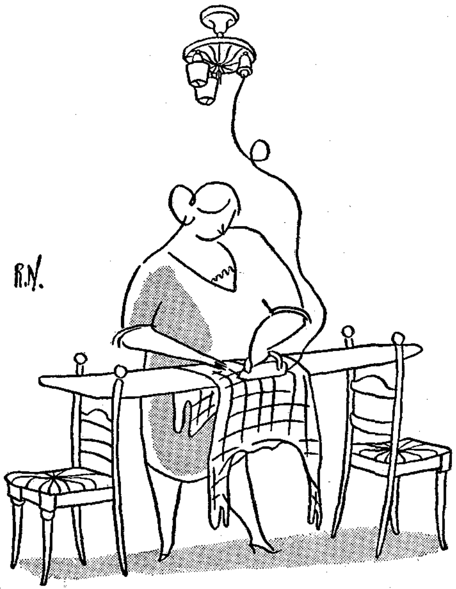
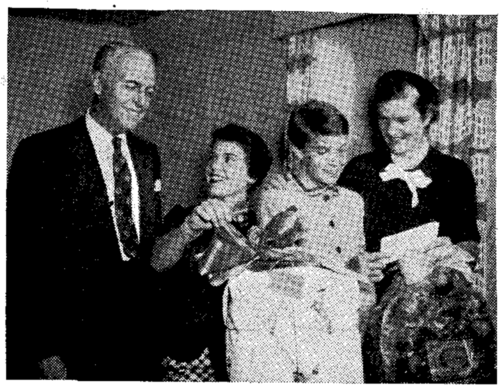
self. I was what you might call precocious." Ned read the afternoon papers with apprehension, which turned to smugness as he found more and more signs that they were off what he felt was the right track. Monday morning's papers had had a big new development to report—the discovery of the second segment. All the afternoons could do was ramify speculation.

RIVER'S MURDER MYSTERY
GROWS STRANGER AND DEEPER

the three-o'clock edition of the *Evening World* proclaimed, listing Clues (no new ones) and Theories (same) in its lead. It had on its front page a portrait of the missing Weinecke (which it spelled Weincke), three columns wide, with question marks at either side of his head, but he bore an unexciting resemblance to a testimonial writer in a patent-medicine ad. "Is he the murdered man?" the caption writer asked, and most readers' reaction to Mr. Weinecke's photograph must have been "Who cares?" The *Evening World* had balanced its front page with an equal display of a story headed "JOHN L. SPARS WITH WORLD MAN," written and illustrated by the *World* man, W. O. Inglis; his account of this terrifying experience took the form of a letter addressed to Bob Fitzsimmons, the heavyweight champion, to fight whom the thirty-eight-year-old John L. Sullivan had announced his emergence from retirement. (Sullivan's advertised comeback had a patriotic motive. On losing his championship to James J. Corbett, in 1892, he had said, "I am glad I was beaten by an American." On March 17, 1897, Corbett had lost the title to Fitzsimmons, a New Zealander born in Cornwall.) "Friends tied on our four-ounce gloves," Inglis wrote. "I could not have tied a knot in a two-inch



Mr. M. W. Clement, former President, Pennsylvania R.R.: "I have an idea of what it takes to keep passengers happy. I take off my hat to the service staff of the s.s. UNITED STATES."



Mr. William T. Gossett, Vice President of the Ford Motor Company, with his family: "Bon voyage is a certainty on the AMERICA. There's a gayness and friendliness about her that's hard to put into words but very easy to take."

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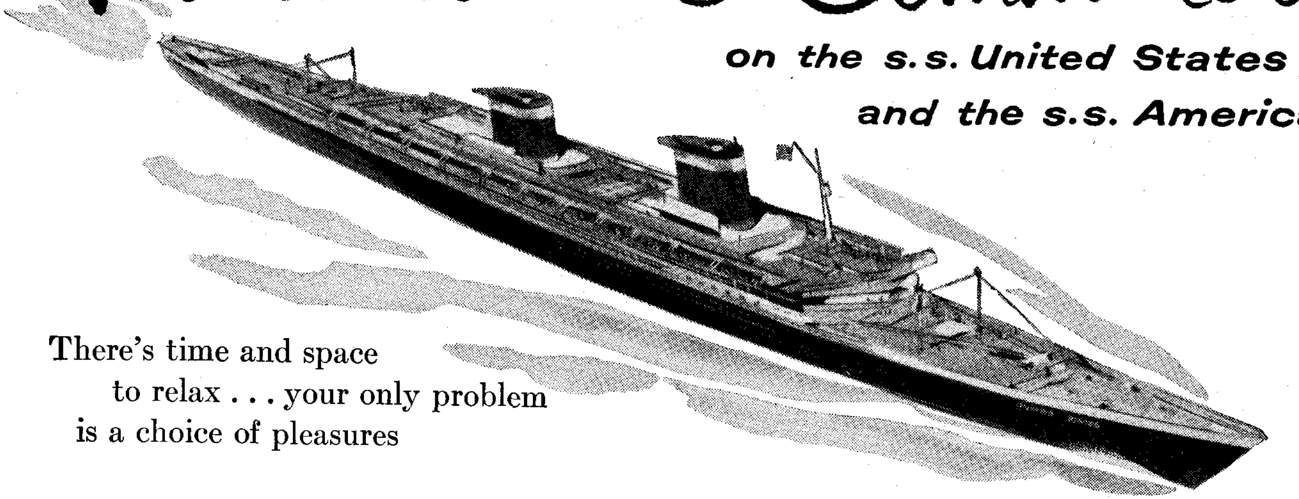

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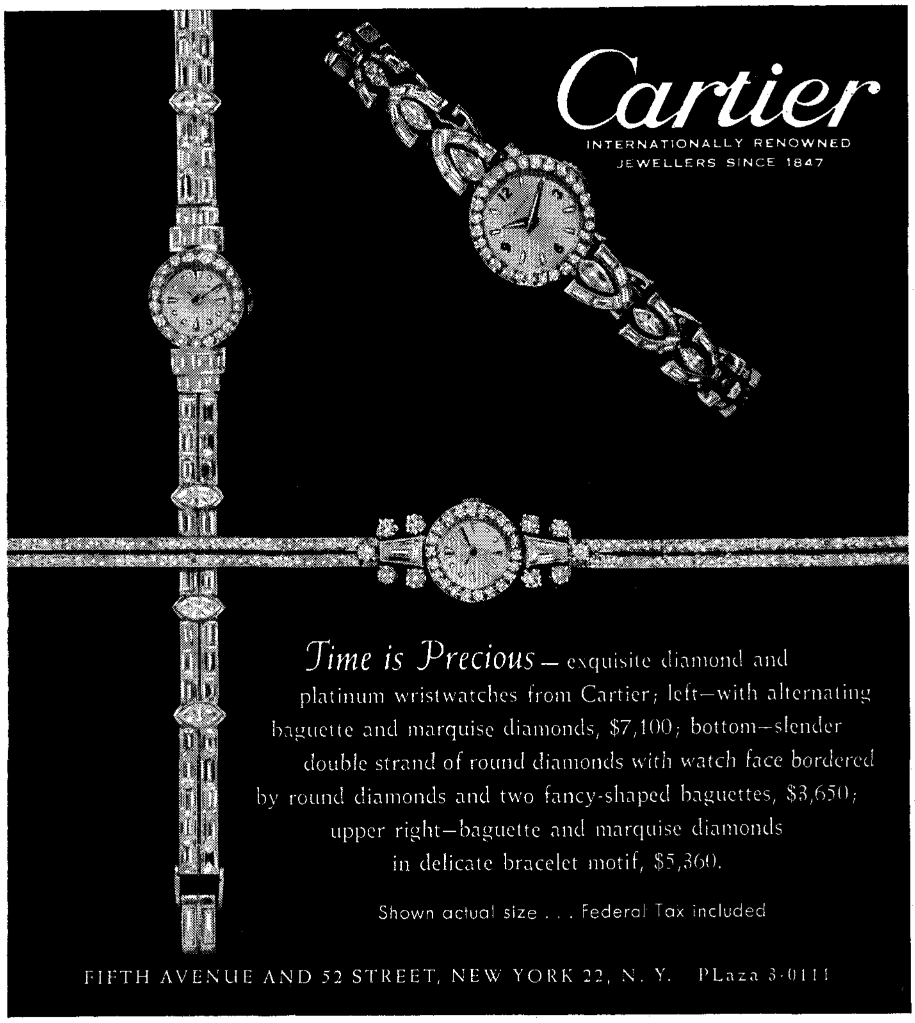
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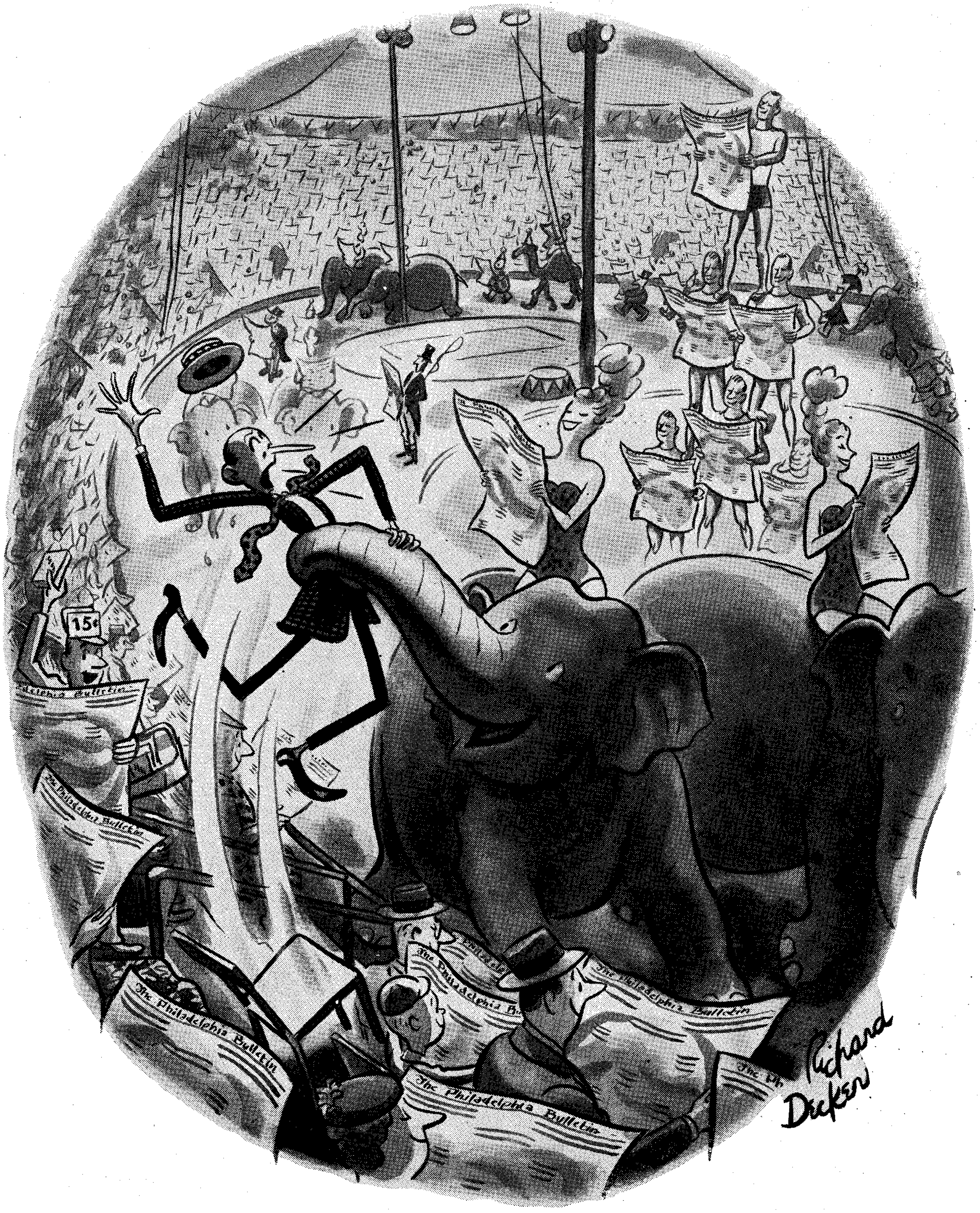
hawser, much less in the laces of a boxing glove. You will feel that way, Mr. Fitzsimmons, when you are getting ready to go into the ring with Sullivan." It was the true *World* tone, and it amused Ned, who correctly suspected that the comeback would go no further than the first time Sullivan raised a thirst.

In the *Evening World*, the exact-size picture of the victim's hand had been moved back to page 2 and reinforced with a diagram of the body, in which the recovered portions were printed in black and missing areas in gray. "The inhuman, fiendish manner in which the butcher cut up the remains of his victim seems to suggest that it was the work of a maniac," a hard-pressed rewrite man had ventured, and there were a couple of sidelight stories on the Jack-the-Ripper murders in London and other unsolved mysteries. "The superb handling of this interesting case in the *World* this morning, both as regards writing and illustration, made all other morning papers look like second-rate provincial sheets," a house plug at the bottom of the page announced. "If there is anything left to tell about the mystery when today's *Evening World* is done with it, the *World* tomorrow morning will again show the little imitation morning papers how to handle a big local story. From the *Evening World's* last night extra the thread of the strange crime will be taken up and carried on by the morning edition. The *World* is a continuous performance of newsgiving—morning, noon, and night. It never stops. It has no rival. Remember that." Despite this advertised unity, there was hot rivalry between the staffs of the *World* and the *Evening World*.

The *Evening Sun*, which had lost the dash of its Dana days, took a thoroughly dim view of the case and assailed the police. "Indications in Mulberry Street this morning pointed to the conclusion that the police had not yet waked up to the serious import of the case," it grumbled. "Chief Conlin wasn't there. . . . Chief Conlin is a man who has no taste for murder mysteries. . . . Capt. O'Brien [the chief of detectives] has even less than Conlin. Like every other policeman not possessed of distinct detective genius, his one wish is to get rid of a case of that kind, and, consciously or unconsciously, the wish will take the form of pooh-poohing it at first and letting it slip out of sight and out of mind as soon as the excitement about it dies out."

The *Telegram*, its field forces outnumbered by the hordes of *World* and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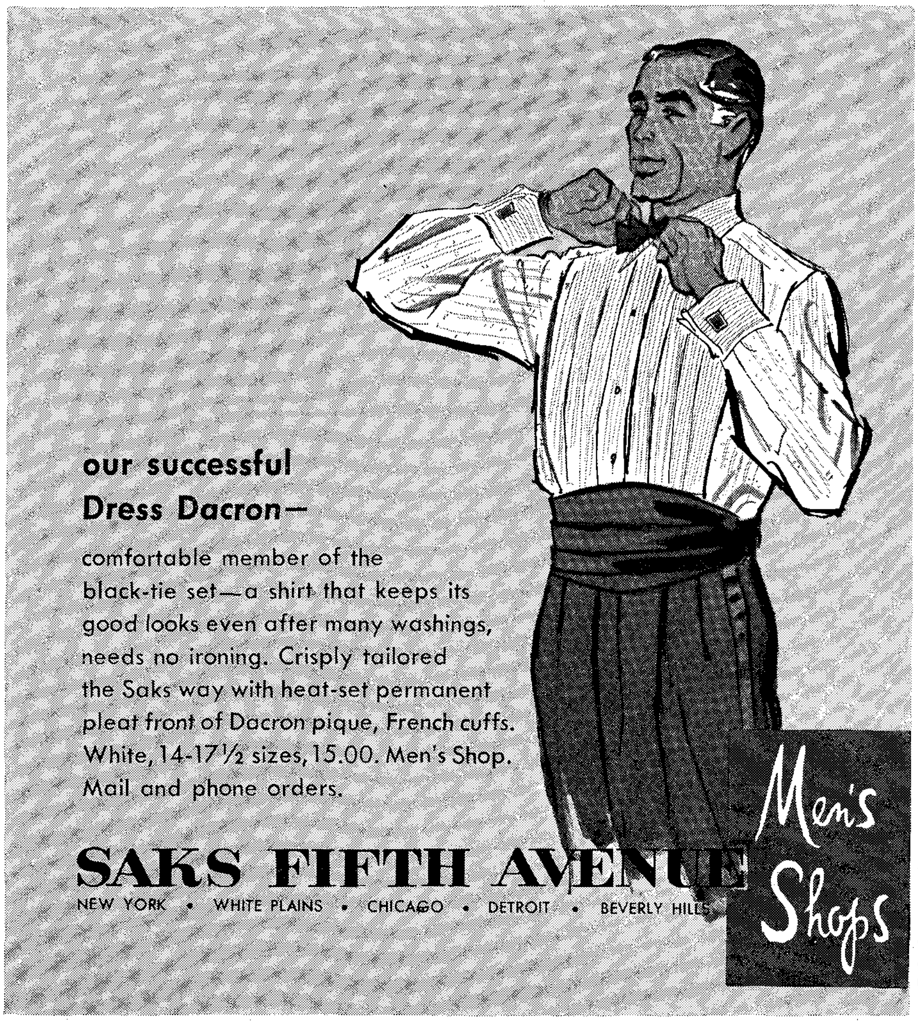

our successful Dress Dacron—

comfortable member of the black-tie set—a shirt that keeps its good looks even after many washings, needs no ironing. Crisply tailored the Saks way with heat-set permanent pleat front of Dacron pique, French cuffs. White, 14-17½ sizes, 15.00. Men's Shop. Mail and phone orders.

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Men's Shops

Gourielli offers new answers to men's hair problems

THE Gourielli Men's Shop has already acquired a nationwide reputation for superb haircuts, shampoos and scalp massages.

At Gourielli, every man receives a completely *individual* haircut. All necessary time and care is taken with each customer to shape his hair to the contours of his head. For the experts at Gourielli know it's of primary importance to *tailor* a man's hair—not to shear it.

Another masculine luxury at Gourielli is their famous shampoo—and an invigorating "vitamin-complex" scalp massage. The specialists at Gourielli execute this in a truly continental manner, concentrating on the health and appearance of the hair.

There seems to be a definite trend against gray hair among businessmen these days. So Gourielli suggests a wonderfully effective hair coloring method. Men who have previously thought that gray hair was a hopeless problem now look to this custom-blending technique with confidence. It's given in complete privacy and is *guaranteed not to "wash out."*

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16 E. 55th Street, New York 22, N. Y.

Journal reporters, tried to sell papers with the headline:

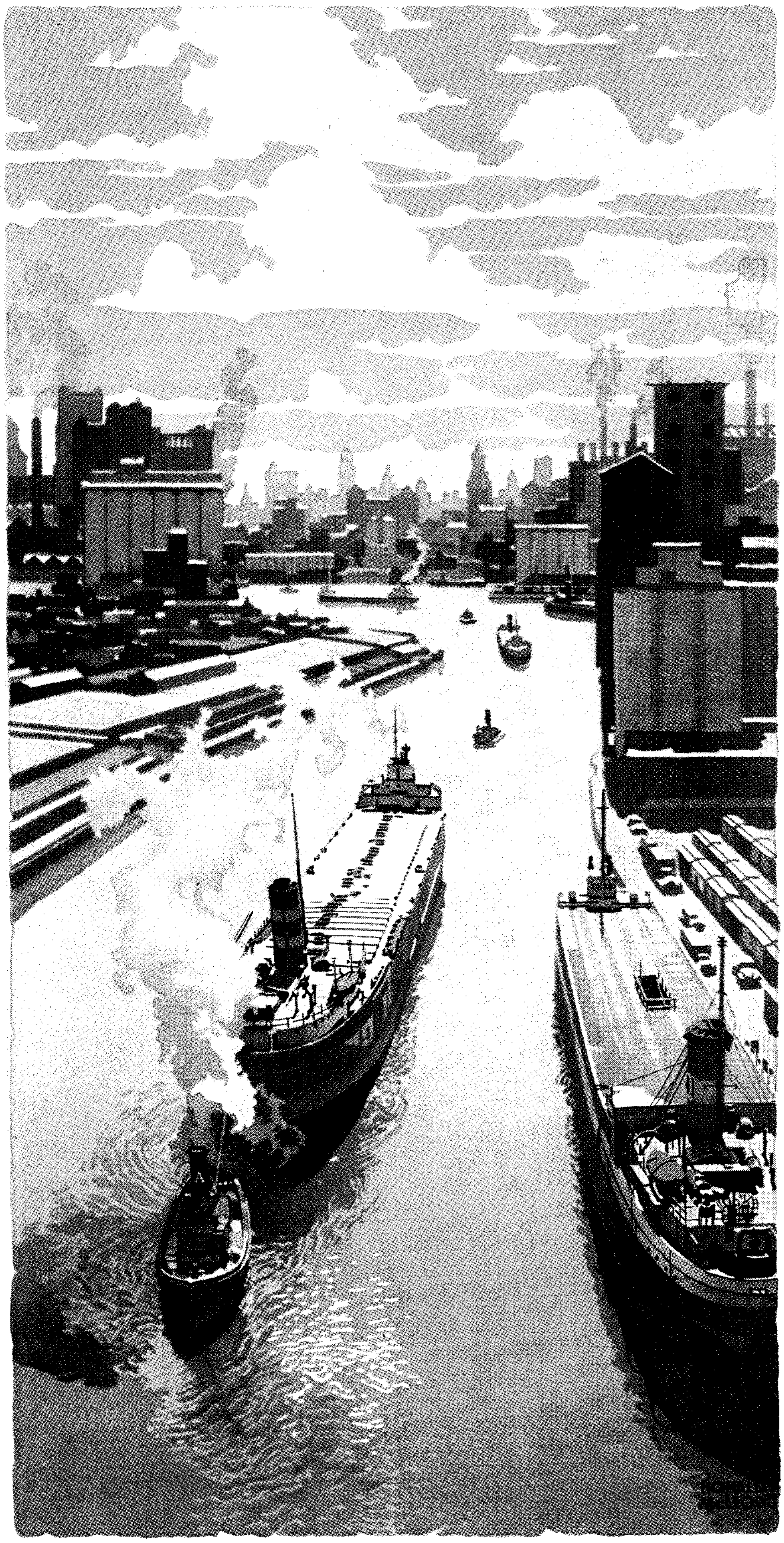
DR. WESTON
SAYS BODY
WAS BOILED

"Coroner's Physician Weston has advanced a most important theory in regard to the great murder mystery," a *Telegram* reporter had written. "He was at the morgue this afternoon on another case, and while he was there he examined the mutilated, headless, and legless trunk. He said to me afterward: 'It appears to me that an attempt has been made to dispose of this body by boiling it. The flesh of the stump of the legs appears to have been dipped in boiling water. It is probable that the murderers thrust the legs into a kettle, hoping to boil the flesh off, but found they could not do it quickly or easily enough, and that they then cut up the remains.' " The doctors made decidedly better copy than the detectives.

NED moved along to other bars as the afternoon wore on, avoiding those most frequented by newspapermen. Had he been one of the *World's* stars, he would have had to take precautions against being trailed, but he knew he was too inconspicuous for that. All he had to avoid was a chance encounter. The dark interiors, cooled by electric fans, offered escape from the afternoon sun, and each time he changed saloons he bought a later batch of papers to read over his next nickel beer. The Late Edition of the *Evening World*, which went to press at four o'clock in the afternoon, headlined a typical Pulitzer stroke—a five-hundred-dollar reward. "The *World* will pay $500 in gold for the correct solution of the mystery concerning the fragments of a man's body discovered Saturday and Sunday in the East River and in Harlem," an announcement read. "All theories and suggestions must be sent to the City Editor of the *World*, in envelopes marked 'Murder Mystery,' and must be exclusively for the *World*. Appearance of the solution in any other paper will cancel this offer of reward." There followed a "suggestion" of what the solution should include: motive, identity of the criminal or criminals, time, place, and method of the crime, actions of the criminal or criminals after commission of the crime, and, last but not least, identification of the murdered man.

This was the final regular edition of the *Evening World*, and it ordinarily coincided with the *Journal's* final, but within minutes of its appearance the latter paper hit the street with an extra

"UPSTATE, N.Y."



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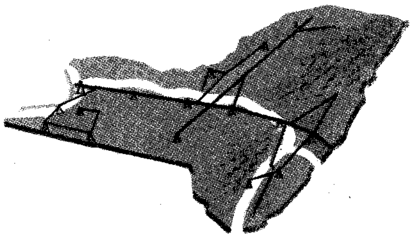
Looking for a place to move your offices, establish a new plant or a research center? Let us tell you more about what Upstate has for *you,* including all the low-cost electricity you need! Write Earle J. Machold, President, Niagara Mohawk Power Corporation, Syracuse, N. Y.



The New York State Thruway flows through the heart of the Niagara Mohawk System . . . a land of opportunity for any business that wants a bigger market for its products and skilled employees to make them.

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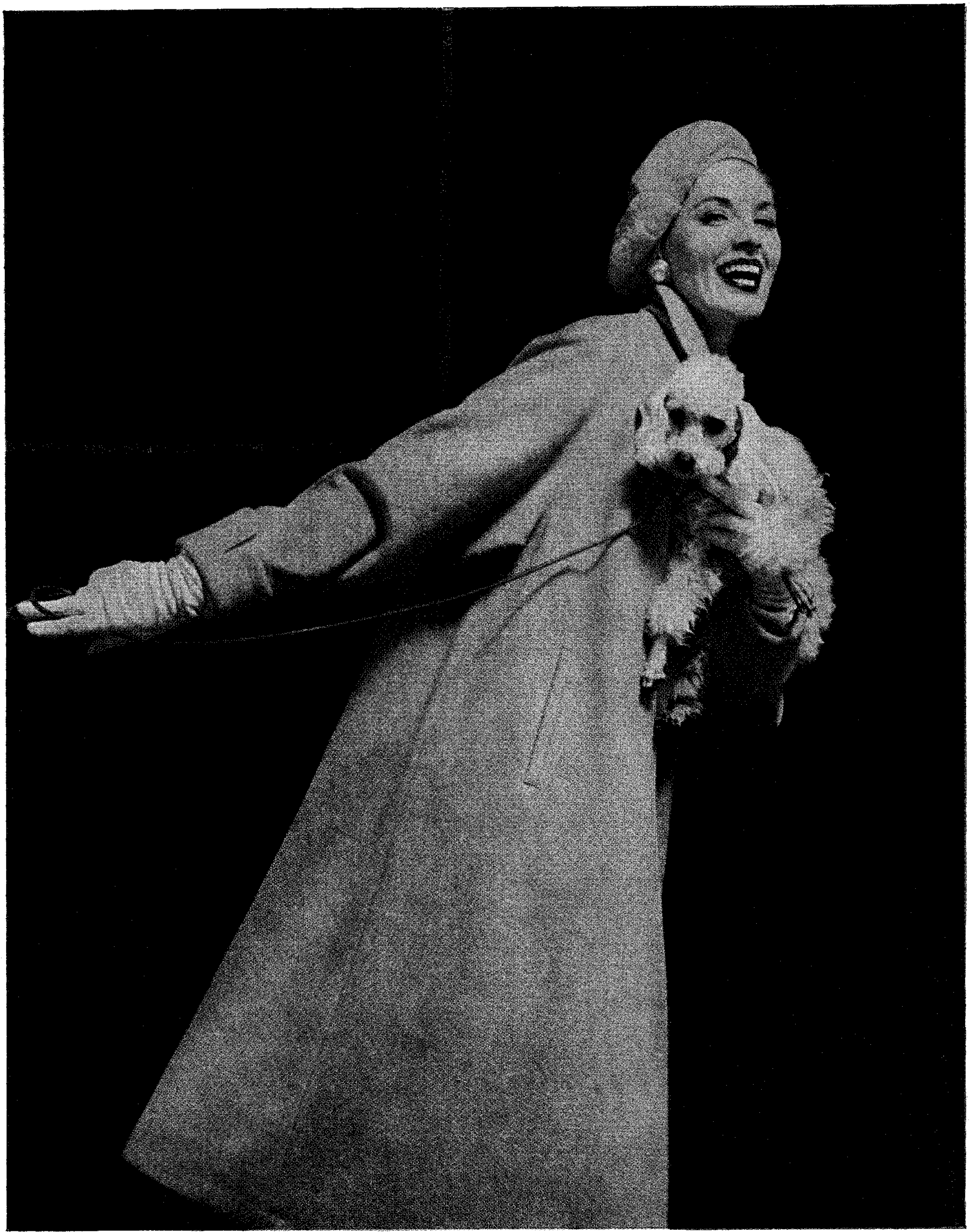

Davis believes you want your classic coat to have graceful drape and soft, rich, touch-tempting texture. That's why the fabric is *Juillara*, a new Juilliard blend enriched with lush quantities of luxurious V*icara* fiber. Sizes 6 to 18 in cork, blue, garnet, smoke, green, sable or black...79.95 at **BEST & CO...** all stores.

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run of its Night Edition, in which a three-column head on the right-hand side of the first page read:

$1,000 REWARD

The New York Journal Will Pay
$1,000 for Information or
Clews, Theories or Sug-
gestions Which Will
Solve the Unique
Murder Mystery
of the East
River

IF NONE OF THE THEORIES OR
SUGGESTIONS IS PERFECTLY EX-
ACT THE $1,000 WILL BE DIVIDED
AMONG THE TEN THAT COME
NEAREST TO SOLVING
THE MYSTERY

It was the familiar Hearst technique, infuriating to *World* men, of waiting for Pulitzer to think of something and then raising his bid.

The *Journal*, Ned noted with distaste, had followed the *World's* example in its play of the striking hand picture. The first page of the *Journal* bore detailed illustrations of the unknown's right hand, his left hand, his injured finger, and his broken fingernail. "The *Evening Journal* has the Most News, Latest News, Best News," the left ear of the paper's masthead boasted, and the right ear stated, "The *Evening Journal* Prints the Best Local, Telegraph, Cable News." It was enough to raise the hair of Ned's blond, James J. Corbett pompadour haircut.

The *Journal* was also playing up its own favorite candidate of the moment for corpus delicti, with a slashing first-page head:

LOUIS A. LUTZ THE VICTIM?

Nephew Almost Sure He Recognizes
the Remains at the Morgue

The missing Mr. Lutz, a carpenter in a piano factory, had not been home for five days, the *Journal* said, and while he had no known enemies, and no money on his person when he left his house, his nephew was sure he had been killed, because he didn't think he would have committed suicide. (No other possible explanations of his absence were considered.) The *Journal* presented a boxed, signed, and undoubtedly paid-for statement by the nephew, who was named Louis E. Lutz, in which, as a clincher, he remembered that his uncle had once hit himself on the left hand with a hammer, injuring a finger. Stephen O'Brien, the Chief of Detectives, had furnished a signed statement to the editor of the *Journal* to the effect that until they found the missing sec-

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At B. Altman, New York: A. Harris, Dallas; Himelhoch Bros., Detroit, and fine stores everywhere.

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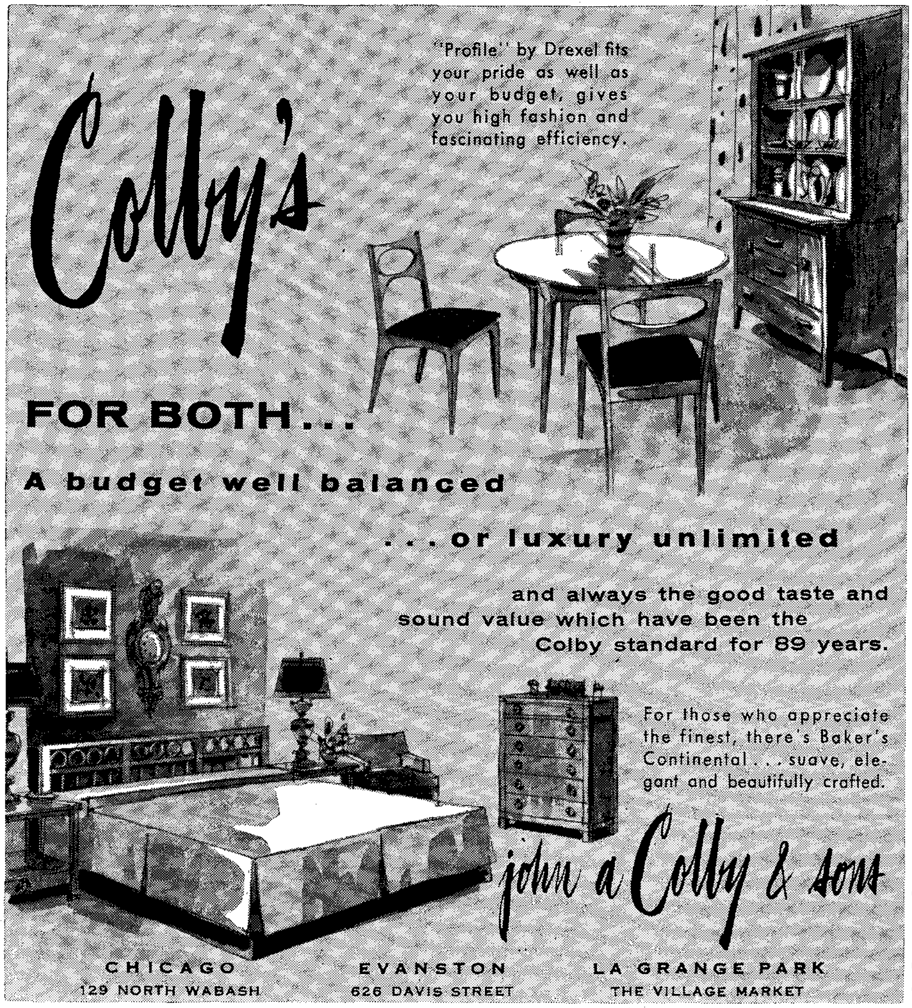

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tions of the body, his detectives had little to work on. "LITTLE TO WORK ON" was the headline. Dr. Nelson A. Conroy, of Bellevue, still another medico out to vindicate Dr. Watson, had given the *Journal* a personal statement, in which he declared irrefutably: "It is hard to say just what the man's face looked like." Apparently something of a palmist, Dr. Conroy added, "The conical hand of the man indicates a practical temperament. This man must have been engaged in some useful art—an artist of some sort—for it is evident he had not done any hard work for some time." All references to the dead man's hands had a special interest for Ned, and he was relieved to see that Dr. Conroy was as far off the track as the rest.

If the *Journal* ventured gingerly into palmistry via Dr. Conroy, the *Evening World*, in a Night Extra that shortly followed the *Journal's*, went all the way.

$500 REWARD TO ANYBODY WHO
UNRAVELS THE MURDER MYSTERY

a headline across the first six columns bellowed, and then:

THEORY OF WOMAN
AND A PALMIST

A four-column cut under the reward line showed the "Hands of the Murdered Man," and under this was a two-column cut of "The Broken Nail."

"An analysis of the hand of the dead man of the river mystery was made this morning for the *Evening World* by Queen Stella Gonzales," the first-page story began. (The paper's editors brushed off the *Journal's* Mr. Lutz with a one-paragraph sneer under the lower-case line "Alleged Identification." "The morgue people take no stock in the identification," the item ended.) "Queen Stella and Cheiro are the two most famous palmists of America, Queen Stella's drawing-room reputation excelling that of Cheiro." Queen Stella, the story went on, admitted that she was handicapped by having only a photograph of the back of the hand to work from. "She said it impressed her at once as a tragic hand," the *Evening World* reported. " '. . . Having square nails, that denotes ruling power. His little finger, pointed and reaching above the third phalange, denotes business capacity in a higher degree. . . . Through his domineering disposition and rashness in speech he must have made one or more deadly enemies.' "

Queen Stella's analysis was the beginning of a complete coverage by the

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Aboard the "Monarch," a cheery hail greets you just moments after take-off: *"Lounge open!"* So you step down one deck to the gayest sight off earth—a *smart club in the sky!* Unique? Yes, but so is the whole "Monarch"... spacious, luxurious, double-deck Stratocruiser service completely devoted to gracious travel, fine food and surroundings. Be forewarned: You'll be spoiled on the "Monarch," but ever so pleasantly. Obviously first-class fare—*but not a penny extra for its many priceless extras.*

- **7-course dinner with wines. Served from a silver cart.**
- **Corps of 3 British stewards and a stewardess.**
- **King-size sleeper berths (extra)**
- **"Super-service" Stratocruiser.**
- **Bond Street overnight bag, compliments of B.O.A.C.**

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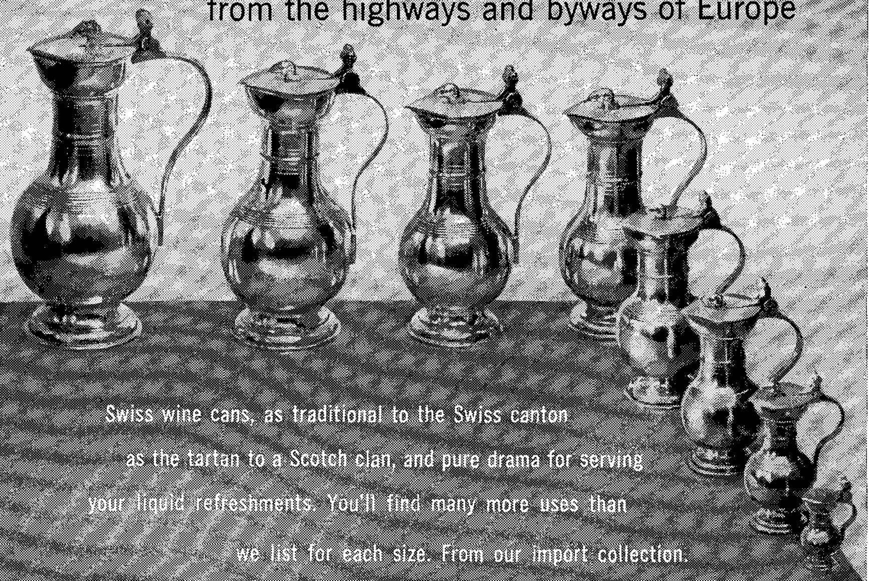
World of the occult aspects of the case, which included appeals to another palmist (a man, who was smuggled into the morgue), a phrenologist (slightly handicapped by the absence of the head), a clairvoyant, a physiognomist (working from a photograph of the supposed victim after his identity became fairly certain), a handwriting expert, and, finally, a spirit medium.

The woman's-angle theory mentioned in the *Evening World's* head got equal play with Stella's. It was written by a Mrs. McGuirk, not otherwise identified and possibly invented. It wasn't a woman's work, Mrs. McGuirk ruled, and continued, "There is just one thing in the whole business that might suggest a woman's hand. The knots with which the parcels were fastened are the clumsy, uneven ones which women are prone to make." Mrs. McGuirk thought the victim might have been a peddler and the oilcloth part of his stock in trade. "Women poison," she concluded. "It is easier. They seldom use knives, unless very hot blood runs in their veins." The *Evening World's* Night Extra had a total of thirteen masterly columns on the case, which make good reading even after fifty-eight years. They included a remarkable collection of mystery-solution letters, which the editors claimed had been written by readers and delivered by hand between four o'clock, when its reward offer appeared, and about five, when the Night Extra went to press. A biting bit next to the reiterated reward offer contrasted honest and dishonest journalism and accused the *Journal* of snitching the letter-contest idea.

BY the time Ned had finished with the evening papers, it was nearly six o'clock, and he accordingly made his way back to the west side of Ninth Avenue between Thirty-fourth and Thirty-fifth Streets. One reason Ned chose the time he did to return was that in such a neighborhood it was an hour when the man of the house was almost sure to be at home, except on Saturday night or unless something had happened to him. The women with whom Ned had left soap that morning and who had their nickels ready to clinch their bargain must have been doubly delighted, because he never came back to collect. Instead, he went directly to No. 439, climbed to the floor above the drugstore, and rang the bell at the door—slightly more pretentious than the others—of Mrs. Augusta Nack, Licensed Midwife, which

PEWTER
from the highways and byways of Europe



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SIZED FOR: Brandy tot $5 Syrup jug $15 Cordials $20 Fruit Juices $25 Cocktails $35 Iced Beverages $45 Fruit Ades $55 Party Jug $65

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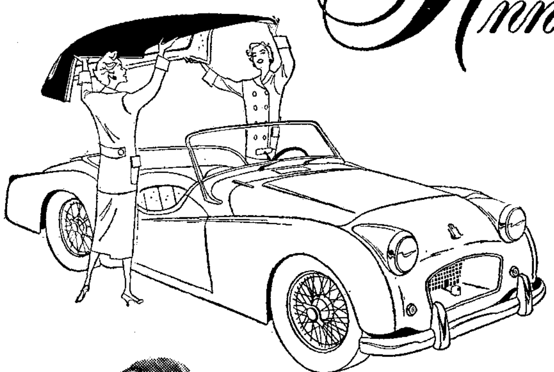

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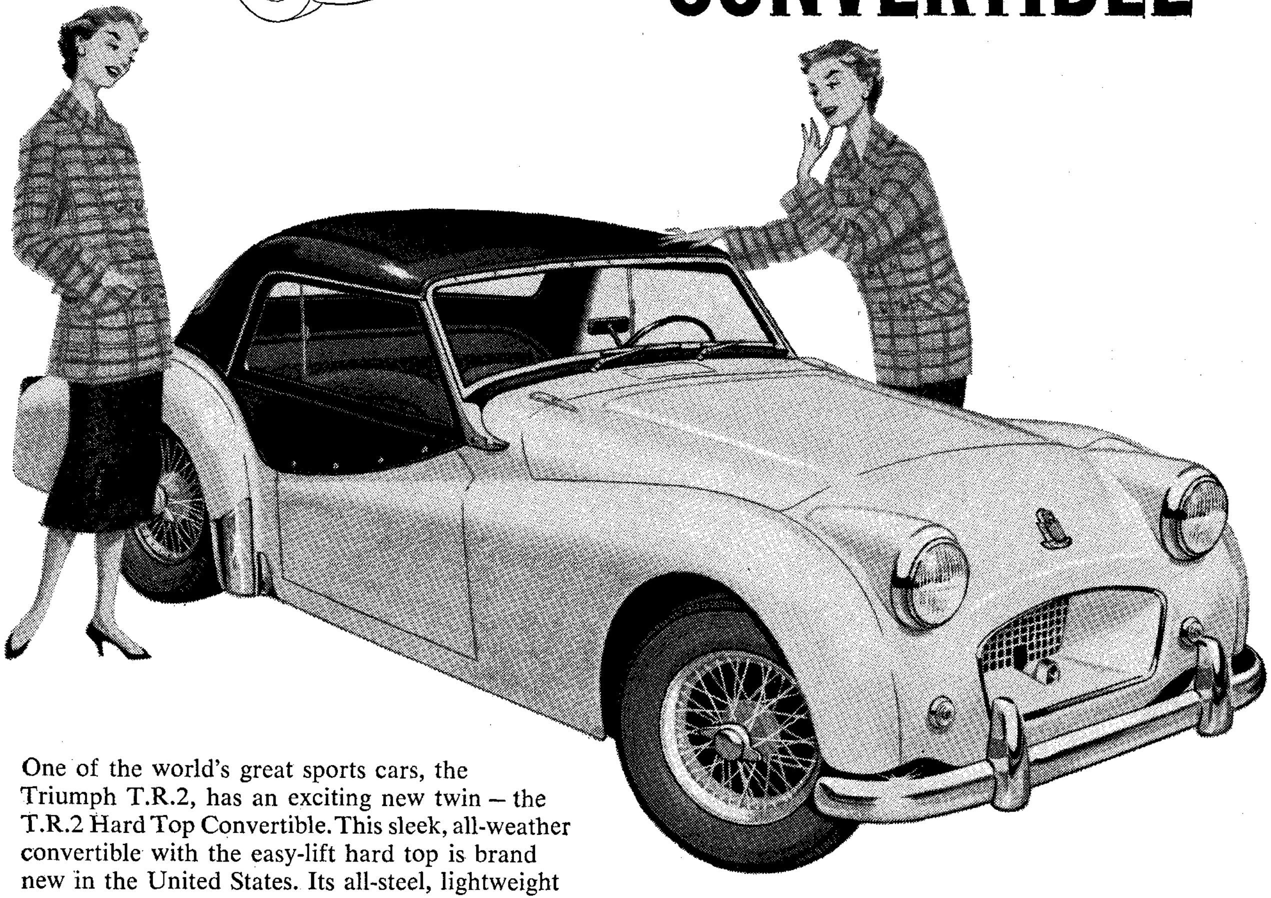

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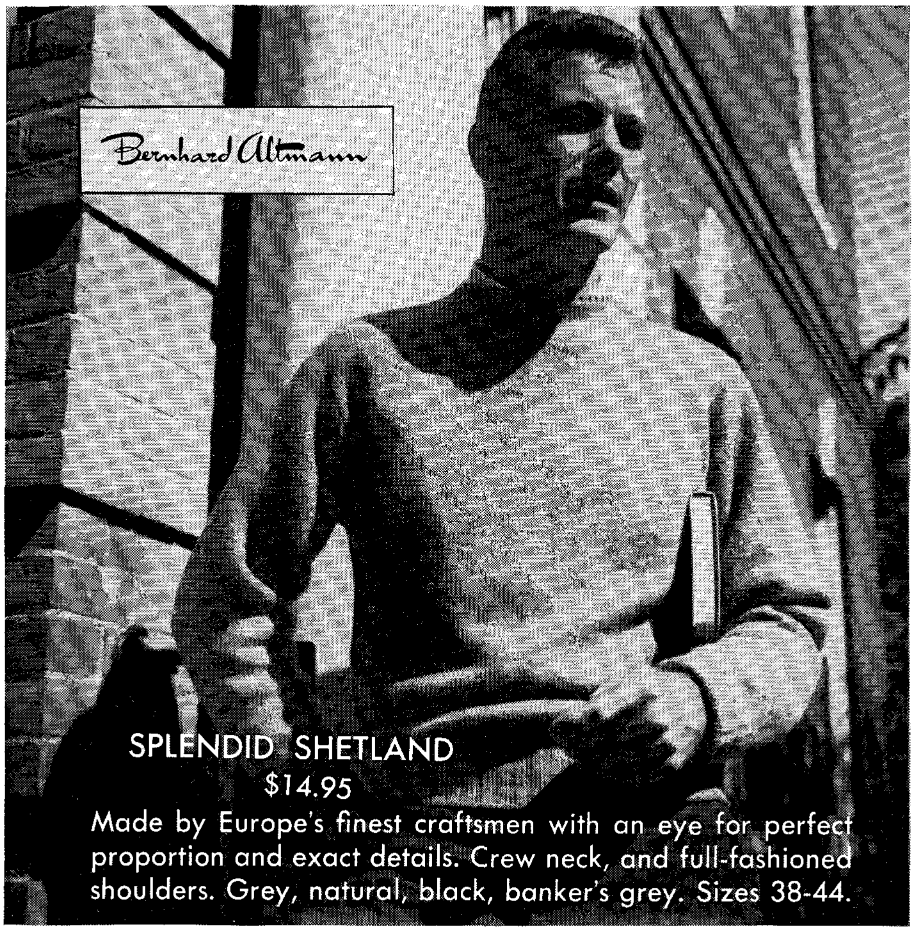

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he had skipped a few hours earlier. He waited in hot-and-cold anxiety. It was possible, of course, that Mrs. Nack wasn't at home, or that if she was, she wouldn't come to the door. These were the longest days of the year; it was full daylight, and he hadn't been able to tell by a lighted or unlighted window whether anyone was in. The greatest blow to his hopes would have been the heavy tread of a man coming to answer the doorbell, but, instead, he heard the slupping sound of the advance of a woman in house slippers. Then the door was ajar and Mrs. Nack stood in the aperture. She was just about Ned's height—five feet six—but she must have weighed at least two hundred pounds. Her face was wide and flat and lardy white, with small eyes, not much of a nose, and what Mr. Brown still remembers as an extremely sullen mouth. She was wearing an apron over her house dress, and there was a smell of cooking sauerkraut that has left Mr. Brown with a permanent distaste for the stuff. Ned would have given anything to see into the room behind her, but she was a hard woman to see around.

Before Mrs. Nack could ask what he wanted, Ned began, "Good evening, Madam. Have you enjoyed your trial bar of Cotaspam soap? Hasn't its fragrant lather left your hands feeling as if freshly kissed?"

"You didn't giff me any!" Mrs. Nack replied angrily, and Ned understood immediately why she had looked sore from the moment she laid eyes on him. The other women had described him while telling her about the wonderful soap, and Mrs. Nack felt she had been slighted, as usual. (Feeling slighted is a characteristic of especially high incidence among Germans and unattractive women, and Mrs. Nack was both.)

"I would have sworn I'd been to every flat in the house," Ned said. "But I guess I wasn't, or I would have remembered you sure."

It was coquetry lost on Mrs. Nack, who said merely, "Giff me the soap now."

"I'm sorry, Madam, but I'm afraid I can't," Ned said. "You see, I have to get a report for my company on what each lady thought of the soap. That was the purpose of our special offer."

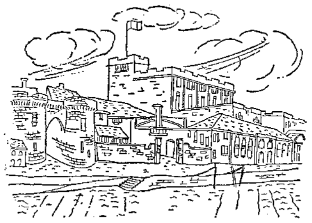
"Leaf it and come back tomorrow," Mrs. Nack commanded.

"I'm sorry, Ma'am, but I can't do that, either," Ned said. "Tomorrow I'll be working up in Yonkers." Then

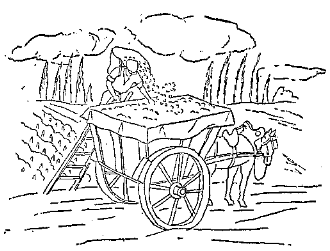
The Gift of Taste

Even its greatest connoisseurs, the "professional tasters," can't describe Cognac exactly, for words are clumsy things on tongues trained to pin-point a subtle flavor . . . catch a fleeting fragrance. And in the historic town of Cognac, nestling quietly in the rich, green province of Charente in southwestern France, the emphasis is on tasting . . . not words.

In a large airy room overlooking the lazy Charente river, on the second floor of a building occupied for over a hundred years by the Jas. Hennessy Company, works a quiet, earnest man who looks more like a gentle doctor than one of the greatest "tasters" in France. Let us call him Pierre Bonville. Every day, dozens of flasks—samples of the new brandy the Charente farms have distilled—are set before the capable cultured man. Leisurely he tastes them—just two drops on the tongue. Then he spits them out. The visitor is shocked. "I cannot allow the taste of one sample to influence my judgment of the next"—he explains.



For many years Monsieur Bonville—like his father and his father's father in a direct line for five generations—has stood guard over the taste of Hennessy Cognac. "Tasting is a gift," says Monsieur Bonville, "and one is lucky if one's son has the gift. But one is even luckier if that son has the *sang-froid*—the calm, independent personality nicely tempered with judgment and courage—for the heavy responsibility of being a taster."



Monsieur Bonville was overjoyed to find this combination of talents in his youngest son, Philippe. Philippe had the gift . . . Philippe could carry on. So his father began teaching him the story of Cognac . . . how French laws protect the farmers and traders of Cognac by restricting the label to brandy produced within a certain area. And he showed him how each soil brings its own characteristics to the Cognac.

To Philippe his father related how Richard Hennessy of County Cork, having retired as a Captain from the Irish Brigade of the French Army, in 1765 discovered the local brandy and sent some to his friends in Ireland. They liked it so well that they begged for more, and set up the Captain's son James in business. And he told how British Empire builders, adventurers and soldiers carried it with them in keg and flask to the far corners of the world.

They went into the small stone sheds of the farmers and looked at the primitive copper stills where the local wine is slowly distilled and Cognac Brandy produced as it was four hundred years ago. He let him dip into a precious keg of Cognac made in 1815, the year of Waterloo. "Its bouquet is splendid," said Philippe. His father nodded. "But its taste is flat," added the boy. His father was delighted. Young Philippe had recognized that *age alone is not enough* in making a fine Cognac . . . that preparing this fine product means mixing a thousand components of tastes, vintages, soil originations. "The world can't have all the Cognac it wants, either," said Monsieur Bonville. "Things move slowly in brandy making. For instance, the aging of oak staves for kegs and the complicated mixing process—this all takes time. And even if the farmers could be persuaded to plant new vines, it would take more than five years for the vines to start producing grapes fit to use. There could be no swift reconversion as in a modern industry."

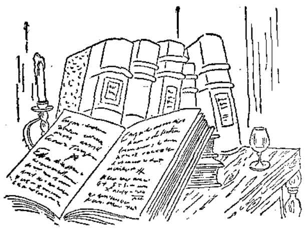
Thus Philippe grew up in the stories of Cognac, in the simple, contented life of the Charente countryside. He found here, far from the rush of modern industry, a different conception of Time. Instead of being an implacable enemy, here Time was an ally and a friend.

Just after his twenty-fourth birthday, Philippe was summoned to his father's office. On hand was the Senior Partner, Monsieur Maurice Hennessy, and his cousins Patrick and Kilian Hennessy, who are the sixth generation in a direct line from the original Captain to manage the Company's destinies.

Monsieur Bonville, his hand steady despite his excitement, pushed glasses toward his son. Again and again the boy tasted, then expertly spit it out, estimated the components of the brandy, and gave their average ages. Each time Monsieur Hennessy and the other officials watched him intently.

When the boy had finished, and they lifted the glasses to look at the labels pasted on the bottom of each blue glass, Philippe had scored one hundred per cent. He was a member of the firm—the sixth generation of the Bonvilles to have "the gift of taste."

Philippe is now twenty-six, and for two years he has been gaining more and more experience in the art of tasting. Together he and his father keep the record books that list the accumulated experience of many generations—the know-how of Three Star Hennessy flavor—formulas so complicated that no one man can remember them: so many drops from this vineyard, that barrel, this body, that age, this taste.



Together father and son maintain the standards of Hennessy. Out of the infinitely small and varied quantities of brandy bought from the independent individual farmers, they will insure that Jas. Hennessy & Co. produces Cognac which is always the same in quality, bottle after bottle, year after year. Philippe and his father will keep it that way, just mixing and waiting and tasting, and mixing and waiting and tasting again—maintaining that subtle flavor which makes Hennessy's reputation throughout the world.

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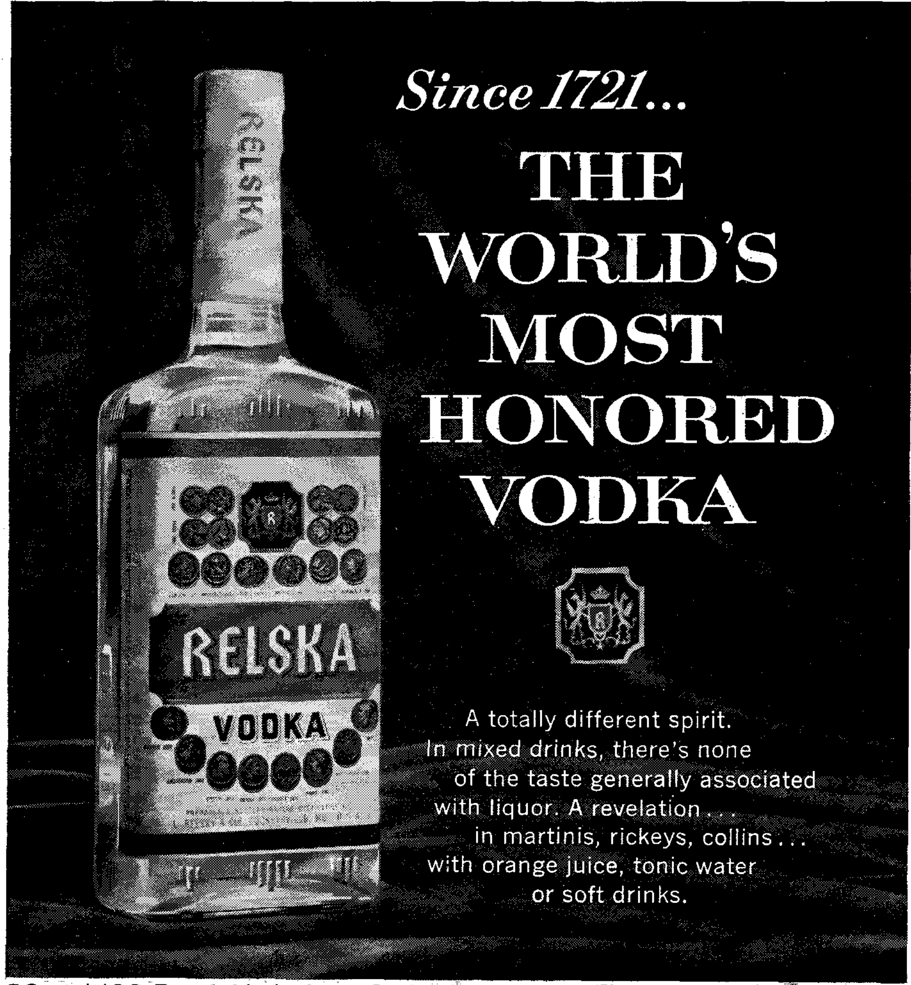

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he tried to look as if he had just had a bright thought, and went on, "But I happen to have a couple of bars left over. If you could give the soap a trial now, while I wait, I'd be glad to let you have one."

After thinking this over for a minute, Mrs. Nack said, "All right. Giff me the soap." Ned moved toward her, fumbling in a pocket and being careful not to give her the soap until he was inside the apartment. He knew she wouldn't shut the door in his face before he came through with the special introductory sample. As she pulled back from the door, he went through it as if in the suction set up by her big body.

"Here it is, Ma'am," he said after he was safely inside. Mrs. Nack took the soap in her pale, shovel-like paws, raised it to her nose, and sniffed it. She looked mollified. "As a matter of fact," Ned continued, "I've got just two left, and since I'm putting you to all this trouble, I'm going to let you have both of them, if you like the first one. But I get awfully thirsty, climbing stairs all day in this heat, and I wonder if I might ask you for a glass of water before you start washing your hands."

"I guess so," Mrs. Nack said. "Sit down on the chair there while I get you the water."

Ned sat down in a black leather upholstered chair and looked around him while the woman went to the kitchen, in the rear of the flat, to get his drink. Within a few days, the newspapers were to describe the contents of Mrs. Nack's apartment in much more detail than Ned was in a position to take in, but his eyes fell on one item that subsequent newspapermen were destined never to see. "Leaning against a lamp, on a kind of a knickknack stand, there was a studio photograph of a big blond guy with little turned-up mustaches under his nose—a kind of Dutch version of a sport," Mr. Brown recalls. "The minute I saw it, I was sure I had seen him around, without ever knowing his name." The floor was bare, and Ned noticed that the rug was rolled up and tied, as if Mrs. Nack were getting ready to move. When Mrs. Nack brought the water, he downed it thirstily, just as if he hadn't been drinking beer all afternoon.

"Now, Madam," Ned said after thanking her, "you will have the rare pleasure of making the acquaintance of the world's most luxurious hand soap. Do not hurry it, but run a basin of warm water and then work up a creamy lather. Let your hands soak in it! You will feel each finger separately caressed. When

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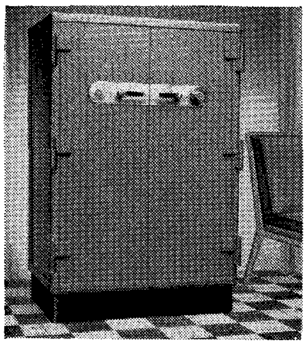

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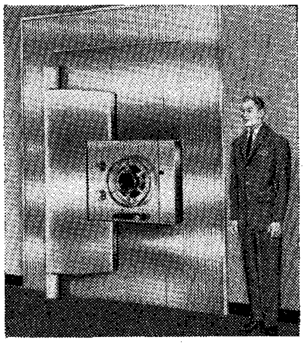

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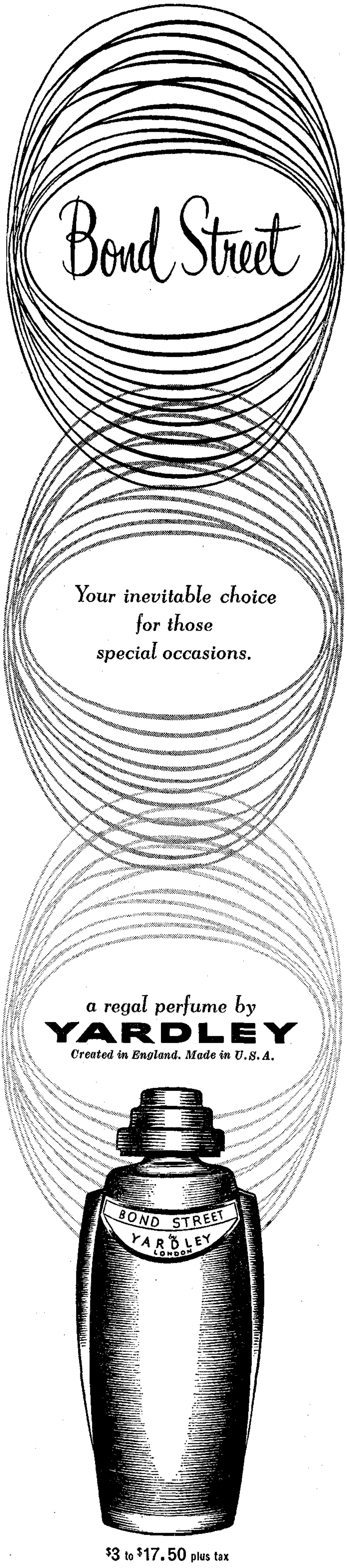

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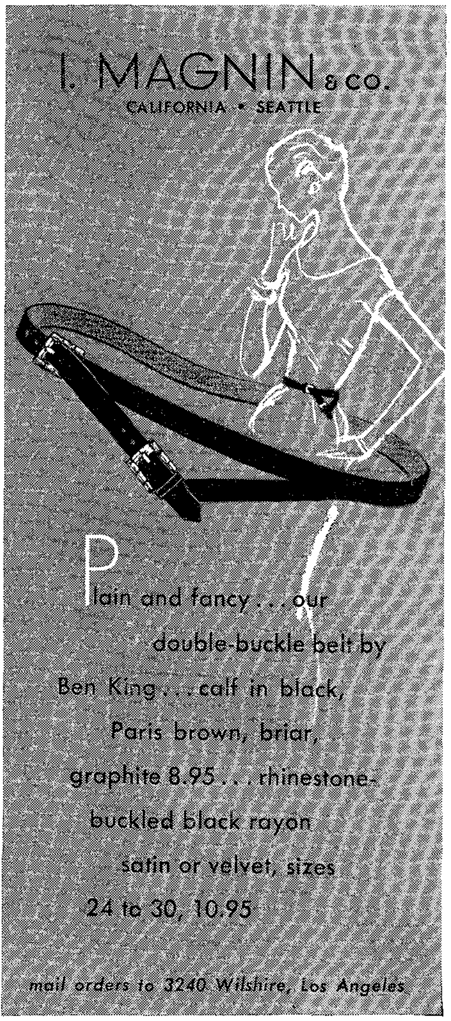
you withdraw your hands, hold them to your nose! The fragrance is a secret formula, copyrighted by the makers of Cotaspam. You have beautiful hands, Madam. They deserve Cotaspam!" The midwife slupped away again, and as soon as Ned heard water running in the rear of the apartment, he grabbed the photograph and slipped it under his jacket. He now passionately desired to leave at once, but he knew that to do so, if his suspicions were correct, would be likely to frighten Mrs. Nack into immediate flight. He also had a hunch that the longer he waited, the more he would learn. All Mrs. Nack's actions indicated that she was alone in the apartment, but the apparently substantial nature of the meal she was preparing hinted that she expected company for dinner. If it was the man in the photograph, all Ned's theories would come tumbling down and he would probably feel obliged to invite the fellow out to the nearest saloon and buy him a seidel of beer. But if it wasn't the man in the photograph, it might be Mrs. Nack's accomplice in his murder. Ned had formed a most unfavorable impression of Mrs. Nack; she looked capable of murdering an infant—and probably had, for midwives often doubled as abortionists. But he was not physically afraid of her, despite her lardy bulk. He was an athletic young fellow, who, with his brother, had rigged a trapeze and flying rings in the attic at home in Flatbush; Ned could chin himself innumerable times with one arm, and fancied himself as an amateur boxer. The dinner guest, however, would almost certainly prove to be a large adult male, armed and with a nasty taste for fragmentation. While Ned was pondering this prospect, Mrs. Nack returned, a smile for once suffusing her desk blotter of a face. "It is nice soap as possible," she said. "Very elegant."

Ned whipped out his reporter's notebook and started writing in it. "May I quote you, Madam?" he asked. "We intend to publish testimonials in the newspapers, and a testimonial from a midwife would have double value. It would be a good ad for you, too."

"I don't need ads," Mrs. Nack replied. "I am going soon anyway back to Germany." For a moment, she seemed sorry she had said so much, but Ned's look of bland innocence evidently reassured her. "Now you give me the other soap also," she said. "Here is a dime." Ned felt sure she had been told by other women that the soap regularly sold for twenty-five cents—that they knew it



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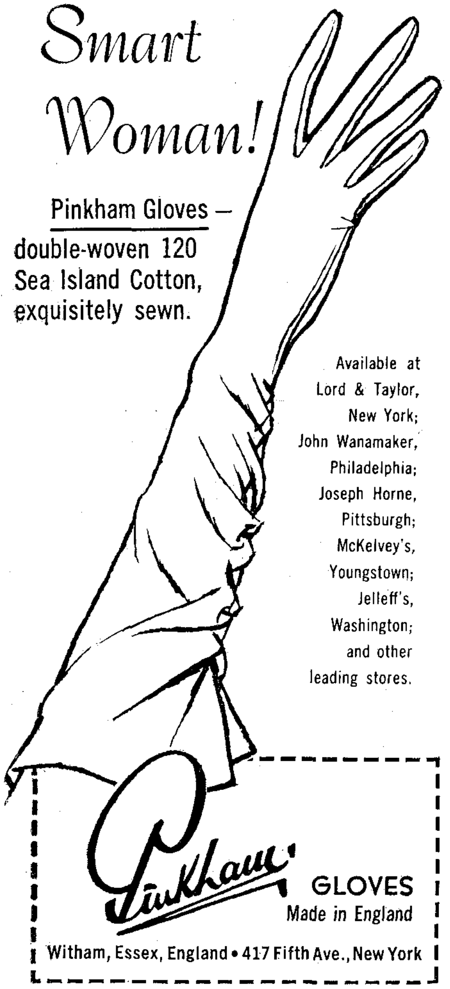

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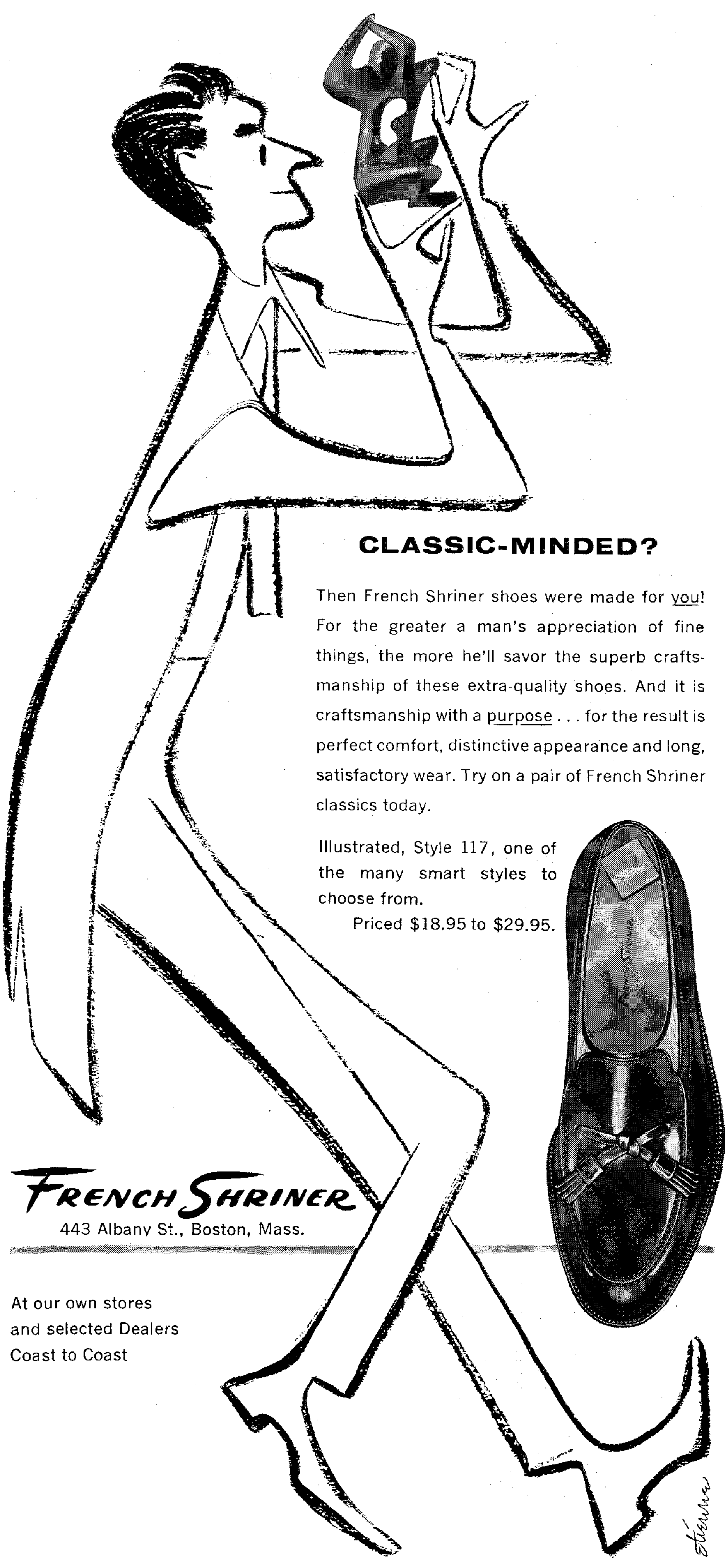
did because they had priced it in the drugstore downstairs. "It is wonderful how with any woman the idea of a bargain will obscure larger issues entirely," Mr. Brown says. "She was looking at me and talking about the soap, and it never occurred to her to look around the room and notice that the picture was missing."

Ned gave Mrs. Nack the second bar of soap, took her dime, said goodbye, and walked through the doorway. Then he stopped, because a man was coming up the narrow stairs. "He was a husky man—no giant, but a full-sized middleweight," Mr. Brown says. "About thirty years old, I should guess. He was wearing a derby hat, although it was summer—only the dudes wore straw kellies—and he had long black mustaches. I remember them as black, although the papers said afterward they were light brown. Maybe he had dyed them. Still later, he shaved them off. What I particularly remember about him, though, was his eyes. They were deep-set and glaring, and they shone like a cat's. At his trial, the artists had a field day drawing those eyes. He was furious at seeing me there—the door to the apartment was still open—and he grabbed me by the shoulder. '*Wer ist's?*' he yelled in German—'Who is it?'—and then he started giving the woman hell. I could see she was frightened—he had her buffaloed. I had learned enough German at Erasmus to understand that he was bawling her out for not keeping the door closed. He said he had told her not to let anybody in. She started explaining who I was, and telling him if he made so much noise the neighbors would come to see what was the matter. Finally, he took his hand off my shoulder—I certainly didn't look dangerous—and went inside. 'Donkey-head!' I heard him call the woman, in German, and then the door slammed, and I heard a slap you could hear right through it. I ran down the stairs and kept going. From the way those two had acted, I was sure that I had the right man's picture and that they were the ones who had killed him."

THE reason Ned's skin had appeared translucent that Monday morning was that during the previous evening it had been buffed to gauzy thinness by successive pairs of large, powerful, clean, untanned, uncallused, well-kept hands with nails trimmed extremely short in order not to scratch customers. He had spent a good part of that night, after leaving the morgue, in a series of Turkish baths, making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discreet inquiries about rubbers who might be missing from work.

"The minute I saw the hands on the mystery stiff at the morgue, I noticed that the skin on the tips of the fingers was crinkled, like a baby's sometimes after a hot bath," Mr. Brown says. "I remembered I'd seen the same thing recently on an adult's fingers, and then I remembered where it was—on a fellow named Bill McPhee, who was giving me an alcohol rub at the Murray Hill Baths. And I'd asked McPhee, 'Do your hands get that way permanently from the hot water and soap, or do the crinkles go away when you go home?'

" 'Oh, they stay that way for a couple of days, maybe a week, if you aren't working,' he said. 'But then they go away and the skin looks just like anybody else's.'

"I sized the stiff up. Good muscular development—massaging twenty or thirty customers a day is hard work, and some of those fellows used to pride themselves on how hard they could grip. Clean, white skin—where could you keep cleaner than working in a bath, and where would you get less sun on you? Carefully trimmed fingernails, but too short for a dude or a society fellow. The big fuss about the 'extraordinary refinement' of the hands was cleared up in a minute. I told Gus Roeder that Sunday afternoon in the morgue, 'This guy was a rubber in a Turkish bath,' I said, 'and he must have worked not long before he was killed, or the crinkles on his hands would have smoothed out.' Then I explained what McPhee had told me about the crinkles' lasting only a few days. 'If we check the Turkish baths in the city and find one that has had a rubber missing for less than a week and more than a day, we've got our man,' I said. Gus was a hard fellow to get excited. He pointed out that there were hundreds of baths in the city; they were popular on the East Side and in Harlem as well as in the Tenderloin, and you'd have to check those in Brooklyn, too, and anyway the man might have been lured

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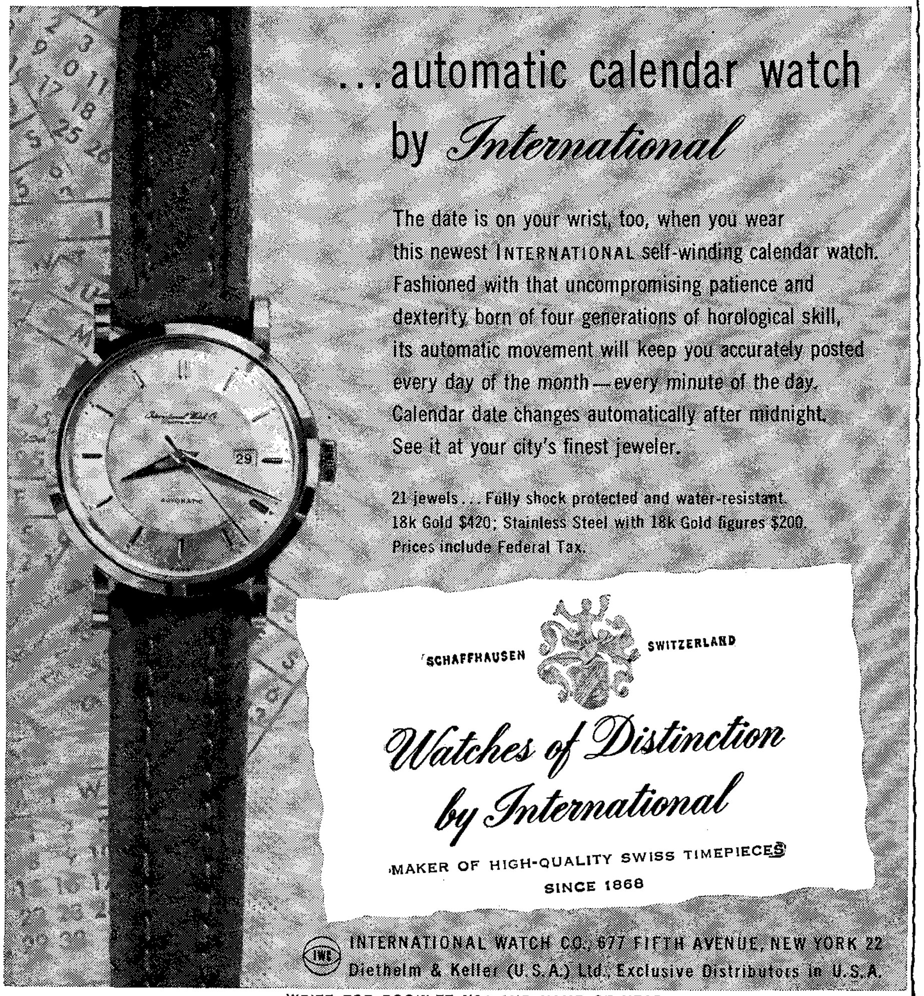
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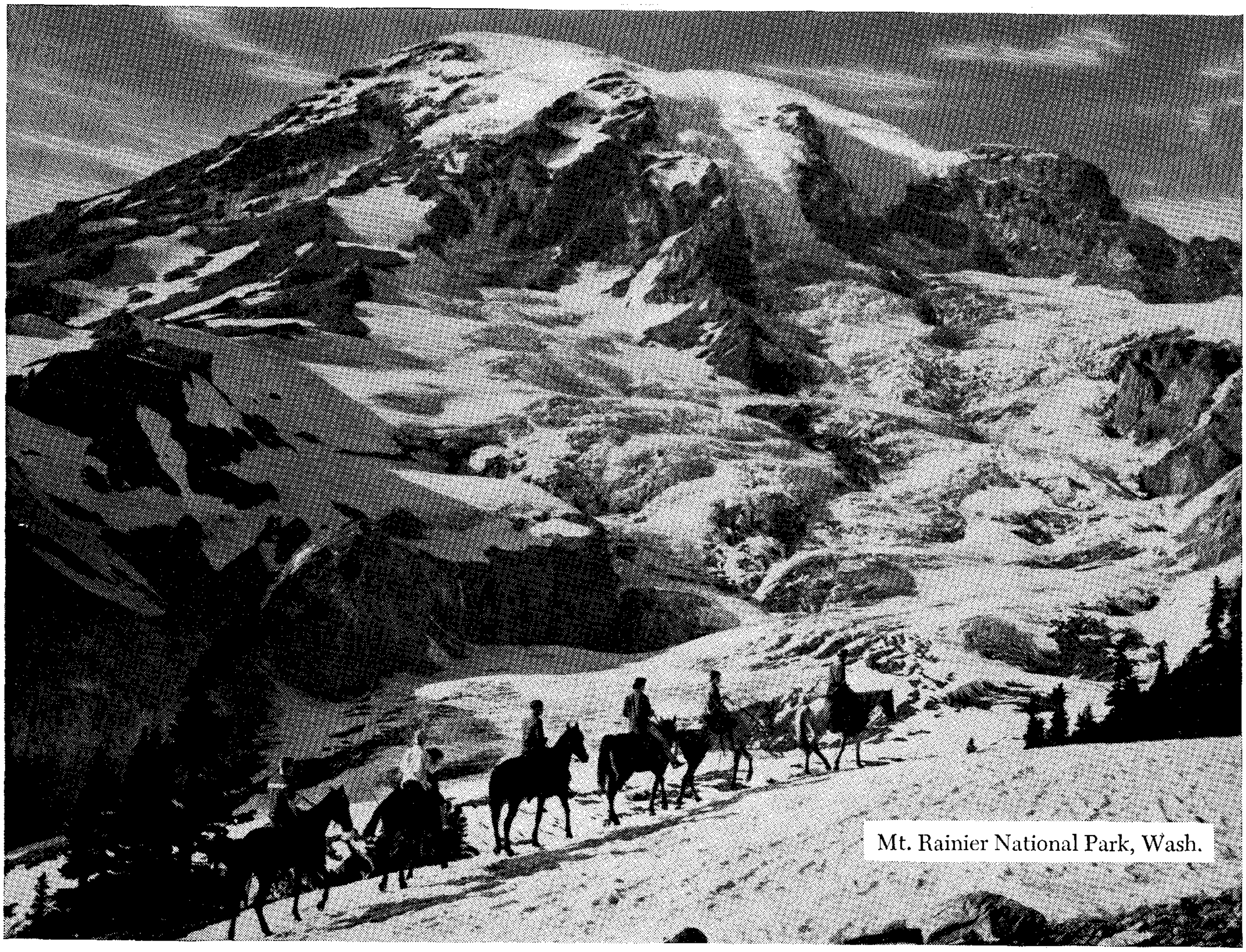
Mt. Rainier National Park, Wash.

The mountain that blew its top

Mt. Rainier, the most superb landmark of the Pacific Northwest, stands as a 14,408-foot monument to the constructive genius of fire and ice. Built by volcanic action, which some say eventually blasted 2,000 feet off its crest, the mountain today has 26 active glaciers, ranging in thickness up to 500 feet, that constantly grind away at its slopes.

In addition to its matchless glaciers, Mt. Rainier National Park offers excellent skiing and climbing, more than 240 miles of wilderness trails and some of the most eye-filling floral displays in the entire park system. Here you can explore the weirdly beautiful ice caves beneath a glacier or toboggan down its surface in special "tin pants". You can observe bears, blacktail deer, elk, the rare mountain goat and other forms of wildlife, living as they did before the white man came.

Named for an English admiral who never saw it, Rainier is nevertheless typically American in personality. When you see it dominating the Washington sky, you'll find it massive, colorful and spectacular – and you'll know, perhaps for the first time, the true meaning of "purple mountains' majesty"...

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A nation-wide group of state organizations whose primary objective is the restoration, conservation and scientific management of our natural resources. The National Wildlife Federation is a non-profit, non-political organization with headquarters at 232 Carroll St., N.W., Takoma Park, Washington 12, D.C.

The activities of the Federation are financed by contributions and through the sale by mail of Wildlife Stamps and other nature materials. The Federation's work provides scholarships, fellowships, news and legislative reports, field and educational services and other programs designed to foster a greater understanding of America's outdoor heritage.

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or shanghaied from out of town. The *World* didn't have enough men to spare for that kind of quick check, Gus said. We had a dozen hot crime men—real sleuths—but they all wanted to try out theories of their own. If we passed my idea on to the police and they thought much of it, some detective would be sure to spill it to the *Journal* and we would get no credit for it. 'But if you want to work your hunch yourself, kiddo, go ahead,' Gus said. 'I assign you to it. All the baths you take you can put on the swindle sheet, but more than a quarter tip the auditor won't believe, so don't try to get away with it.' "

Thus admonished, Ned hit out straight for his favorite district, the Tenderloin—first, because the biggest establishments were there, and, second, because he thought the rubbers in that area were more worldly types, and so more likely to get in trouble, than their confreres elsewhere. He did not begin with the Murray Hill, his habitual retreat—probably because we never expect the strange and mysterious in surroundings that are familiar to us. He began, instead, at the Everard, on West Twenty-eighth Street, and tried three more before he arrived at the Murray Hill, at about nine Sunday evening. By that time, he had been scrubbed until all his surfaces felt like Jimmy Valentine's sandpapered fingertips. In each place, he had asked the attendants to put him through fast because he had a heavy date and wanted to get rid of a hangover before he picked her up. He began his quest at each bath by asking where the big fellow was who didn't seem to be on the floor that night. In each, he was told that the staff was at full strength, and upon hearing this he mumbled that he must have been thinking of some other Turkish bath. At the Murray Hill, since he was known there, he varied the approach slightly by remarking to the rubber, McPhee, that the place looked kind of shorthanded, and asking him if anyone was missing. McPhee, an irascible type, said there damn sure was. Bill, the big Dutchman, who always had Sundays off, had taken Friday that week, trading days off with a man who normally would have been working Sunday. The other man had worked Friday and Saturday and then stayed home, but the big Dutchman had failed to show, leaving them one man short. Naturally, there had been more of a rush than they expected. The previous night had produced an unusually heavy crop of bad heads; it always happened that way when you were short a man. "He took Friday off because he was go-

She's waiting for the man in the Louis Roth suit...
NETTIE ROSENSTEIN GOWN PHOTOGRAPHED AT THE ST. REGIS.

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THIS WHISKY IS 8 YEARS OLD
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"Gentlemen — nowhere in the world— not even in Scotland, Canada, or the United States— is a more gentle tasting whisky distilled"

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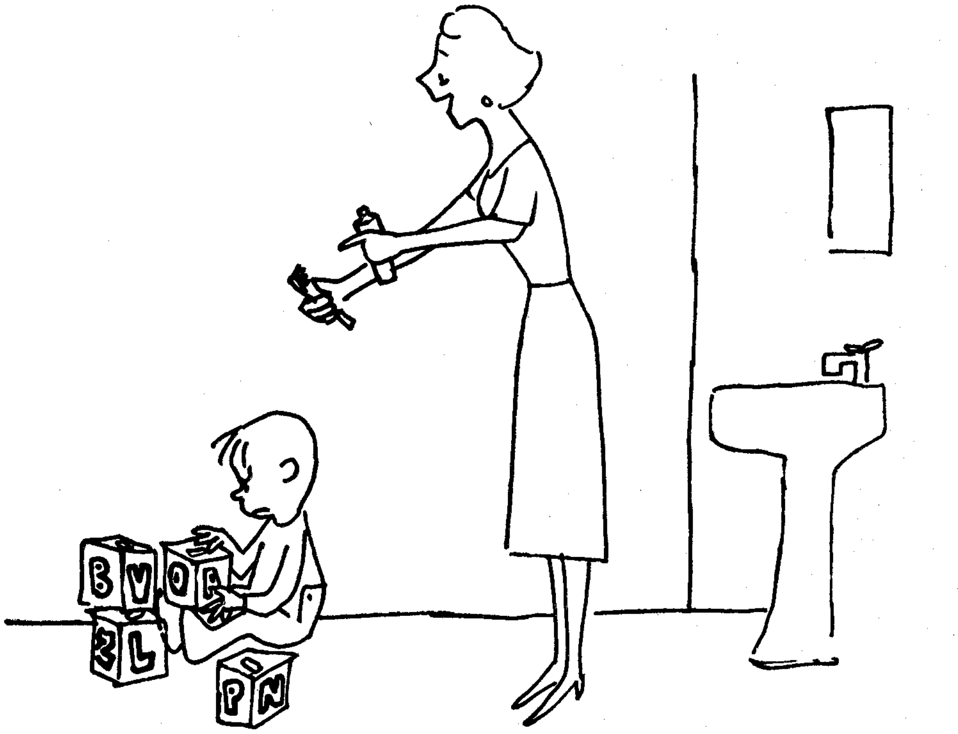

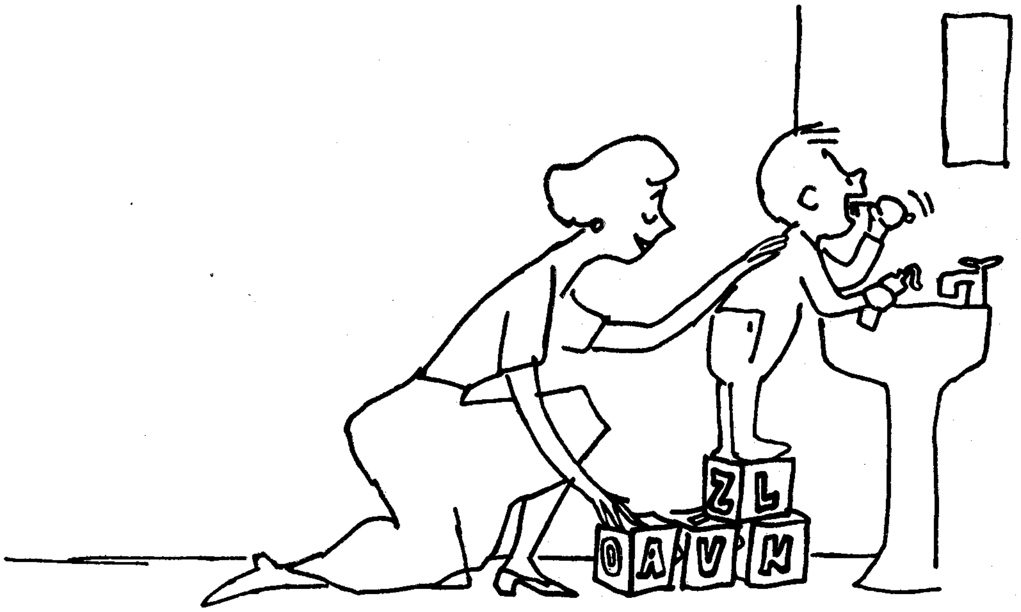

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ing to look at a house in the country with his girl—or so he said," McPhee snarled. "Saturday, some Dutchman called up to say Guldensuppe wouldn't be in to work Sunday because he was sick. Guldensuppe is his name," McPhee added in a tone of distaste. "Drunk someplace, of course. Today, when he didn't show, the boss said he was fired." Ned submitted to his fifth scrubbing in five hours without feeling any discomfort. He was anesthetized by preoccupation. "About how big is this big Dutchman?" he asked. "I must have seen him around here, but I can't place him in my mind."

"Oh, probably around five eleven," McPhee replied. (That was taller for a man in those days than it is now.) "And he's built big—big shoulders and a fine big chest on him. He's just built like a big Dutchman. You must have noticed him. He has the upper half of a woman tattooed all over his chest—used to be a sailor on one of them Heinie windjammers when he was a kid. He has one of those trick mustaches like two half-moons on his lip. Not a bad Dutchman," McPhee conceded, "but skirt-crazy."

When McPhee mentioned the tattoo, Ned's heart jumped. "I remembered the torso I had looked at that afternoon, with a slab of integument—of whole skin—removed from the chest, apparently to get rid of some distinguishing mark," Mr. Brown says.

Stopping at the cashier's desk on the way out to pay for his massage, Ned asked the cashier where Bill Guldensuppe lived. "I borrowed a dollar from him last time I was in here, and now I hear he's not coming in any more, so I want to send it to him," he explained. The cashier looked at a list and said that he didn't know where Guldensuppe lived but that he got his mail at a saloon on Ninth Avenue, near Thirty-sixth Street—not an unusual arrangement. "And if you're going to write to him, you might add that he's fired," he said. "That'll save us a stamp." When Ned got out of the Murray Hill Baths, he didn't write. He grabbed a hack and told the driver to get down to Thirty-sixth and Ninth and not to spare the horse on the way. He felt like Richard Harding Davis, who at that moment was covering a war between Greece and Turkey, after attending the coronation of Czar Nicholas II in St. Petersburg.

THE saloon on Ninth Avenue was quiet that summer evening. It was a Raines Law hotel, with the ten bedrooms upstairs and the petrified sand-

Baron Wrangell copying a Goya at the Metropolitan

(His shirt: Hathaway's cotton taffeta from Scotland)

HATHAWAY imports this remarkable shirting from the great James White of Auchterarder. Last week, Mr. White wrote to us from Scotland: "I have just approved some new lots of the cotton taffeta. This cloth seems to be improving in beauty steadily each year. I suppose our looms are getting used to it. The more we weave, the better it weaves."

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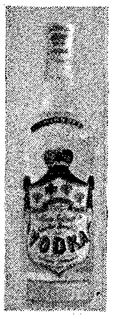

The Recipe:
To a glass of
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juice you can get
add a jigger of
mellow Smirnoff
80 Proof.
Season with
worcestershire
and serve ice cold.

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wich on every table that entitled it to remain open on Sundays, under the statute passed not long before to appease the Sabbatarians upstate. (The bedrooms established its status as a hotel; the sandwiches represented the food that was legally required to be served with every drink.) The Irish bartender had the cowlick center part in his hair and the handle-bar mustaches that were tonsorial caste marks. The sandwich man, on hand in case anybody wanted one that could really be eaten, was an old German. Ned sized the saloon up as a neighborhood headquarters—the most pretentious place for a hundred yards in any direction. He ordered a schooner of beer and knocked it off with unaffected enthusiasm; the baths had dehydrated him until his shoes felt large. He ordered another and bought one for the bartender, at the same time ordering a ham-and-cheese on rye, for he had not eaten since noon. Having established relations, he asked the bartender if he knew big Bill Guldensuppe, the Dutchman who worked at the Murray Hill Baths. Acquaintance with a masseur in a flashy Turkish bath was a social reference over on Ninth Avenue. The bartender said he knew the big Dutchman who worked in the baths, but the last name didn't sound right. He thought it was Nack. The sandwich man, arriving with the ham-and-cheese, said the name was Guldensuppe, all right; he and the rubber belonged to the same Low German death-benefit society. "He even gets mail here under the name Guldensuppe," he said. "He goes by Nack in the neighborhood because he lives with his sweetheart—Mrs. Augusta Nack, the midwife, right over Werner's drugstore." The sandwich man winked. "She got plenty of cash," he said. "She treats him good."

Ned, trying to seem casual, said that he'd happened to be in the neighborhood, so he'd stopped by, hoping to meet Guldensuppe and have a beer with him, since he knew Sunday was the rubber's night off. "He always talks about this place," he said. "He's a hot sketch!"

The bartender said he hadn't seen the big Dutchman for a couple of nights. "Maybe they've went to Coney for the day—him and his lady friend," he suggested. Come to think of it, he added, he hadn't seen him around since late Thursday night. "He usually be in for a few beers after he gets through at the baths," he said. "The work takes the moisture out of them. I hope he isn't deserting us, because he's a good

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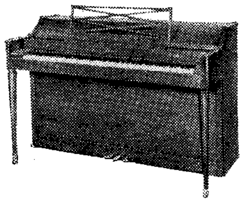

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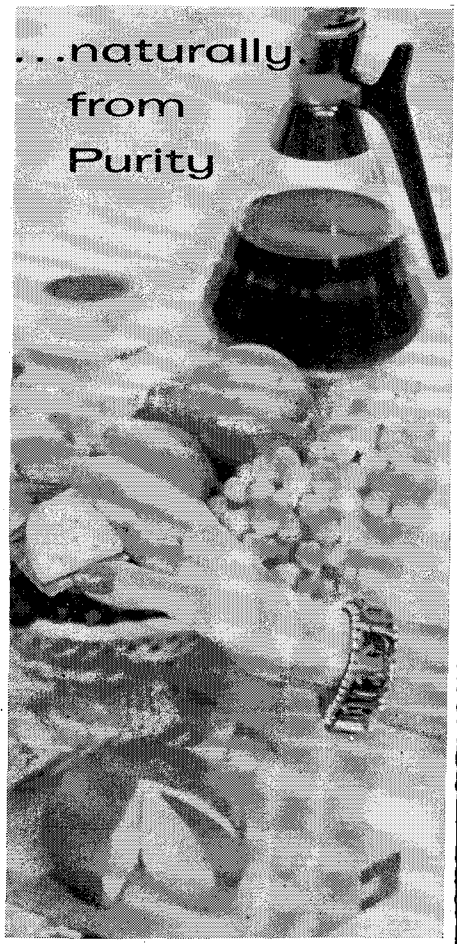

extraordinary cheese

HERE'S welcome relief from commonplace cheese! In this case it's a slice of Maybud — the delectable Maybud Baby Gouda that only Purity makes so well.

If you want a cheese that's different — especially delicious — look for the Purity label. It's worn by cheeses of rare good character — *never mass-produced* — cheeses that are made with the same kind of care you'd devote to preparing a very special dinner. Loving care at Purity brings out all the wonderful difference implied by these great names — Gouda, Edam, Port Salut. All names worth meeting at your favorite food store.

Next time, reach for a Maybud in the bright red wax wrap. Follow up with Edam, Port Salut, Hickory Smoked Edam or Mel-o-Pure.

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time

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Mayville, Wisconsin

customer." Ned felt like a poker player who, peeking at the second card dealt him, sees it is another ace. If Guldensuppe had been on a protracted drunk, as McPhee had supposed, it was inconceivable that he wouldn't have once poked his nose into his favorite barroom in seventy-two hours.

"He's a hot sketch!" Ned said again, to dissemble the depth of his interest in Guldensuppe's absence. "Always after dames."

"You bet!" the sandwich man said. "You should see some of the letters he gets here. Pink envelopes! No wonder he don't want Mrs. Nack should know."

Ned said, "He's got a hell of a build. If he had been born in this country, he might be fighting Fitzsimmons."

The bartender said he had heard the big Dutchman could handle himself pretty good, at that. "There was a fellow trying to beat his time with some dame, I heard, and the Dutchman give him a good going over," he said. "The fellow pulled a gun and the Dutchman took it away and kept it."

Walking down Ninth Avenue, after a valedictory beer, Ned had a good look at the building that housed Werner's drugstore—No. 439. There were no lights in the windows on the second floor. Back in the *World* office, he found Roeder just finishing off his lead story on the mystery—the one declaring that an awful crime had been committed. After Roeder had dictated and sent away the last take of his two-and-a-half-column story, which would earn him $18.75, he consented to listen to Ned. Roeder was still not overly impressed by Ned's theory. "The fifth place you visit, you find a man missing," he said. "Maybe if you went to all of them you would find two dozen. The tattoo sounds good, all right, and the jealous dame and the fellow with the gun he took away from him. What you got to do tomorrow is have a talk with this Mrs. Nack and get a good look inside the flat. Maybe there are signs of a struggle—bloodstains. Maybe the head is still in the apartment. And get a picture of Guldensuppe."

Ned thought up the soap scheme on his long journey home to Flatbush.

WITH Guldensuppe's picture under his jacket and the other man's glare still vivid in his memory, Ned made his way down to the *World* again on Monday evening. He was now dead certain he had the solution of the mystery. The sequel was inglorious. Colleagues of greater prestige had turned

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Here's leisure styling that's right for country or campus. Tailored details such as pockets edged with leather piping, and shape-retaining orlon-cotton lining add an exceptionally trim look. In natural covert or forest green. Two-piece suit, sizes 38 to 46. Regulars, shorts, longs . . $53.50
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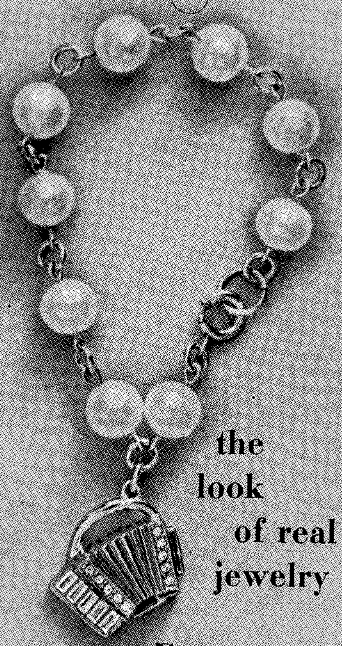

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bergere, 392 fifth avenue, new york

up what the city desk thought was a better bet. When the Early Edition of the next day's *World* came off the presses Monday night, the front-page headline on the murder read, promisingly enough:

WORLD MEN
FIND A CLUE

But the story under it was a letdown for Ned.

> The most interesting discovery of the day was made by reporters for the *World* [it read]. It was that a wagon, in which were two men and which contained two packages, crossed to New York on the ferry from Greenpoint, L.I., on Saturday afternoon, a short time before the finding of the headless shoulders in the East River at Eleventh Street.
>
> The Greenpoint ferry landing on the New York side is at Tenth Street, and a bundle thrown from an incoming boat would have been carried towards the Eleventh Street pier, with the tide running as it was that afternoon. . . .
>
> That a saloonkeeper from that very section was reported missing last night, having left home on June 2 with a considerable amount of money, makes this phase of the case especially interesting.

All day Monday, while Ned was making the rounds with his soap, the *World's* torso campaign was being run by Casey, the assistant city editor, under constant inspirational prodding from the front office. Roeder, Reitmeier, and a platoon of other reporters were working with the police, and Ike White, the *World's* famous lone-wolf star reporter, was working against them, with a squad of special undercover agents. Fred Sturtevant, a celebrated rewrite man, was welding the gross crude output into an artistic whole, and the circulation department was having such a picnic that there must have been a substantial psychological resistance to Ned's story, with its possibility of putting an abrupt end to the frenzy. Roeder, however, was beginning to think well of it, and that Monday night he told Ned to hand over his precious photograph to the art department, so that it could have an engraving ready. "It was a good day's work, kiddo," he said. "Thanks."

Ned was so full of his story that even though it was after midnight, when he got home to Flatbush, he awakened his father and told him about it. "Why didn't you grab the fellow and bring him in?" Frederick Sherwood Brown said. "That's what I would have done." He then went back to sleep.

THE mystery continued to sell unparalleled multitudes of newspapers all the next day—Tuesday, June 29th. A *World* editorial that morning

STYLE NO. 931B

Why?

HOW FAR IS THE MOON? Why does water boil? Why is rain? Why? Why? Why? Junior wants to know the answer to everything—from the higher reaches of astronomy to the clothes he'll wear tomorrow. On this latter point, thankfully, there's no question at all about DONMOOR knit shirts. They make real sense to boys—keen colors and thoroughgoing comfort, with a dash of well-bred fashion excitement.

DONMOOR **MAKES COTTON KNITS** for big boys and little boys from size 1 all the way to 20, from $1.29 to $3.98—has been making boys' wear for more than 50 years. Most good stores carry them—for the one nearest you, write to DONMOOR KNITWEAR, 10 West 30th Street, New York 1.

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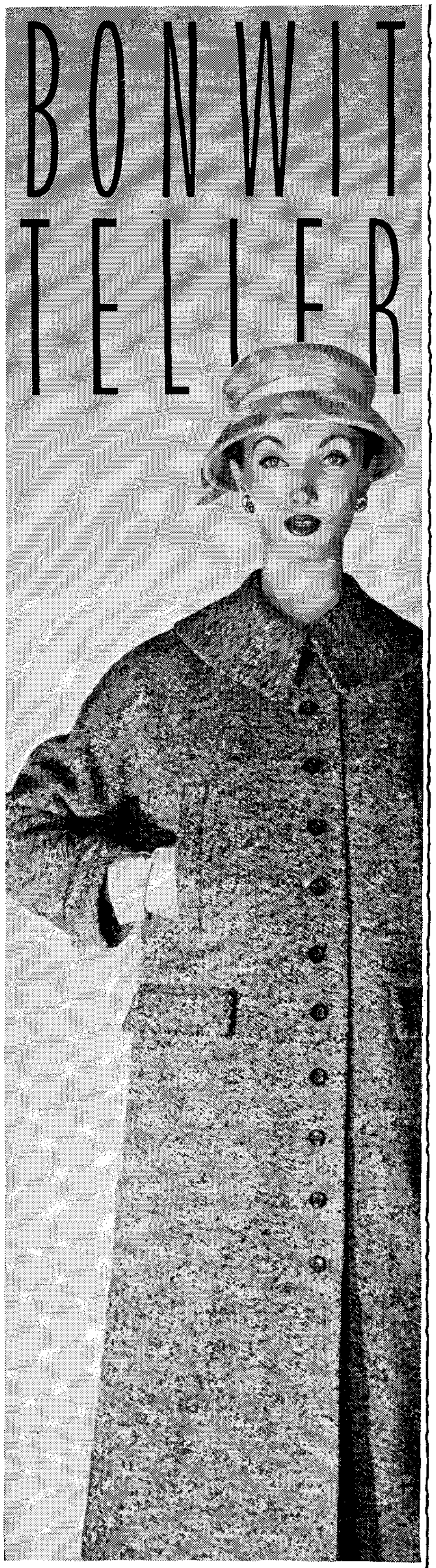

LINEAR TWEED...

the Fall coat, cut narrow as a reed... widely, importantly collared. Imported tweed in colors taken from the moors, warmly lined with wool jersey. Brown and gold, blue and mauve. By Towncliffe 10 to 16 sizes, 79.95 Mail and phone orders. New York Chicago White Plains Cleveland Boston

stated that in offering a reward the paper was acting simply as a minister of justice, without ulterior object. The *Journal* editorialized in the afternoon, "The only reason why every crime is not detected is that society does not employ the best order of brains in its work. . . . The *Journal's* offer should bring to the investigation of this mystery intellects and intentions not usually given to this kind of work." To offset the *World's* two-men-on-a-ferry story, Tuesday's *Journal* splashed a report by one Charles Anderson, of No. 7 Bowery, that he had seen two men on a Mount Vernon trolley car on Sunday afternoon loaded down with bundles wrapped in the fateful red oilcloth with gold stars. The resourceful *Telegram*, ever on the lookout for a sporting angle, promoted the candidacy of "a heavy bettor named McManus, who has not been at the track for five or six days," under a headline that read:

RACING MEN
WILL VISIT
THE MORGUE

The *Evening World*, in its Night Extra, which was relatively safe from Hearst plagiarism, offered a stimulating speculation by still another medical man, under the headline

WAS IT CANNIBALISM?
DR. FRANK FERGUSON, THE PATHOLOGIST,
IS INCLINED STRONGLY
TO THAT BELIEF

The same paper also presented an exclusive interview with former Police Inspector Alexander S. Williams, who said, *inter alia:* "The motive was revenge. . . . More than one person committed the crime. . . . It was probably done by a German."

Ned felt that the former Inspector was getting warm. But there was nothing more he could do about the case himself. Ike White and Roeder had vetoed the idea of going straight to 439 Ninth Avenue and "arresting" Mrs. Nack and the man with the black mustaches before somebody had positively identified the torso as Guldensuppe's. It would have been easy to visit the Murray Hill Baths, collect a couple of the big Dutchman's colleagues, and take them to the morgue, but this would have been hard to keep quiet from the competition. Roeder therefore waited until Tuesday night and then got a man named Joseph Kavenagh, a Murray Hill rubber who was off duty, to accompany him to the "storehouse," as the gay police reporters called the morgue. In consequence, the Late Edition of Wednesday's *World* had a

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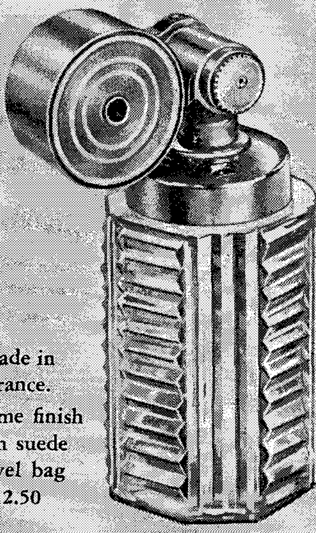

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Siamese dancer— Boston Museum of Fine Arts

technical scoop—a brief story on the second page with the headline

ANOTHER IDENTIFICATION

Dead Man Said to Be William
Gildensupper, a Turkish
Bath Attendant

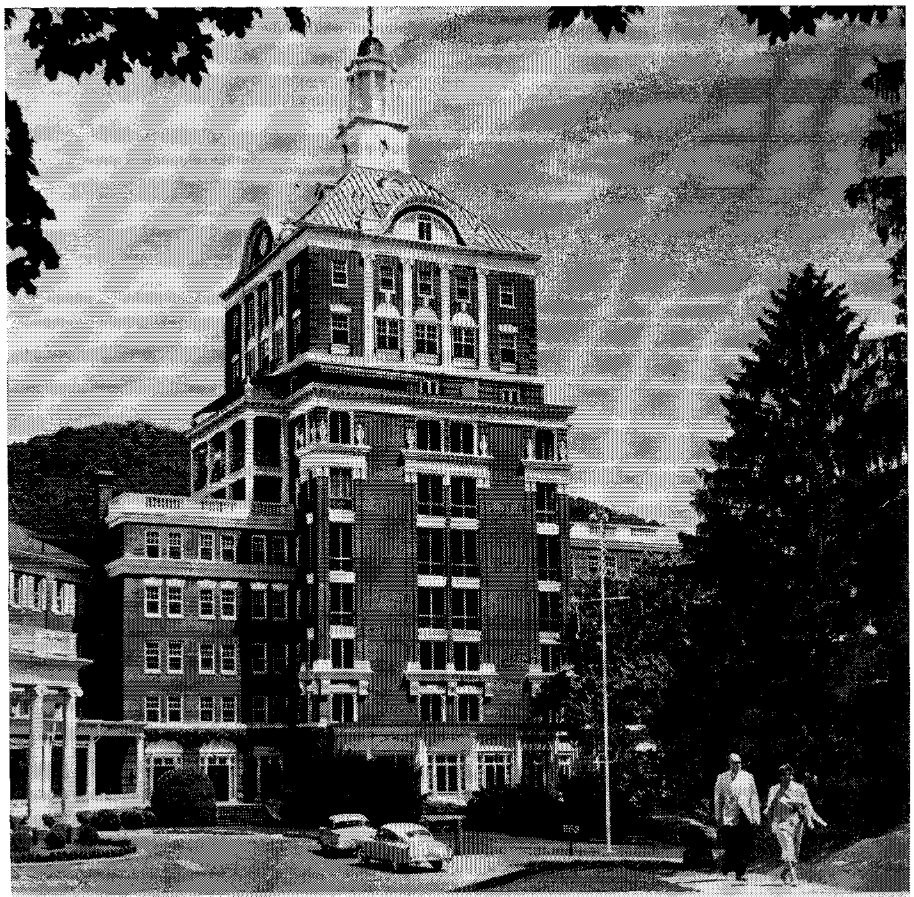
The story under this reported that two detectives had left Police Headquarters at one-thirty that morning looking for a suspect; they were "acting on information given by Joseph Kavenagh, of 229 Madison Street, Hoboken." At the Murray Hill Baths, some cautious person in charge had informed the *World* that Gildensupper (the name was spelled a half dozen ways in the newspapers when the story first broke) had not worked there in three months.

The *World* of Thursday, July 1st, proudly claimed credit for this first revelation of the torso's identity, which it had printed with little display and less conviction. The reason for its original lack of enthusiasm was that on Tuesday night, while Roeder was squiring Kavenagh to the morgue, another identification of the torso had been made, this one seemingly more plausible and circumstantial, and the directors of the *World's* board of strategy had fallen for it. A cabinetmaker named Theodore Cyklam, who, like the already forgotten Mr. Lutz, had injured the index finger of his left hand (an occupational disfigurement, since a cabinetmaker uses it to hold every nail he drives), had disappeared from his home in College Point. (The locale jibed beautifully with the *World's* pet exclusive story about the two men and the wagon on the Greenpoint ferry, which carried traffic to and from College Point.) Louis Zimm, the superintendent of the factory employing Cyklam, and three fellow-workmen had appeared at the morgue and sworn, after looking at the torso and its scarred forefinger, that it was Cyklam, or part of him. It was therefore Cyklam's picture, sketched by a *World* artist "from full and detailed description given to the *World* by Louis Zimm," that appeared on the first page of Wednesday morning's paper, instead of Guldensuppe's, reproduced from the photograph snatched by Ned Brown.

Wednesday morning's *Herald*, although it didn't have the murdered man's name, profited by a quick tip from its man at Mulberry Street to head its main story:

MURDERED BY JEALOUS HUSBAND

"It was reported early this morning that the victim of the murder had been identified . . . and suspicion pointed to a jealous husband," the text below this



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Come and enjoy The Homestead's smooth service, its comfortable accommodations, and the relaxed, refreshing social life which has helped make this America's most distinguished resort and spa.

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stated. "It was said that the man was a shampooer in an uptown Turkish bath house, who has been missing for a few days. This man, it is said, had been living with a baker's wife."

Mrs. Nack's legal spouse, Herman Nack, was, in fact, the driver of a bakery delivery wagon, but he had not particularly resented it when his wife left him, and after the identification of Guldensuppe he considered himself lucky to be all in one piece. He nevertheless enjoyed the eminence of a putative master criminal for at least one day.

MURDER MYSTERY SOLVED
BY THE JOURNAL

an eight-column streamer across the front page of that newspaper bragged on Wednesday, and more headlines dropped away beneath it:

Mrs. Nack Identified;
Her Husband Held
by the Police

MRS. MAX RIGER RECOGNIZES THE
MIDWIFE AS THE WOMAN WHO
BOUGHT THE OILCLOTH IN ASTORIA

Storekeeper Found by Evening
Journal Reporters and
Taken to Police
Headquarters
Where She
Tells Her
Story

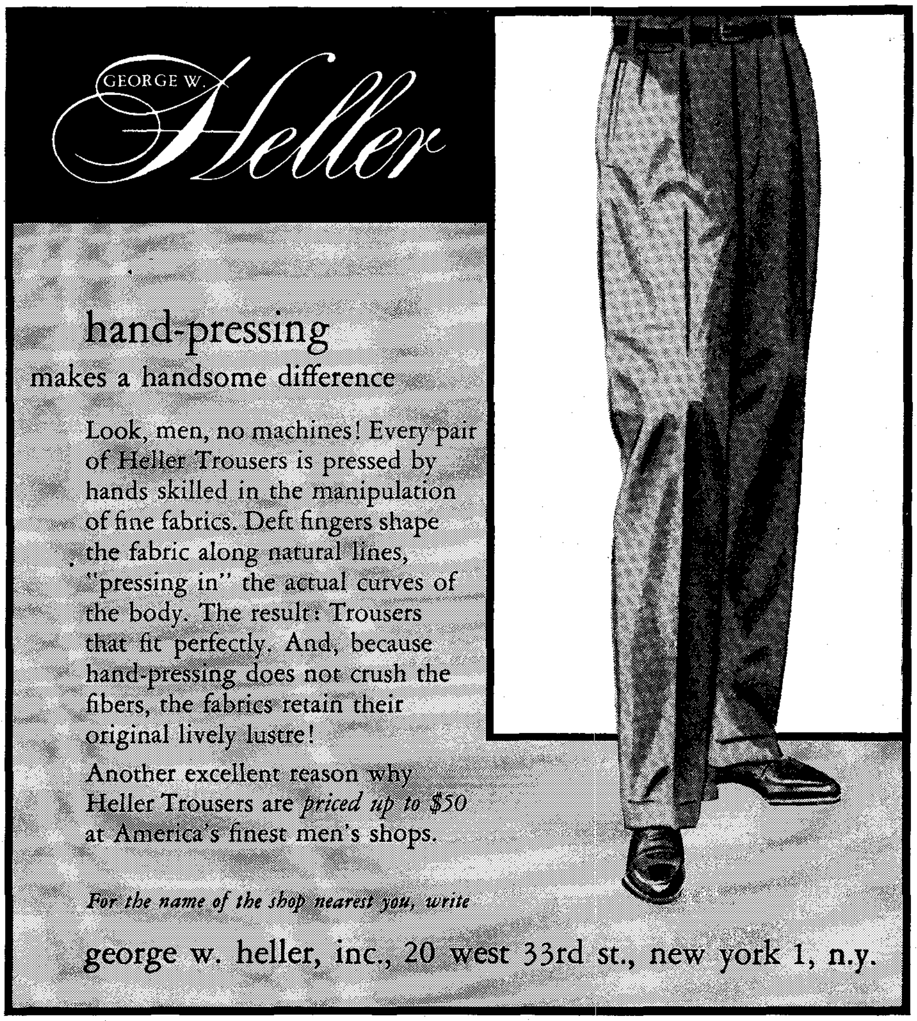
MRS. NACK IS AT ONCE ORDERED
UNDER ARREST BY THE AUTHORITIES WHEN MRS. RIGER'S
STATEMENT IS
COMPLETED

Herman Nack Is Run Down and
Handed Over to the Police
by Two Journal Reporters Who Find Him
on His Bakery
Wagon Near
His Wife's
Home

The *Journal*—by its own account, at least—had unravelled the whole mystery; it had had the body identified by Guldensuppe's colleagues, had interviewed Mrs. Nack and scared the devil out of her, and had put the police wise to the whole solution, all on the previous day, but had refrained from saying anything about it at the time, for reasons it didn't go into. Nearly half of its Wednesday front page was given over to an idealized sketch of Mrs. Nack's head, which made her look rather like Pallas Athena. The caption under it read, with what papers would now consider reckless disregard of the law of libel, "Mrs. Nack, Murderess!"

After tracing the bakery wagon driven by Herman Nack all night, *Journal* reporters overtook it at 11:15 this morning at the corner of Fortieth Street and Ninth Avenue [part of the *Journal* eulogy of the *Journal* ran].

It bore the sign of the Astoria Model



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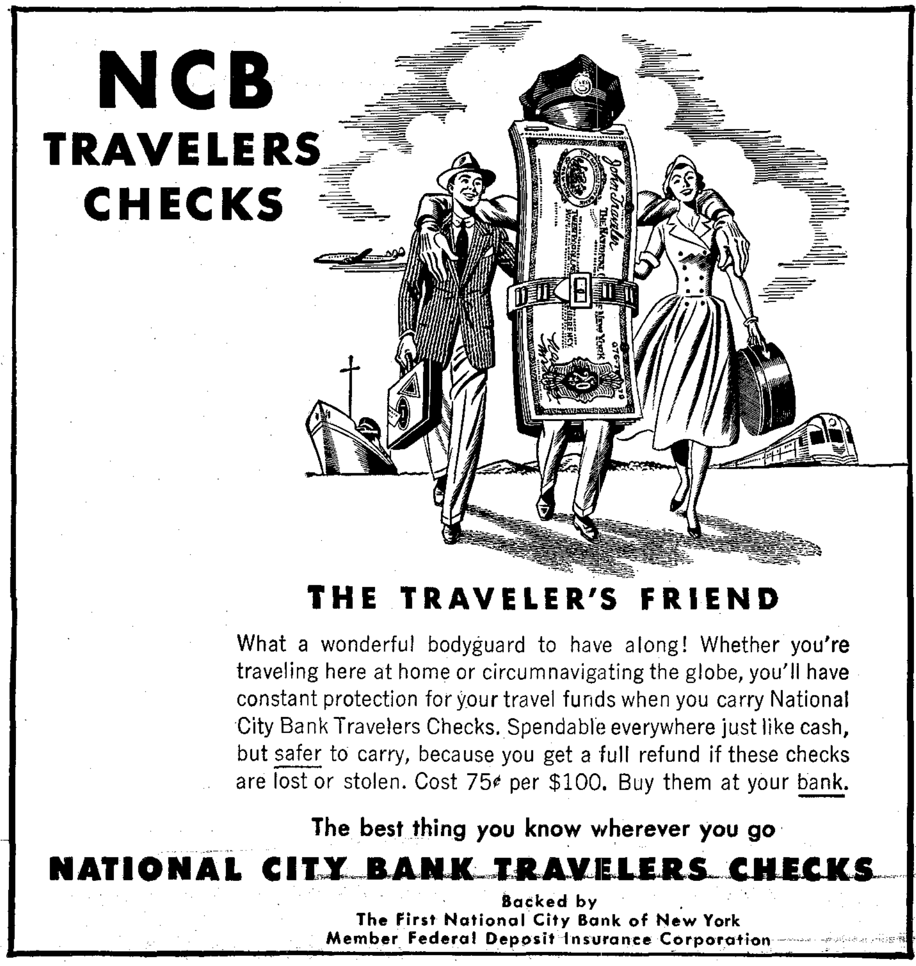

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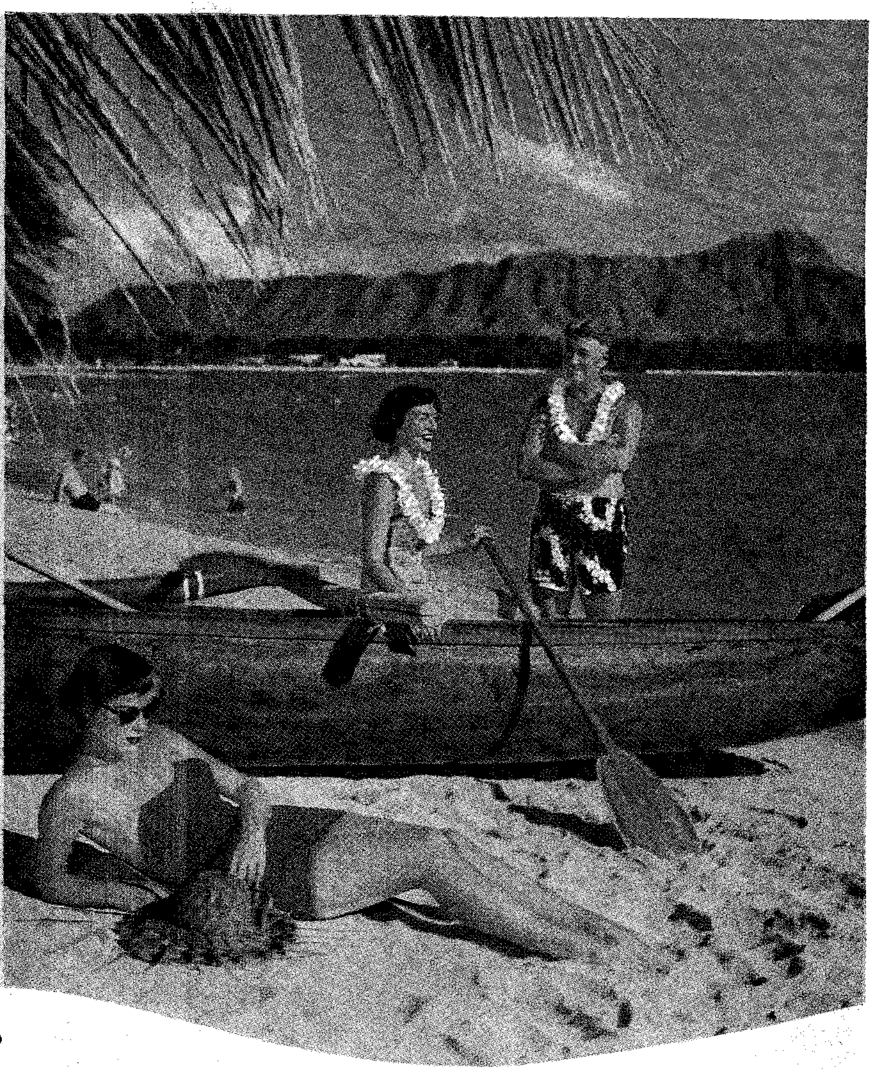
Surely you've dreamed of beachcomber days on coral sands . . . of nights filled with stardust and wistful South Sea melodies . . . of palms beckoning in the fragrant trade winds . . . of hibiscus-colored sunsets . . . of making new friends and finding new happiness in happiness-blest Polynesia.

In Hawaii these are not idle fancies but everyday facts. Add your favorite sports—golf, tennis, deep-sea fishing—and Hawaii's favorites—surfriding and outrigger canoeing. Add a king's ransom in sight-seeing, ranging from Honolulu's Oriental temples to the iridescent views from Nuuanu Pali. And you have a vacation that's a dream come true.



Hawaii works magic in making dreams come true...

Practical Facts — Hawaii is Polynesian in tradition, modern American in living standards, language and currency. No passport necessary. Excellent hotel accommodations at reasonable rates. Restaurants to fit every taste and budget. Travel light. It's always summer and Hawaii's smart shops feature exciting Island-styled fashions and accessories.

Visit All Major Isles — Daily air flights from Honolulu on Oahu to Maui, the Valley Isle—world's largest volcanic crater . . . Kauai, the Garden Island—spectacular canyons and magnificent beaches . . . Hawaii, the Orchid Island—soaring volcanoes and picturesque Kona Coast. There are fine hotels on each of these islands—a complete inter-island tour will add surprisingly little to your vacation's cost. Your Travel Agent will give you full information or write

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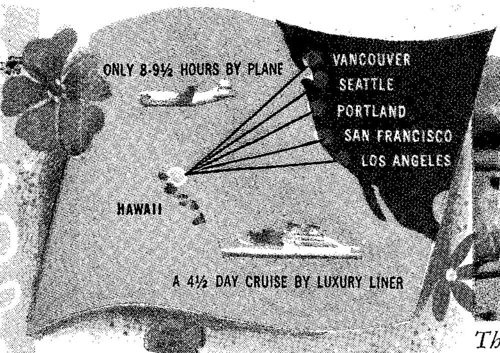

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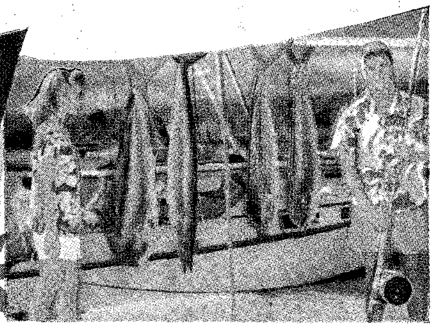
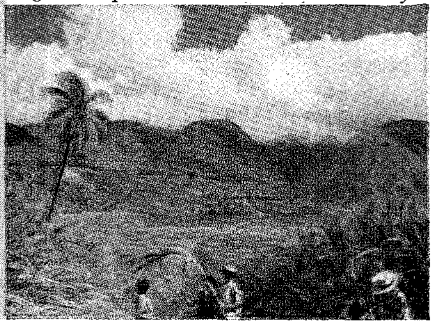
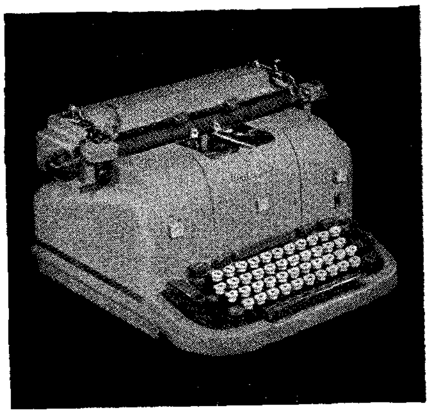


There are plenty more where these came from.



Sugar cane plantations adorn Maui's valleys.

The Beach at Waikiki is made for snapshots.



Here's why we say the *New* Underwood Electric makes both secretary and boss look good: Production goes up 14% to 37% . . . 3 o'clock fatigue is eliminated (electricity does all the work) . . . and every letter is crisp, sharp, distinctive and indicative of *quality!*

Besides, the *New* Underwood Electric looks so good (it comes in a choice of handsome decorator colors) and operates so quietly. That's because of Underwood's exclusive "Cushioned Power" and the new Air-Cushioned Carriage Return.

What's more, ribbon-changing headaches are only a memory—thanks to Underwood's new Rapid Electric Ribbon Rewind. So why not ask your boss for the *New* Underwood Electric . . . *it makes you both look good!*

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...it makes you both look good!

The Empress Josephine Diamond Tiara from Van Cleef & Arpels, Inc.
Miss Patchett's gown and coat by Pierre Balmain
Electric Typewriter by Underwood

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Bakery, owned by Joseph B. Schaps, of Astoria, L.I.

Nack was on the driver's seat. The two *Journal* representatives tried to climb up on the steps of the wagon, but Nack pushed them off.

He then whipped up his horse and dashed through Fortieth Street to Tenth Avenue.

He turned down Tenth Avenue, with the two *Journal* men in close pursuit. They watched for a policeman, but saw none until they reached the corner of Tenth Avenue and Thirty-third Street.

They managed to attract the policeman's attention, and he joined in the pursuit.

The wagon was overtaken in another half block, and then another struggle ensued.

Nack was desperate, and with his whip beat off the two *Journal* men.

He was ghastly white and seemed determined to escape arrest at all hazards. He fought with desperation.

Finally the policeman, who belonged to the West Thirty-seventh Street station squad, climbed up on the opposite side of the wagon and subdued Nack.

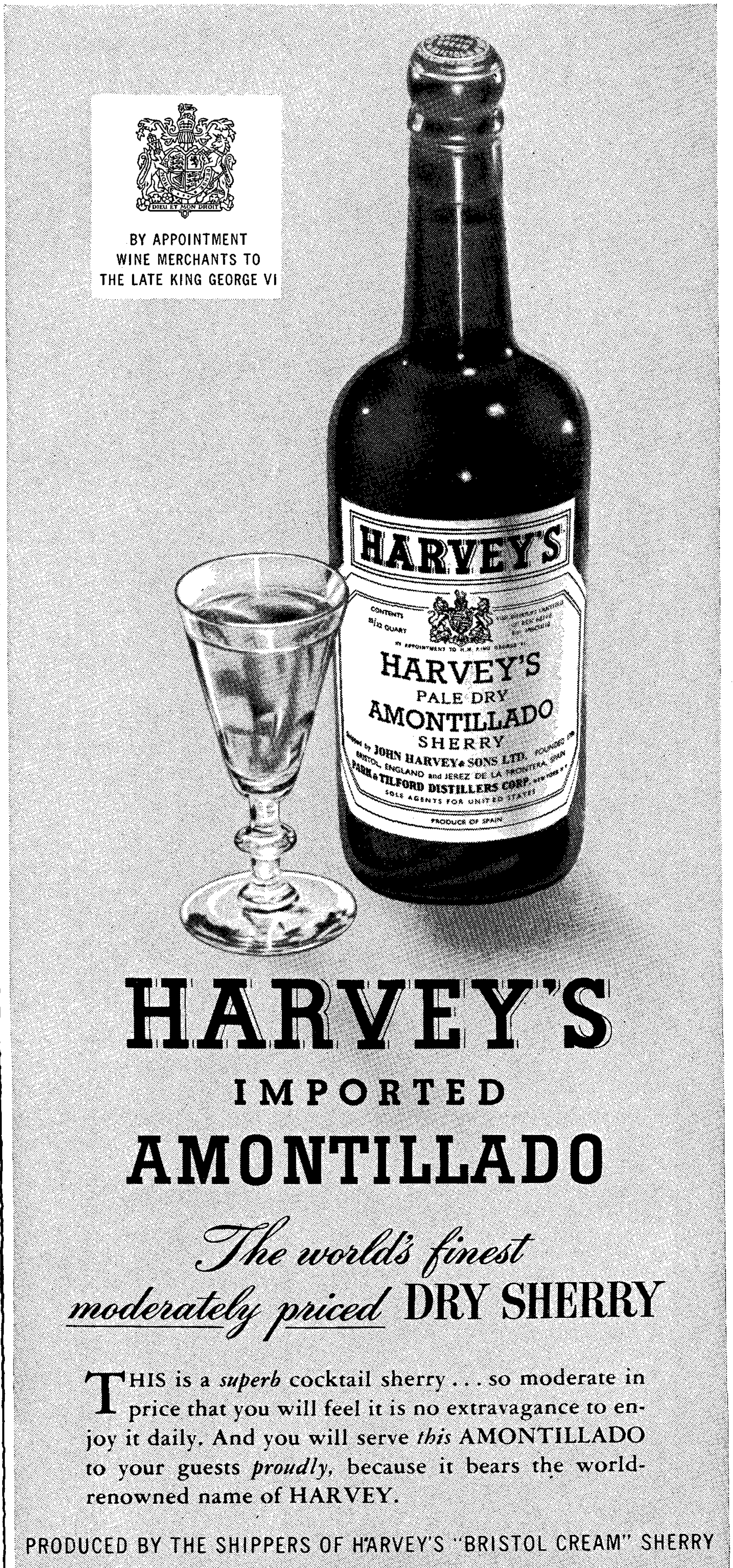
The two men from the *Journal* helped the policeman to overpower the desperate driver, and he was at once taken to the West Thirty-seventh Street station in his wagon.

There he proved to know nothing at all about the murder.

The *Evening World*, chronicling "The Arrest of Supposed Murderer of William Guldensuppe (Nack)," gave all the credit to detectives, and didn't even mention the horsewhipped *Journal* reporters. It published a picture of Mrs. Nack and one of Guldensuppe, which, Ned was delighted to see, it had reproduced from his trophy. It also carried a long, if not entirely veracious, story of Mrs. Nack's love life, obtained by detectives from her and from neighbors of hers on Ninth Avenue. She said that she had quarrelled with Guldensuppe and that he had gone away, but that she did not believe he was dead. She had had telegrams from him on Sunday and Monday, she said. The name of a third man, known familiarly as Fred, crept into the stories of both the *Journal* and the *Evening World*. He was the man who had had the fight with Guldensuppe.

Guldensuppe's legs turned up on the same day, Wednesday, floating into a dock at the Brooklyn Navy Yard. And on the following day a notice appeared on the bulletin board in the *World's* city room announcing an award of $5 to E. G. Brown, for outstanding work on the Guldensuppe murder case.

DURING the next few days, it became clear that Fred, and not the complaisant husband, was the man



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in the case. Fred's real name was Martin Thorn, the police learned, "Thorn" being a Germanization of "Torzewski." Thorn was born in Posen, in German Poland, and was a journeyman barber—a silent, moody kind of man, whom other men shunned and who, like Guldensuppe, lived in part off women; the rubber had been a genial *maquereau*, the barber a sombre one. Guldensuppe had driven Thorn away, but the latter had sneaked back to see Mrs. Nack during the rubber's working hours. Once Mrs. Nack's picture had appeared in the newspapers, a woman in Woodside, Long Island, identified her as the stout woman who, with a male companion, had rented a house from her in what was then a sparsely settled neighborhood. The companion matched the description of Thorn. The house had outside drains, which leaked, and the neighbors' children now recalled that for two days the pipes had run "red water," which ducks had drunk with avidity.

Mrs. Nack was under arrest, but she refused to admit anything. Every policeman and every reporter in town, including Ned Brown, was out looking for Thorn, but nobody turned him up, and there was a report that he had got safely away on a ship to Germany. Actually, he was living in a cheap hotel on money he had obtained by pawning Guldensuppe's watch and clothes. He felt that his revenge on Guldensuppe would be incomplete if he kept it to himself, so within a few days of the identification of the fragments he walked into a barbershop where a man he knew was working, and told him the whole story—swearing him to secrecy, of course. The other barber, a man named Gartha, went home in a cold sweat and told his wife, who went straight to the police. Gartha made a date with Thorn at the corner of 125th Street and Eighth Avenue for nine o'clock on the evening of Tuesday, July 6th. Inspector O'Brien, disguised as a farmer, and about a hundred of his detectives, in various other disguises, kept it—each detective, to judge by subsequent newspaper accounts, trailed by a reporter. Thorn was waiting, and O'Brien arrested him.

The *Sun* of July 8th summarized the story Thorn had told to Gartha more or less as follows: Mrs. Nack had got tired of Guldensuppe (in the *Sun's* version, Gieldsensuppe) and Thorn hated him. It was not long before they decided to get rid of him for keeps, and for that purpose they rented the house in Woodside, because it was a place where

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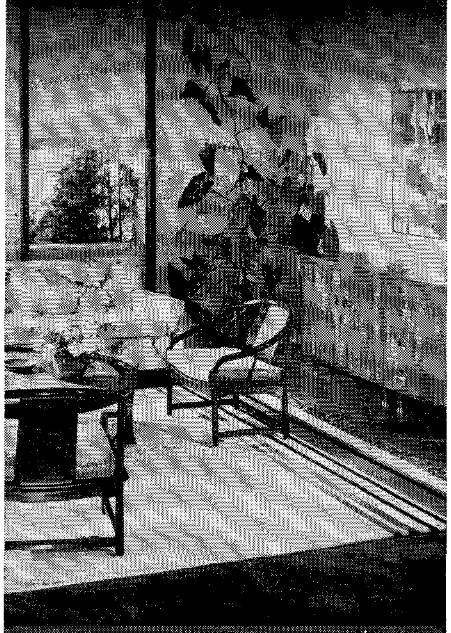

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Marshall Wells, farm editor for WJR, Detroit, sold a tractor a while back.

A farmer came into the sponsor's Lapeer, Michigan, dealership and said, "Let me see one of those big, blue brutes Marshall Wells told me about this morning."

Although the farmer had been interested in other makes, he took Marsh's word and bought a big, blue diesel tractor. One day, while he was working it in a field, one of the competitive tractor salesmen asked if he had bought it.

"Yep, on the one condition," said the farmer, "that it'll do everything Marsh Wells says it will."

"It will," sighed the salesman, and went home.

Even competition can't argue with Marsh Wells.

In a recent survey of listenership in WJR's primary coverage area, Alfred Politz Research, Inc. discovered that 37 percent of all listeners always tune in Marsh for farm market reports. There are 196 other stations dividing the rest into small portions.

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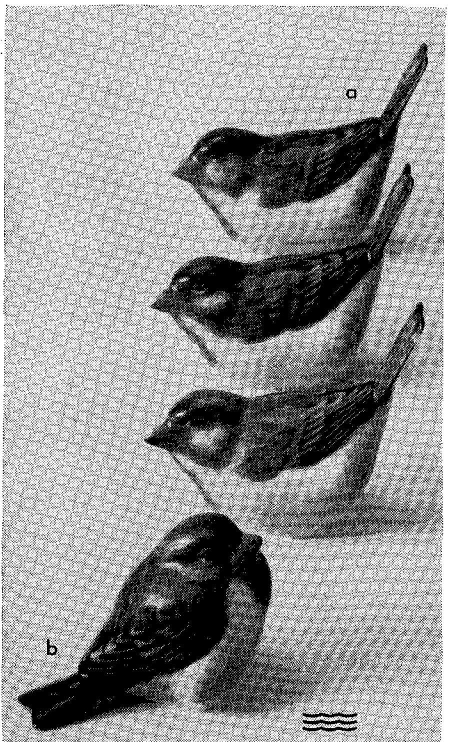
The executive, above, is wearing a charred brown, 3-button, center-vent Trend model . . . with new, tall, trim lines. The imported material, of Australian merino wools, was woven by those peerless specialists of warp and woof in Huddersfield, England. Yes, Gold Trumpeter suits are the choice of men who are specialists in being best-dressed.

HART
SCHAFFNER
& MARX

nobody knew them. Guldensuppe had been after Mrs. Nack to open a house of prostitution, so when the time came to do him in, she told him that there was just as much money in baby farming, and that, moreover, taking care of illegitimate children was a legitimate business. Then she said she knew of a good spot for a baby farm in Woodside, and lured Guldensuppe over there to look at it. It is a safe bet that Mrs. Nack packed a picnic lunch for the excursion.

Thorn was at the house when the couple got there, but Guldensuppe didn't know it. Thorn had bought a new revolver. He had a razor, too, and on the way over to Woodside he had bought a saw. The lovers had also laid in a supply of plaster of Paris, oilcloth, cheesecloth, cord, and other supplies they thought might come in handy. When Mrs. Nack and Guldensuppe arrived at the Woodside house, Thorn was hiding in a closet near the second-floor stair landing. He had taken off, and neatly hung up, his outer garments, because he didn't want to get blood on them, and he was standing in his undershirt and socks. When he heard the gate outside the house click shut—a prearranged signal—he made ready. Mrs. Nack suggested to Guldensuppe that while she went and had a look at the outhouse, he go upstairs and see what he thought of the arrangement of rooms; she was familiar with it already, she said. Guldensuppe went upstairs, and when he looked into a bedroom by the landing, Thorn opened the closet door behind him and shot him in the back of the neck. The rubber fell, almost certainly mortally wounded but still gasping—"snoring" was Thorn's word. Thorn dragged him into the bathroom, put him in the bathtub, and cut his throat with the razor; Ned Brown's deduction that the man in the morgue had been dissected alive was correct. After the butchery, Thorn ran hot water into the bathtub, washing a good deal of blood down the drain and making the puddle for the ducks. Then he encased the head in plaster of Paris, so that it would sink when he threw it in the river, but he failed to do this with the other pieces, an omission he later regretted. He and Mrs. Nack together tied up their neat bundles, lugged them to a trolley line, and took a car to the Long Island slip of the Greenpoint ferry. The head sank beautifully, but when they saw that the parcels containing the legs and the upper torso were floating, they decided to hold on to the one with the lower torso. The day after the mur-



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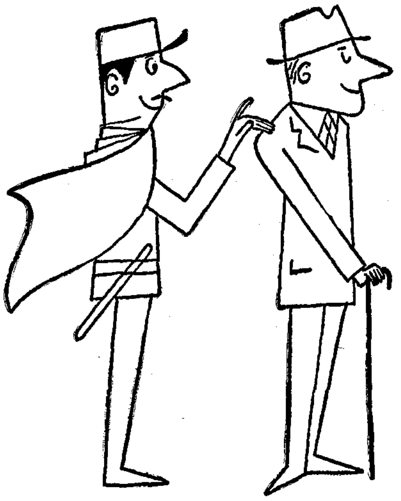

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der, they hired a hack from an undertaker near Mrs. Nack's flat and drove to the Bronx, where they got rid of that bundle. They meant to live happily ever after, in a flat Mrs. Nack had rented at 235 East Twenty-fifth Street, but the excitement over the serialization of Guldensuppe disconcerted them.

Thorn and Mrs. Nack were indicted for murder by a New York County grand jury on July 9th, but the indictment was found faulty, because the crime had been committed in Queens County. They were reindicted there, and in November Thorn was found guilty of murder in the first degree. He appealed, and was granted several stays, but in August, 1898, he was electrocuted in Sing Sing. Mrs. Nack, who had turned state's evidence against him, was permitted to plead guilty to manslaughter in the first degree. In January, 1898, she was sentenced to fifteen years in state's prison, which meant, with good conduct, nine years and seven months. The District Attorney defended this leniency on the ground that without her testimony it might have been difficult to establish a corpus delicti, since Guldensuppe's head had not been found; William F. Howe, of Howe & Hummel, who was Thorn's attorney, was prepared to contend to the last ditch that the pieced-together headless body could have been that of anybody at all. Mr. Howe said that Mrs. Nack reminded him of Lady Macbeth and all the Borgias rolled into one, and that she had hypnotized his client. "Martin Thorn is a young man of candor," he said. "From my first interview with him I found him saturated with chivalry—ready, if necessary, to yield his life as a sacrifice to the Delilah who has placed him in his present position."

Mr. Howe said this on November 11, 1897. By then, the Bellevue Hospital Medical School had been in session for a good month. But Edwin Gerald Brown, better-known as Ned, had not reported for his sophomore year. In fact, he never has. —A. J. LIEBLING

•

Beginning the week of Aug. 7, Sackville Downs will present two harness race meets per week, on Wednesday and Saturday nights, with the possibility of a third night on Mondays if public demand is sufficient and horses are available. and watered for an hour, and then released altogether. When the birds have reached a sufficient altitude, they circle once over the departure point, and fly straight for home. —*Halifax* (*N.S.*) *Mail-Star.*

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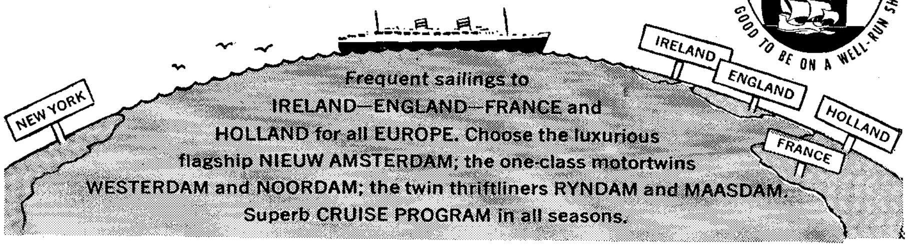

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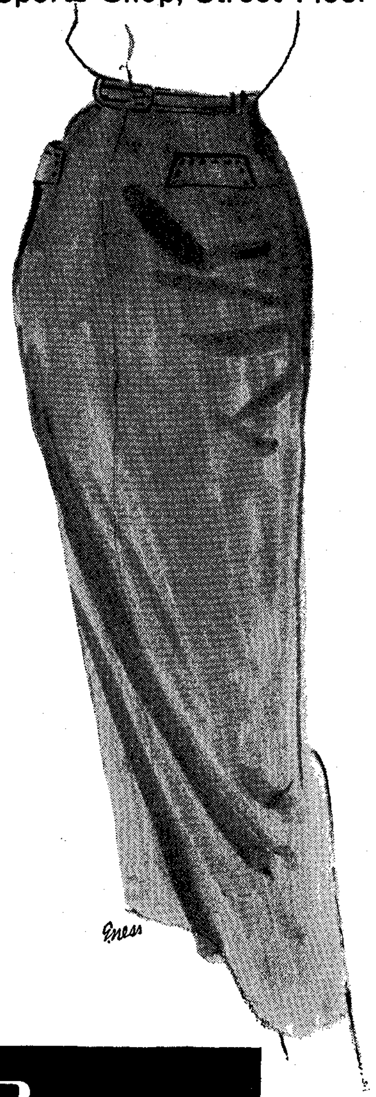

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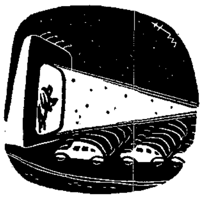
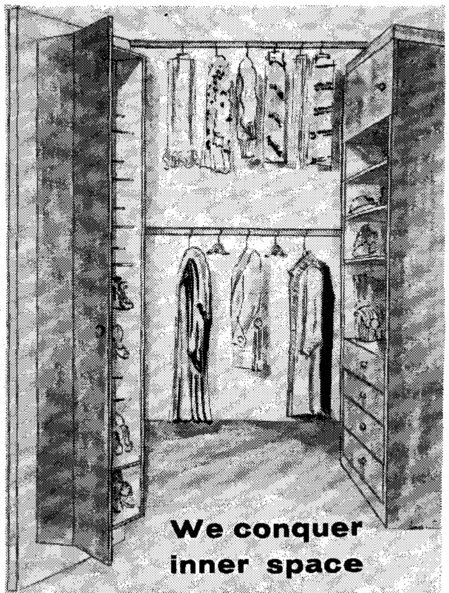


I DON'T very often feel ashamed of myself while watching a movie, but I felt downright embarrassed at my attitude while sitting through the latest Walt Disney True-Life Adventure feature, "The African Lion." Everybody was trying so hard, and I was bored stiff. Lord knows, Mr. Disney was trying hard enough. He had moved his camera crews right out onto the high African plateau that lies in the shadow of Mount Kilimanjaro, and these crews had sat around for years and years with their light meters and lenses, waiting for all the beasts of the plain to come past. Lord knows, the animals tried hard enough. They came past the cameras, and went through their antics, and did what was expected of them. In fact, thousands of animals came past, some of them driven, no doubt, by a deep desire to have their picture taken. (After all these years of African-animal pictures, some of the more clever beasts, like the baboons, are said to hang around airports and docks to pass the word along when a safari of Hollywood voyeurs lands, at which their fellow-beasts spruce up and head out on location.) One would be hard put to it to name an animal that did not check in for "The African Lion": hartebeests, wildebeests, waterbucks, zebras, kudus, gazelles, impalas, elands, lions, wart hogs, giraffes, waterbucks, ostriches, crowned cranes, secretary birds (mostly brunettes), coursers, great bustards, little bustards, plain bustards, rhinoceroses, wild dogs, waterbucks, baboons, lions, elephants, waterbucks, crocodiles, sable antelopes, and et cetera, a vegetarian. I forgot to mention the locusts, who are present in profusion.

The animals are seen performing their customary tasks, which mostly consist of making certain that they obtain three squares daily, and that, if anything happens to be left over, their little ones get their three squares daily. We are also privileged to watch the human emotions of the beasts, such as pity (a baboon sadly contemplates the plight of a big, dumb rhinoceros who has got himself stuck in the mud); laziness (Mother Lion stalks toward the natural supermarket of the plains while Father



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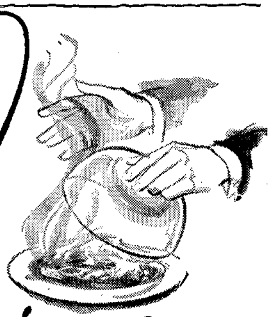

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Operated by The Union News Company Est. 1864

Lion sits around waiting for her to bring home the bacon); and patience (the vultures bide their time). Cunning, of course, is ever-present, especially in the case of the leopard, who climbs a tree and jumps down upon some unsuspecting wildebeests. The cheetahs are on hand, too, running at eighty miles an hour for their lunch. Mr. Disney spares us none of the details of lunch. We see various types of carcasses being ripped to bits and stripped to the bone, and from time to time the film takes on some of the more grisly aspects of an abattoir. All this, I suppose, is nature in the raw, and one should be brave, and realize that we are all animals, and part of the animal kingdom, but I prefer "Marty."

"IT'S ALWAYS FAIR WEATHER," billed as a "fresh, bright comedy," is a hodgepodge of music, dancing, satire (the victim is television, which emerges with a few Band-Aids on its forehead), and what I assume are the deeper canyons of thought out in the celluloid paradise. To take up the deep thought first, three veterans of the Second World War return to the States and head for a Third Avenue bar called Tim's. (There is a man over on Third Avenue called Tim who runs a bar, and he has every right to sue.) They vow that they will meet at the same place ten years later, to the day. Ten years later, to the day, they meet, and in various ways they have been defeated by the twists and turns of life. Like children, they have lost their way, and each one of them is, in a sense, looking for himself rather than for the other two. A theme of this sort now passes for fresh, bright comedy. As for the music, it is routine, except for the torrid and stirring singing of Dolores Gray. The dancing is rather more than routine, since Gene Kelly, Michael Kidd, Cyd Charisse, and Dan Dailey dance and dance, and they know how to dance. I think we had better pass up the satire. Betty Comden and Adolph Green concocted the story, but, like that rhino, they are deeply embedded in the mud—this time of Hollywood—for true satire is something they presumably dare not attempt, lest they lose their jobs. Satire and Hollywood are natural enemies.

—PHILIP HAMBURGER

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LETTERS WE NEVER FINISHED READING

THE JUNIOR HERITAGE CLUB

Now look here, Pop—or Mom—or Mom-&-Pop—look here: You . . .

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Hickey-Freeman
JOHN DAVID
Fifth Avenue, New York

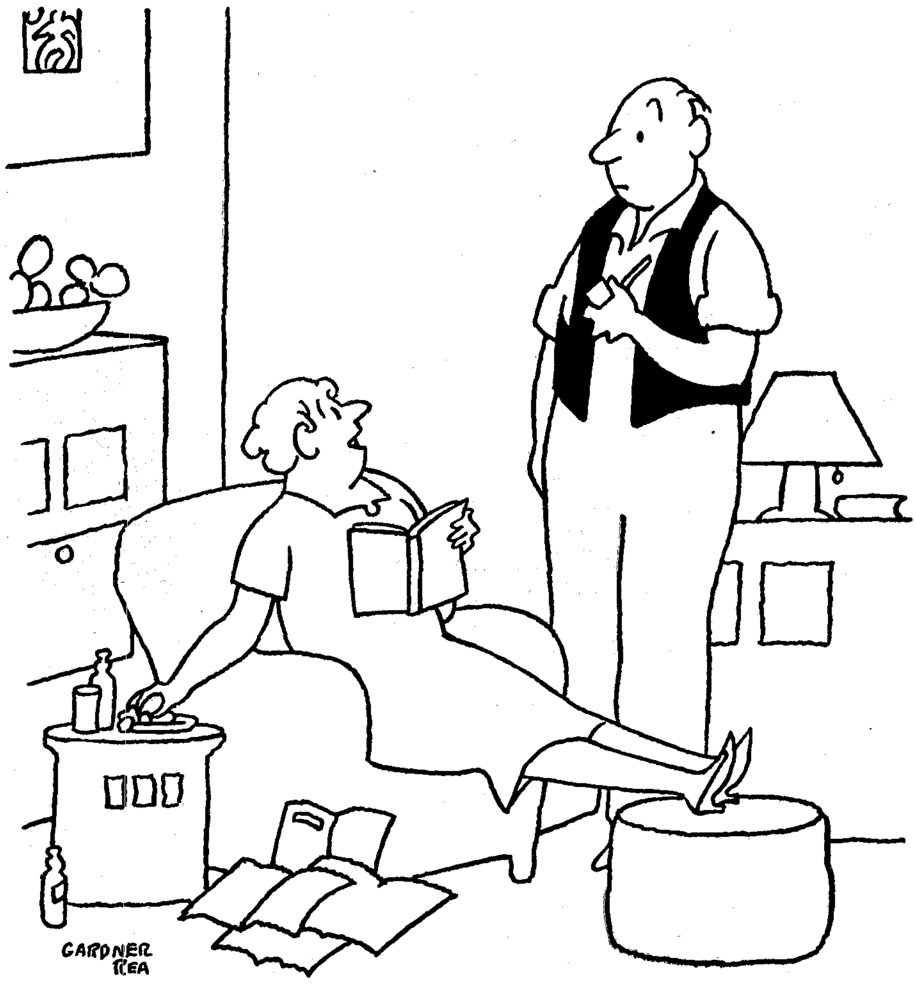
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

LAST week's treatise on the new American ready-to-wear clothes necessarily omitted plenty of beautiful clothes that have since arrived, fashionably late, in the shops. What follows is a cataloguing, as orderly as possible, of these glorious odds and ends.

A prominent contributor of them is Charles James, long known as a designer of miraculous custom clothes but considered by some rather impractical about clothes that can be produced in quantity. There is nothing at all impractical about Saks Fifth Avenue and Lord & Taylor, who have gone all out for his new ready-to-wear collection, or about the smaller establishments, like Rosette Pennington, and Polly's (at 480 Park Avenue), and Norma Gollinger (at 21 East 65th Street), that have also invested in it. It would not be very misleading to call his coats fabulous. Enormously high style is his super-dolman knee-length coat, cocoon-shape through the middle and wrapping bunchily. The vast dolman sleeves end almost at the knees, which gives the wearer an inverted-triangle look when her arms are outstretched. It comes in tapestry wools, satins for evening, all manner of fabrics. Then there's his coat of tan cashmere wool with a "profile" collar (up under the ear at one side and down low on the other), a yoke going out to the tips of the shoulders, and a slight barrel shape through the body. This has a mauve satin lining, by the way, but James can make such oddities look exactly right. In general, however, his coats are perfectly straight down the front. In back, a seam or a buckled band crosses the shoulder blades just under the arms, and below that a deep inverted pleat imparts an outward swing. A ribbon band inside is to be tied beneath the bust to keep this snug, fitted-through-the-shoulders look intact. As in all James's coats, the shoulders are narrow. This sort of coat, in every imaginable wool, and in many variations flattering to largish women, is at the shops I've named; so is his form-fitting chesterfield of rust wool, lined with black satin and ornamented by a triangle of buttons on the stomach. The skirts of his suits are corseted above the waistline and ascend almost to the bosom. A favorite of mine is his little-boy suit, on whose jacket there are three buttons right under the small shawl collar. The jacket is cut away beneath the buttons, and it ends in a backward flip that is quite birdlike. James's dresses, too, are likely to be closely fitted up to the bosom and to have a loose separate top that terminates there, making the figure below seem even slimmer and more undulating. The James grand-manner ball gowns are also now available to the general public, if there is such a thing any more. They are mainly strapless, and the most artful polonaise drapery descends their slim fronts; in back, they are very long-waisted. The zipper that keeps them trim often extends to the coccyx, and over each buttock rises an arch of satin under which cascades of nylon tulle in many a color combination—golden sunset hues, or taupes and grays, and so on—foam up and then trail away to the rear. (Lord & Taylor dotes on this night-time stuff.)

Trigère's approach to formal evening festivity is *gamine* rather than *grande dame*. Two late-arriving costumes in her new "intermission" length (the bottom of the calf) involve magnificent brocaded coats covering deceptively casual sheaths (Bergdorf). One coat, in two shades of silver brocade on a tan silk ground (it looks embossed and quilted), flares over a slinky, bateau-neck sheath of tan wool jersey dotted with crystal teardrops. The other coat is of white-and-yellow satin brocade, with Trigère's modified leg-o'-mutton sleeves and a Chinese mandarin collar; the reverse of the fabric makes the beltless sheath beneath. Bergdorf is also interested in examples of how Galanos accomplishes the informal approach to formal evenings—costumes or dresses that combine chiffon and wool, the most noteworthy being a dance-length dress of dark-green chiffon with a vast circular



"Get your own lunch. You've retired; I've retired, too."

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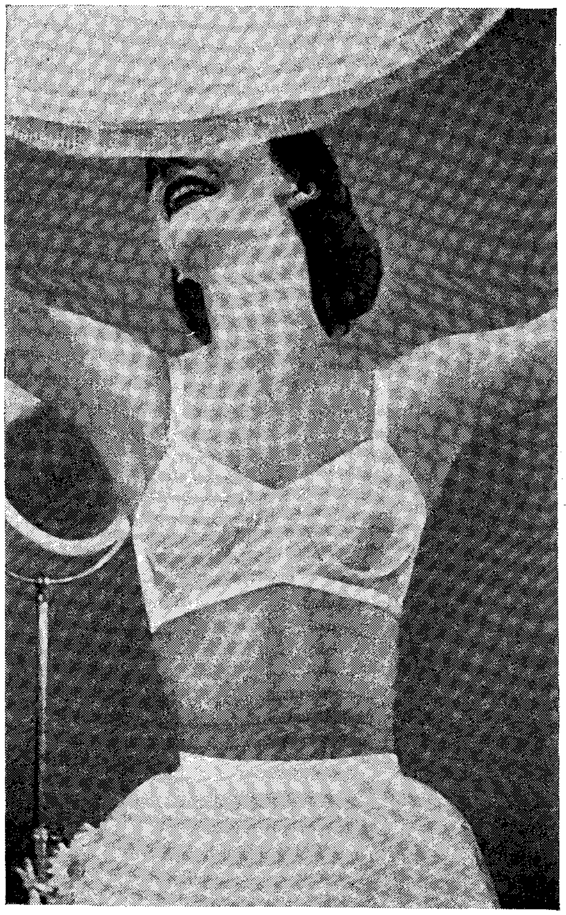

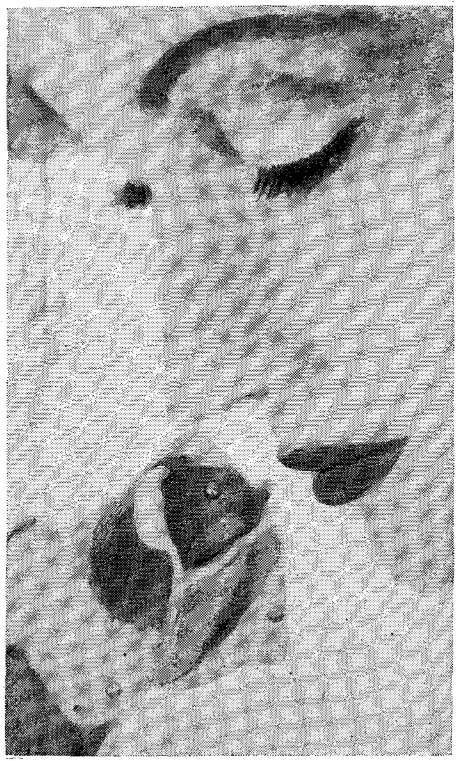

Oriental Pink *and* Plus Oriental Red

Because a lipstick should flatter and dramatize both you and your clothes, I have created a dramatic play of colors inspired by the exotic East—Oriental Pink—(with exciting roseate overtones) and Plus Oriental Red—(with rich, red depths).

Elizabeth Arden's new color for Fall

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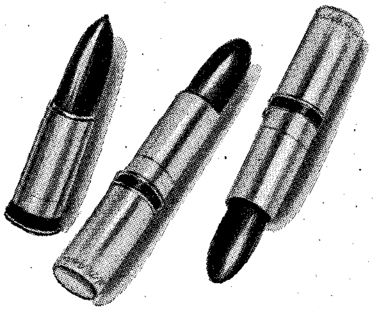


Oriental Pink, Plus Oriental Red Lipsticks, $1.00, $1.50, $2.00. Oriental Pink, Plus Oriental Red Duet Lipsticks, $2.00. Oriental Pink, Plus Oriental Red Jewelled Duet, $3.50. *prices plus tax*

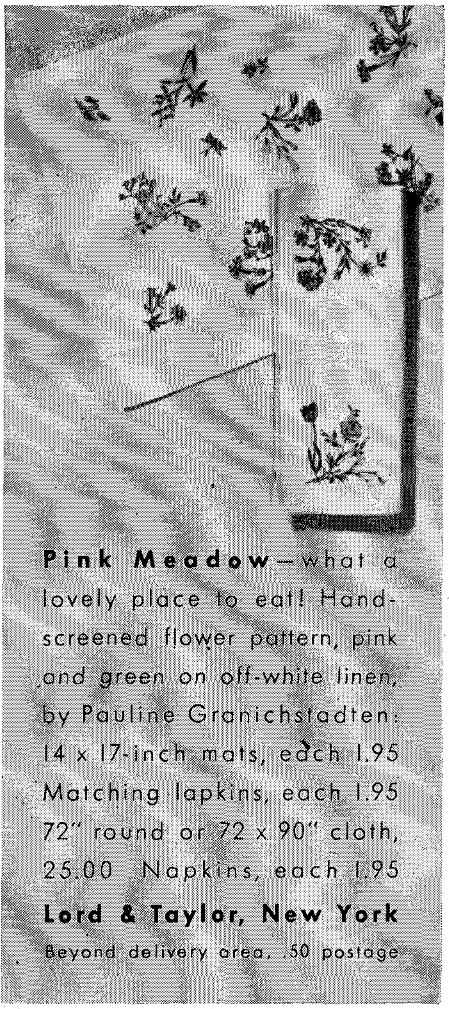
Elizabeth Arden

skirt, topped by a box jacket of dark-green plaid wool that has two tabs across the chest. Better not buy it till your daughter has gone off to college; she'd be likely to pinch the jacket for classroom wear, and it's just too good for *that*.

Irene of California (only at Gunther Jaeckel) has executed some of the longest suit jackets in history. A burgundy wool whose horizontal dark-gray stripes get wider as they descend makes a narrow-skirted suit and a fitted, collarless jacket that is cut in a long, deep V ending at a one-button closing on the stomach; this fastening is the apex of a narrow triangle of buttons that descends to the hem of the below-hip-length jacket. Next, a double Sherlock Holmes cape ripples over a suit, very long and curving, that has a row of buttons going single file up the front and then parting company to outline the revers. The whole ensemble is of black or walnut wool. A suit of oxford-gray wool is equipped with a silk-brocade vest and a wool "jacket," straight in front, that is actually knee-length; in back, two buttons are placed like those on a man's tailcoat, and outward tucks occur below them to carry out the millionaire-clubman illusion.

Howard Greer (Jay Thorpe's very own) is operating under Chinese and Japanese influence this year; contrasting ribbon or braid goes down the sides of many of his straight skirts in a way that manages to make them look slit. (The skirts also do nice things about narrowing the hips.) A typical example of his handiwork is a belted shirtwaist dress of gray wool with chartreuse braid outlining both the turnover collar and the bosom, and then making a stripe down the side of each hip; a more formal version is of black silk crêpe, and the side stripes and the small shawl collar are of fawn satin. Greer likes two-piece effects, particularly in black-and-brown combinations; a dress of coffee silk crêpe is swathed with black taffeta around the hips to suggest a narrow tunic, and more black taffeta drapes around the shoulders to terminate in a big bow at one side.

AMONG the new coats that caught my eye this past week was Trigère's absolutely straight job in one of her marvellous double fabrics; the job I saw at De Pinna was dark-gray brushed wool on one side and dark-gray-and-white tweed on the other. The coat is reversible and, for this tweedy season, an ideal of mine for town and country. Ben Zuckerman's smashing



Pink Meadow—what a lovely place to eat! Hand-screened flower pattern, pink and green on off-white linen, by Pauline Granichstadten:
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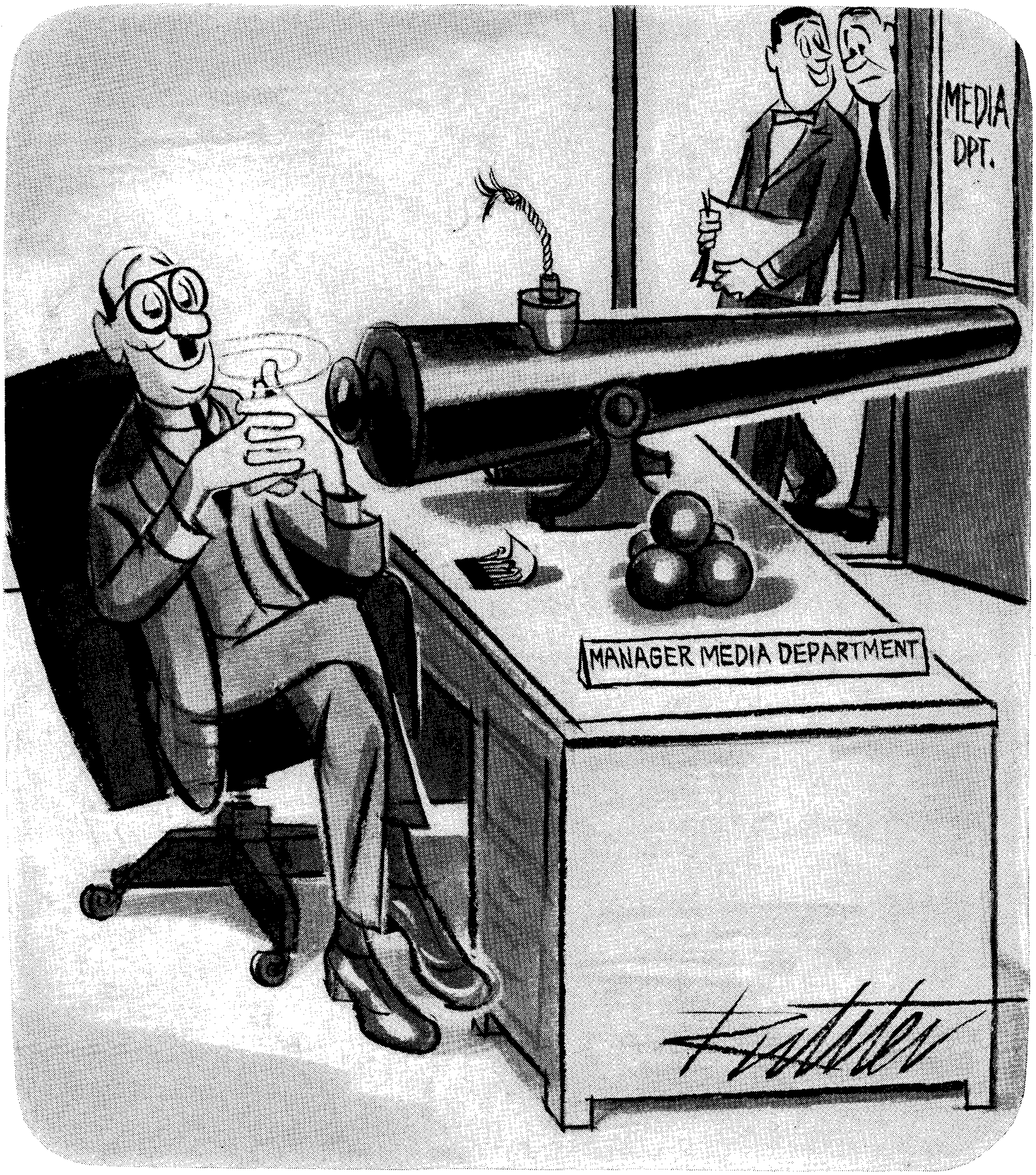

"Oh, he can be a real nice guy, so long as nobody forgets that things have changed in Cincinnati."

BETTER NOT TRUST your own memory too far. Things *have* changed in Cincinnati. *Today*, the CINCINNATI ENQUIRER leads the *daily** field in City Zone Circulation, and in Retail, General, Total Display, Classified and Total Advertising Linage. (Source: A. B. C. and Media Records, latest 6-months' figures.) *There has never been a question, of course, about the *Sunday Enquirer's* leadership.

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pepper-and-salt tweed coat has a huge black-beaver collar and black-beaver pushup cuffs on its dolman sleeves; this one ignores an important new rule by being tremendously circular when it's not casually belted in with a sash tie. Gunther Jaeckel has it. Spectator, a New York coatmaker, contributes some beautiful samples of its output to Jay Thorpe. Among them is a startling coat of tweed in two shades of gray, moderately full but straight-hanging, with big, set-in sleeves and a lining (this is the startler) of pink lapin. Another, of black wool, buttons up to the round neck, and the flaring, pointed stand-up collar is set away from the neckline. There are curved reefer pockets high on the chest, and the silk crêpe lining is half raspberry and half chartreuse. At Jay Thorpe, too, is a coat by Originala, another Manhattan specialist, designed for those logical women who insist on going hatless in winter but complain about the cold. It's of rich red or beige fleece, cut full, with a collar so big that it easily converts into a hood. For those of us who like fitted lines, Jay Thorpe offers Gershel's tweed number with a double-breasted front. Tucks start at the shoulders in back and descend to a belt that's no more than four inches long; from then on, the back is pleated.

Now let's talk about the designers who turn out simple but slick dresses in which elegance is thoroughly in evidence. Such a one is the Countess Alexandra, represented at Bergdorf by a raspberry satin cocktail dress with a double fold like a giant slot seam around the shoulders, tiny self buttons below the little collar, and a gored skirt that flares just enough. Fira Benenson, Lord & Taylor's particular pet, has done dresses of black silk damask, usually with circular skirts, for late afternoon and thereafter. Sophie, of Saks Fifth Avenue, uses a new fabric called Persian wool—a dark-gray ground with a lighter gray shimmering pattern that suggests the fur, or a peacock-blue ground with a pink-gray pattern. It's the basis of one of her trademark dresses with an oval neckline surrounded by inset bands of marquisette; a fitted short jacket completes it. Bergdorf's own Bernard Newman uses a heavily ribbed faille for a princesse theatre dress with an oval neck and really fat short sleeves that end in a ruffle and a bow; Bergdorf is also among those who admire Kunel's way with a shirtwaist dress of formal fabric. A faille that is almost like ottoman makes one that is buttoned down the front to an inverted pleat that gives a panel effect below the waist. This has a pink

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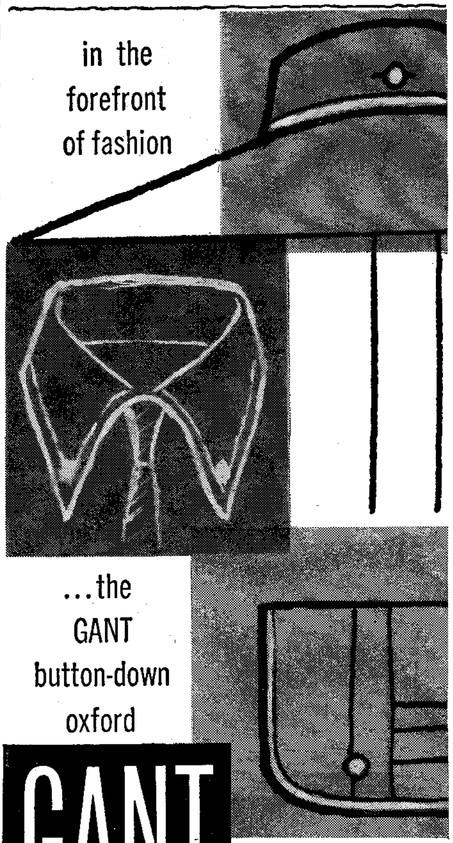

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satin ascot, and jutting pockets accent the hips.

MOST of the high-style clothes I have been absorbed in this week and last are high-style in price as well, but it's not too hard to find high style in lots of the less expensive things (by this I mean under a hundred dollars) around town. A newcomer in this field—to me, anyway—is Edward Abbott of California, with his version of the tiered, narrow, day-length mode for evening. It is made entirely of red, white, or black narrow fringe—two tiers around the strapless top, a little interference from a satin cummerbund, then ten tiers of fringe to serve as the skirt (Saks Fifth Avenue). Carnegie's Blue Room is fond of his gold brocade princesse dance dress with a shallow V décolletage, short sleeves, and a circular skirt, and his cocktail dress with a long-sleeved mat jersey top, the front plunging in a narrow V to a tobacco taffeta cummerbund. A black taffeta skirt swirls full below this. Jobère is another newcomer. His contribution to Bendel's happiness is a red broadcloth sheath dress with a camisole neck and tucks spraying out on the ribs to relieve its straightness. Bendel also has Talmack's black broadcloth princesse day dress with push-up sleeves and a prim band collar; the bodice of the dress is draped up and over this collar on one side. The veteran Harvey Berin can always be counted on; a dance dress of his that is all over is of white-wine-colored velvet, with short sleeves and a deep cowl collar filled in in front by matching satin (Carnegie's Blue Room). Its high, crossed belt has an Empire effect. Bergdorf is only one admirer of his black velvet princesse dress with a deep U neck piped with white silk linen, and black buttons and black braid all down the front. Nantucket Naturals made up a dress especially for Carnegie's Blue Room a year ago—perfectly straight, with a round neck and double collars, the second one split in front to show your pearls. Everybody loved it in jersey, so it was done next in linen; this time, there's a version in red, black, or navy velveteen or in gray, rust, or brown tweed jersey with three-quarter sleeves. Either is $40. The uniform for many of Rosette Pennington's customers is made by Nadler of California. (I just remembered that this one is ten bucks over my hundred-dollar limit.) A little band collar surrounds the neck, and there is horseshoe band detail below it in back; cuffed three-quarter sleeves adorn the tight bodice and—though this

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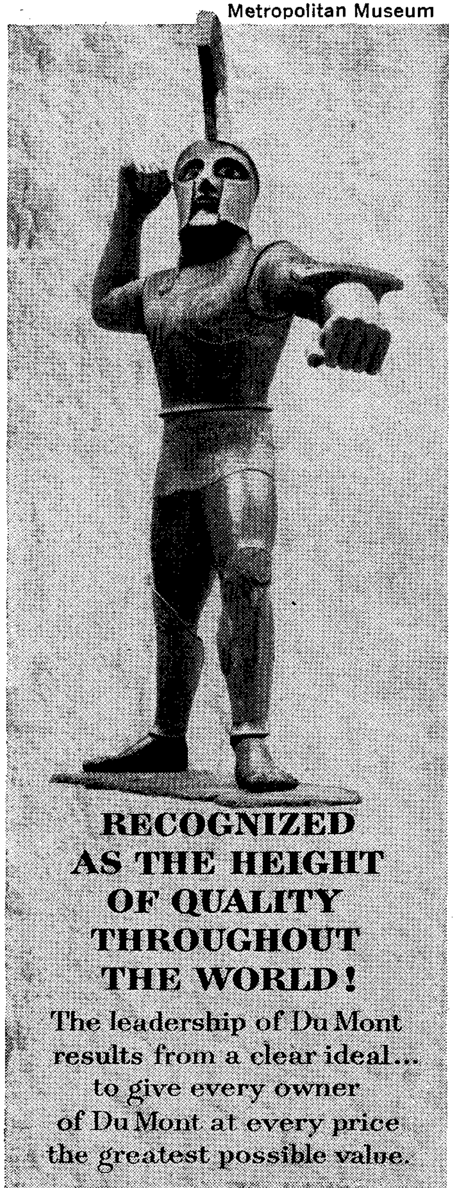
Etruscan Warrior—
Metropolitan Museum



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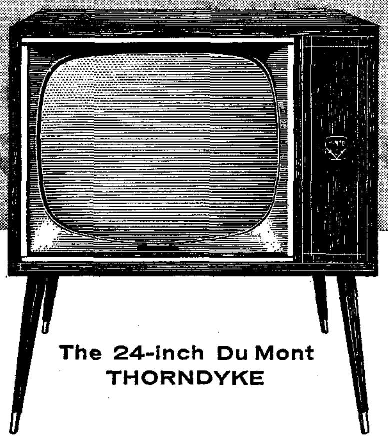

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is supposed to be the Sheath Age—a hugely circular skirt swings smoothly from the waist. They call it their Wedding Ring dress; it comes in a choice of thirty colors of wool, in doeskin flannel, or in checked wool. —Lois Long

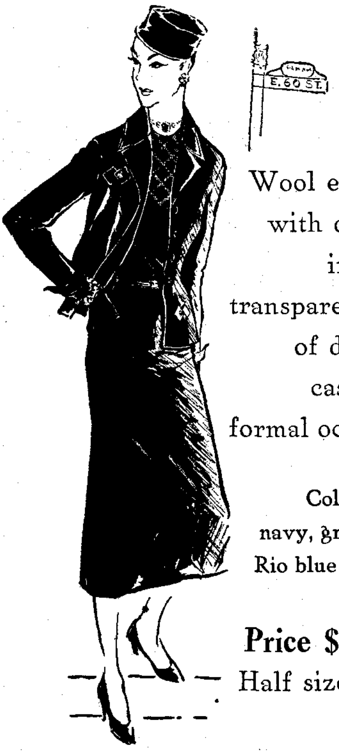
ABOUT THE HOUSE

The Machine Age

A SHORT time ago, I discussed in these columns a few samples of the season's crop of hand-screened wallpapers, most of which were exceedingly handsome, and a number of which, after the manner of hand-screened things, cost a lot of money. In this week's session, I propose to report on some of the new *machine*-printed papers, which, though they may belong to a lesser league, are distinguished not only by reasonable prices but by enchanting designs and, in some cases, such fine workmanship that I would have been hard put to it to tell them from hand-printed papers without consulting the price tags. Of course, I don't pretend to be an expert in such matters, but I'm inclined to suspect that plenty of people who have made a belief in the invariable superiority of silk screening practically an article of faith would be in the same fix without the same help.

Jones & Erwin, 15 East 57th Street, a firm that has long been known for the technical excellence of its machine prints, can also be depended on to come up each season with a small collection of interesting designs that haven't already been designed too often for their own good. Customers can be comfortably sure that here, at least, they will be protected from butterflies when butterflies are fluttering over half the papered walls in the country, and that there will be no obelisks in the bumper obelisk years and no balloons at a time when balloons are overpoweringly the thing. Not that the Jones & Erwin designers don't dig into the past for many of their decorative effects, but they do dig veins that haven't been all but worked out, and this time they have produced some very lively and refreshing patterns. There is, for instance, a paper with a design taken from a fragment of floral embroidery in the Boston Museum dating back to Queen Anne's day, which shows widely separated single flowers—amaryllis, tiger lilies, and so on—obviously copied from incredibly fine needlework rather than from life; this is $4.25 a roll. Another design of this period, at $4.50 a roll, is an adaptation of a crewelwork hunting scene that once formed

SUITED FOR FALL



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an unlikely decoration on a woman's petticoat. Dogs, hunters, game, and various paraphernalia of the chase are combined with flowers and glimpses of bosky dells to make as charming an embellishment for a wall—or for a petticoat—as anyone could hope to find. Then, at $3.50 a roll, there is a collection of strange birds and beasts that are actually made up of extravagant flourishes of penmanship. This one was lifted from a seventeenth-century manual on calligraphy, and it comes with black, turquoise, gilt, or red fauna on a white ground, as well as in white on polished black or Wedgwood blue. There are half a dozen other papers in the same price range, among them an allover pattern of many-colored flowers on a dark-slate ground, against which they show up most effectively. The really outstanding achievement of the collection, however, is a scenic paper copied from an eighteenth-century Chinese mural, and here the limitations of the machine press have been overcome with extraordinary ingenuity and taste. A miniature painting of the original on view at Jones & Erwin shows a bamboo-lattice railing dripping with clusters of wisteria, and, every yard or so along the railing, gnarled trunks of wisteria rising up into a riotous profusion of purple flowers to form a continuous crown, or cornice. Ordinary machine printing of a design of this sort would, of course, result in a paper that could be used only on walls of just the right height, but the Jones & Erwin artists have got around this difficulty by printing the lattice, with its flower clusters, as a dado, in units twenty-three inches high and thirty inches long, at $3 each; printing the wisteria trunks on ordinary single rolls, at $7.50 each (triple-length rolls of gray, white, soft-blue, or beige background paper, to be alternated with these, are $15); and printing the beautiful crown border of wisteria, which appears to be twisted around a horizontal bamboo rod, on fourteen-by-thirty-inch sheets, at $2.50 each. As grace notes, a dozen or so little brilliant-colored birds—birds in cages, birds flying, birds at rest, and all with a distinctly Chippendale look—are furnished on a separate sheet, at $5, to be cut out and pasted on. They can be made to perch on the lattice dado, or dart from vine trunk to vine trunk, or hang in cages from the wisteria border, or disport themselves in any number of other ways.

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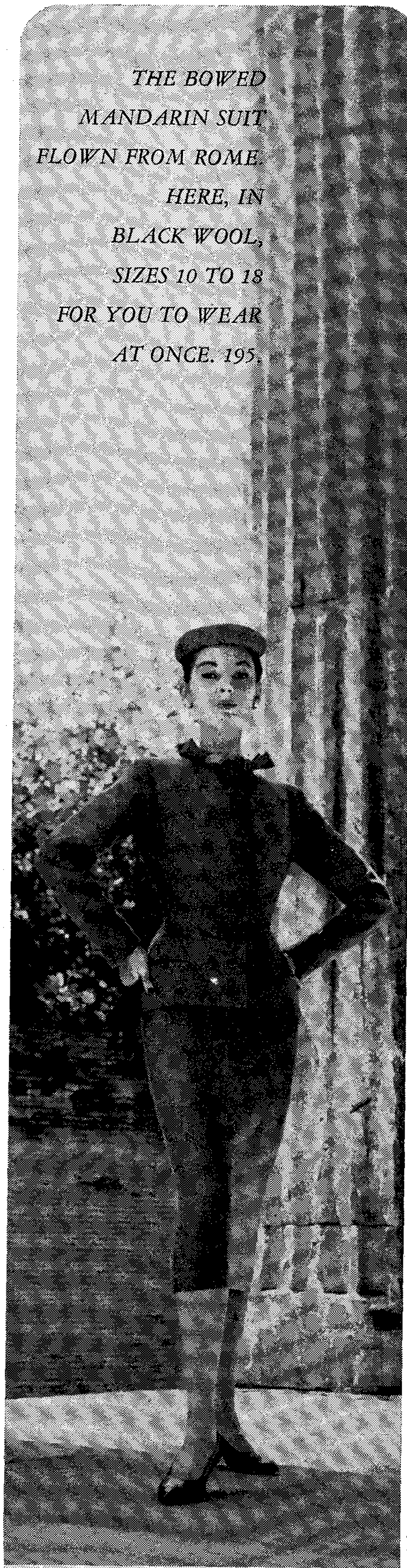

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nue (57th), consists of twenty-seven designs, each of them creating its own special decorative effect. The patterns are both charming and excellently printed, and cost only $2.40 a roll, and after you've seen the collection, you'll probably share my suspicion that it sets some sort of record in the more modest reaches of applied art. One paper that should have great success wherever a small and fairly inconspicuous pattern is indicated is an allover design of tiny horses, copied from an old Japanese print in entrancing color combinations—crimson on geranium, charcoal on cocoa, and dark gray on pale gray, to name only three. A design called "Glass Plates" proves upon close examination to be, sure enough, just that—an arrangement of mid-nineteenth-century Sandwich glass—but the general effect is of a more stylized elegance than the description would suggest. It is shown in a variety of color combinations, of which silver on pale gray is particularly pleasing. Another design consists of a group of large Venetian-glass sea shells; the colors are pale, and the paper has an almost luminous quality. Among the less formal papers are a homy arrangement of kitchen herbs in pots; an exquisite pattern of pinkish-mauve cornflowers on a pale-blue background (lovely for a sunny bedroom); and a study of wind-blown grasses that conveys a curious impression of serenity and movement at the same time. If you have a taste for those remarkable photographic interpretations of real materials (K. & W.'s "Brick Wall" of a few years ago set the vogue for such tours de force), you will almost certainly be delighted by the firm's "Weathered Wood," a wonderfully accurate reproduction of old weather-beaten boards. I should think that this one would put an end to the need for any more reproductions along the same line, or at any rate to the need for spending good money on genuine weathered wood. Like several of the other papers, it comes plastic-coated as well as plain, and, like all the others, it is to be had at W. & J. Sloane, at Bloomingdale, and, through decorators, at the Katzenbach & Warren showroom.

SCHUMACHER, at 60 West 40th Street, is displaying an engaging new group of machine-printed wallpapers taken from patterns exhibited in the Henry Ford Museum, at Dearborn, and I can't help feeling that they may put something of a crimp in the popularity of the Colonial documentaries that

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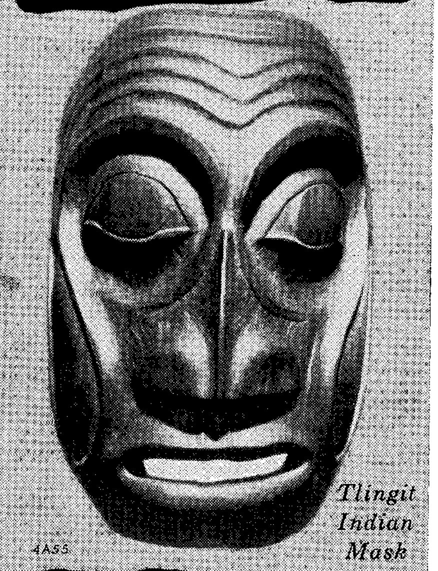

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have long been held in solemn reverence by suburban traditionalists. Though it may be merely that I have seen too many of those self-consciously antiquarian Colonial designs, the Dearborn patterns, which are also documentaries, but quite dissimilar, seem to me to have a good deal more freshness and charm. For one thing, they date from a later and cozier period, and, for another, while none of them are notably elegant, they have an endearing quality that isn't too determinedly quaint. A design that Schumacher calls "Montmorenci" is adapted from an early-nineteenth-century paper; this one has a floral pattern of something that might be identified as pale-blue clematis interspersed with large blue roses. It is a pretty, slightly countrified bedroom pattern that one could conceivably go to bed with and wake up with very comfortably for the rest of one's life. It costs $3.25 a roll. "Waterford," a somewhat more formal design, is taken from a wallpaper the Museum has reason to believe was made around 1829; it costs $3 a roll, and in perhaps its most captivating color combination it has brick-red conventional flowers set in triangles of lacy white on a beige ground. "Highland Park," which also costs $3 a roll, is a reproduction of a paper found in the Wayside Inn at Sudbury, Massachusetts, another of the late Henry Ford's restoration enterprises; this paper dates from the middle of the nineteenth century. With large conventional snowflakes framed in sunbursts and done in extremely good tone-on-tone colors, it has, from a distance, something of the appearance of flock paper. The collection is rounded out—I daresay there was no help for it—with a couple of those very small-patterned papers, fragments of which the ladies of the early eighteen-hundreds seem to have used so frequently as linings for hatboxes and cupboards, where they probably made a braver show than they do on modern walls.

REPRODUCTIONS of William Morris wallpapers have been with us for quite a while, but some English ones at W. H. S. Lloyd, 16 East 52nd Street, are such good examples of machine printing that I can't resist bringing them into this roundup. The collection doesn't include the handsomest of the Morris papers, which, by the way, are far superior to anything else we have inherited from the Pre-Raphaelite movement, but the ones it does include have a solid and unerring feeling for good design, and in spite of their muted

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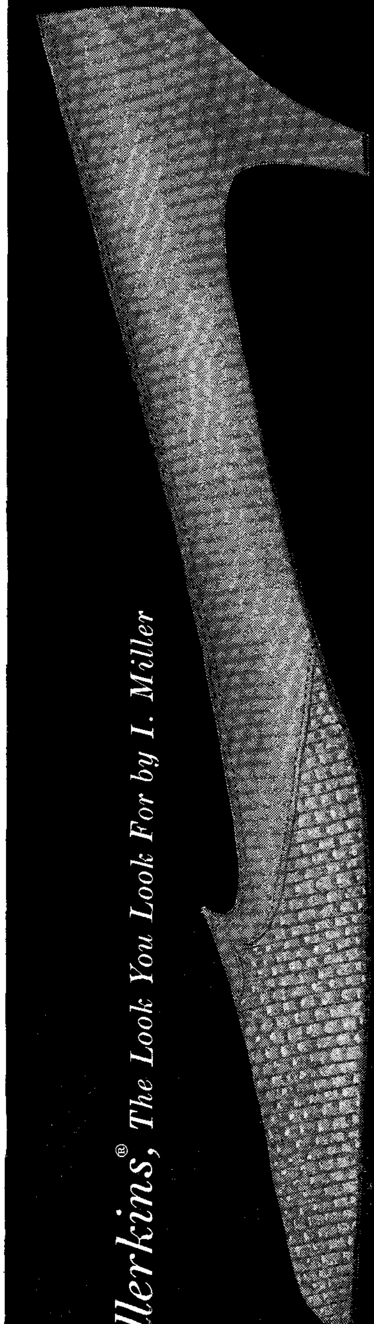

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"art" colors, they blend very happily with today's interiors. A typical Pre-Raphaelite arrangement of stylized flowers done in soft blue on a background of little sage-green squiggles costs $3.05 a roll; a paper that shows a tumult of tulips, hyacinths, and other springtime flowers in pinks and grays is also $3.05; and a quite splendid design of tawny reedbirds against a background of brownish bamboo branches (this would make a very fine setting for Chinese-inspired furnishings, antique or modern) is $5.10.

OVER the past decade, Scandinavian furniture design has come such a long way from its early, frigid beginnings that one is perhaps inclined to overlook some of the pioneers of the modern style, who, while they accomplished some very important work at the start, may seem to have failed to keep abreast of our changing tastes and interests. If Bruno Mathsson has so failed, one can't be entirely sure it isn't our tastes and interests that have taken a wrong turning somewhere. At least, that is the way I have felt since paying a visit to Bruno Mathsson Furniture, a new shop, at 20 East 58th Street, that is dedicated exclusively to the work of this Swedish designer. Undeniably, much of Mathsson's work is cold, but it is also characterized by such uncompromising purity of line and such real—as opposed to bogus—simplicity that it can hardly fail to exercise a subtle attraction. And in any case it appears that Mr. Mathsson *has* thawed sufficiently to make increasingly frequent use of dark, rich woods in combination with the inevitable pale beech and birch, and has thus achieved a somewhat warmer effect than I remember from previous showings of his work. There is another new and desirable departure, too; hand-woven Swedish upholstery material can now be substituted for the rather stark webbing with which the Mathsson chairs have been associated. For example, a small settee, sixty-two inches long, which you may have seen and not been particularly struck by, is given an altogether new decorative life when it is upholstered in any of several appealing light-colored fabrics; this adds about $50 to its price, which is $165 in the webbed state.

The collection includes several quite successful tables, of various shapes, heights, and sizes; one of them has a forty-nine-inch circular top of teak, walnut, elm, or mahogany, set on tapered legs above light and airy X-shaped stretchers. Not only is the table

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available in practically any height but either a square or a rectangular top can be substituted if it is wanted, and any of these tops can also be had in white Formica banded with wood in a contrasting color. The price is around $250. Since this design is especially good in a dining table, you may be dismayed to find that no chairs have been provided to draw up to it—or, for that matter, to any of the other dining tables on hand. Apparently, Mr. M.'s view is that what you sit on at table is *your* problem. This lack of chairs becomes especially exasperating when one contemplates a greatly improved extension table in the group. At the time it was first shown in town, several years ago, it just missed being one of the world's most useful tables because of a top that was slightly too narrow for comfortable table setting. In its new version, eight inches have been added to its width, for a total of forty-three and a half inches, and since it is twenty-eight and a half inches high and, when opened up to its full length, a hundred and ten and a half inches long, it *is* one of the world's most useful tables, as well as one of the handsomest pieces of its type that you are likely to come across. It has a walnut, teak, mahogany, birch, ash, elm, or oak top set on natural birch legs, and by means of a sort of compound gate-leg construction it can be folded up until it is no more than nine inches across. From that compressed state, which is convenient for placing against a wall, it can be extended to accommodate from three to fourteen people. The price is $295 in walnut, teak, or mahogany, and $280 in the other woods, and six weeks are required for delivery. (This is true of all the samples shown.) I had better add that the Mathsson shop sells only through decorators and architects.

—S. H.

•

Supt. Dan Shafer has announced that the position of basketball coach at Rensselaer High School is wide open for applicants and that applications are now being accepted. It is expected that there will be many applicants for the ludicrous job as soon as the news gets around that the job is open.—*Rensselaer (Ind.) Jasper County News.*

Just give the news, please.

•

When in 1833 Edgar Allan Poe won a short-story competition with *A MS. Found in a Bottle* he was not thinking of Bireley's Orange Drink, then unborn.—*Adv. in Printers Ink.*

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THE CAT OF MY AUNT

WHEN my twelve-year-old daughter was abruptly transferred in mid-term from a city school to a boarding school in Connecticut, she spent a frenzied few weeks trying to catch up with her new classmates, particularly in the French course, which was altogether new to her. My wife and I tried to help her, and each weekend when she was back with us, we filled the house with French, even lecturing her Siberian dog, Suzy, in the language of Voltaire. It was during this intense period that we scraped the bottom of *la langue française* one Sunday afternoon. I had gone out on some small errand and returned only a few minutes later, but my wife, evidently hard put to it to find anything new and interesting to say in French, rushed excitedly to greet me at the door with "*C'est mon mari!*" My daughter, evidently equally desperate, cried out dramatically, "*C'est mon bon père!*" And I, at a very low ebb myself, chimed in with "*Non! C'est le chat de ma tante!*" As these long-forgotten words popped out of my mouth, I was instantly transported three thousand miles and thirty years back to the apartment of my French teacher, Mlle. Lanaud, and her mother, in the Ile St.-Louis quarter of Paris, where I had had my own first struggles with French.

I was one of the thousands of young Americans who made France their second home soon after the First World War. The name of Mlle. Lanaud had been given me by a friend who had done war work in Paris and had taken lessons from her. When I looked her up, she was no longer teaching, but she agreed, after some hesitation, to instruct me.

Mlle. Lanaud was then over fifty years old, small and slender, with finely chiselled features, dark eyebrows, and a sprinkling of gray hair. Very Second Empire in appearance, she always wore a lavender blouse and used pencils with lavender lead. She lived in the old building, on the Quai d'Anjou, in which she was born. Her apartment was full of ancient furniture, and of pots of flowers that gave it a young, fresh air in spite of its antiquity. Her mother, who was close to eighty, was even smaller than she. The two women spoke fluently an English that they had learned long before, during a stay with French people in Yorkshire. They rarely left the apartment, all their shopping for food and other necessities being done for them by an ancient *bonne*. France—*la vieille France*, as they always called it—seemed to have ended for them with the war, in which Mlle. Lanaud's two brothers had been killed, and they would have no truck with modern Paris.

Why Mlle. Lanaud consented and continued to teach me is still a mystery to me, for I enthusiastically brought into their home everyday things from which they shrank in horror—news of the night life of Montmartre and Montparnasse, tales of brawls on the Boulevards Clichy and Sébastopol, accounts of capers in cellar cabarets, a spirited report of a lively row I had witnessed as a visitor to the Chamber of Deputies, stories of the rise of painters such as Picasso and Matisse, who to them were no better than assassins of culture and elegance. True, I frequently brought the two women little gifts of flowers, bonbons, or pastries, and was liberal with compliments, and perhaps the attention was flattering. It may have been amusing to them, too, to observe a young American, complete with cane and swagger, trying to be a *boulevardier* in the French tradition.

On the other hand, I am equally mystified by why *I* went on taking lessons from Mlle. Lanaud, for it seemed to me that she did everything she could to frustrate my desire to speak French. I was impatient to be able to talk to French girls, to discuss political issues and the new painters and writers with Frenchmen, and, if possible, even to be witty in the French fashion. But I had come to the wrong shop. Mlle. Lanaud believed in beginning at the beginning. She felt that any foreigner studying French must be considered a child, and must first be taught childish sentences about the cat of his aunt and the pencils of his brother. I suffered this for two or three lessons, and then, when she wanted me to say "*J'ai trois pommes*," I demurred. I intimated that I was a grown person and would appreciate learning language appropriate to my years. "If, for example, I should chance

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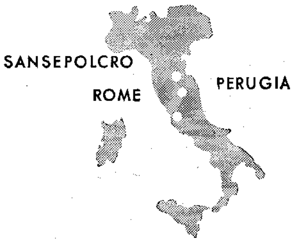
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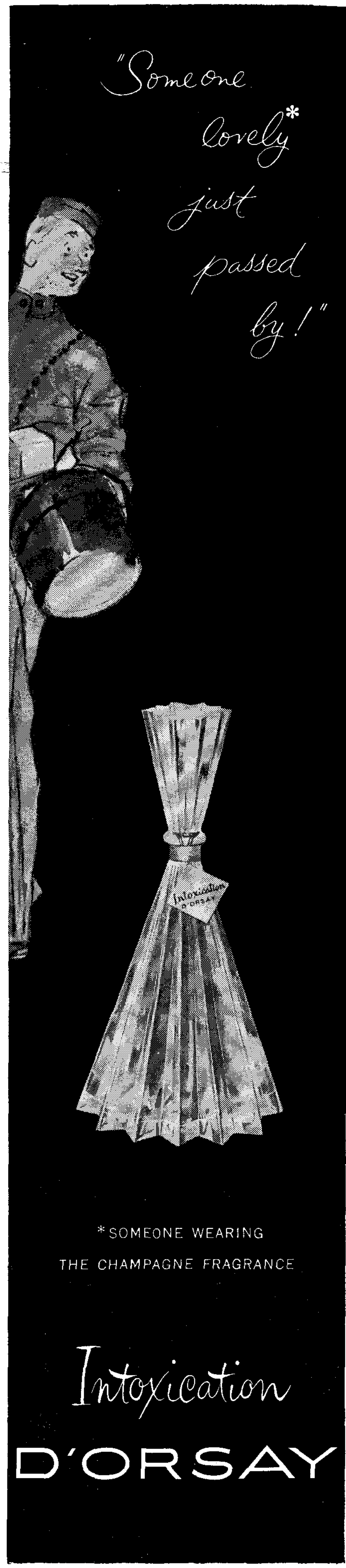

"Someone lovely* just passed by!"
Intoxication D'ORSAY
*SOMEONE WEARING
THE CHAMPAGNE FRAGRANCE

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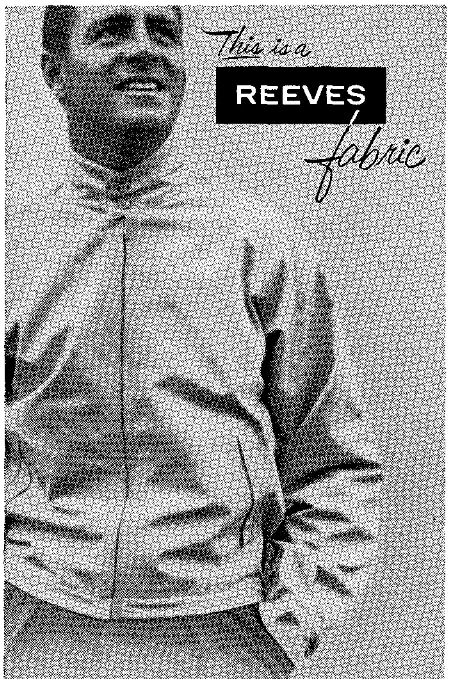
to meet M. Clemenceau in the street," I said, "I would like to be able to say something adult and thoughtful to him, not the fact that I have three apples and that my cat is gray."

Mlle. Lanaud shrugged, and replied that there was not really much chance of my meeting M. Clemenceau, since he rarely walked in the street. Mlle. Lanaud's mother, who, for all her great age, had remarkably good hearing and always kept the door of her room, next to the salon, *open*, delivered her own judgment. "Before a child can run, it must walk," she said. "Before it can walk, it must creep. Monsieur must creep in French before he can run to M. Clemenceau."

DESPITE Mme. Lanaud's admonition to creep, I could not keep myself from trying to gallop. I persisted in asking to be taught adult French, and did get fewer infantilisms, but they were succeeded by other frustrating things. I would enter Mlle. Lanaud's apartment brimful of something I had experienced or witnessed, and eager to have her help me put it into perfect French, but what Mlle. Lanaud did with my experience was not to help me savor it in French but to make me conjugate the verbs it brought to mind, and parse the sentences. Often she simply took the first word I uttered and set me to work building an elaborate grammatical structure on it. Once, I came to her after seeing a political demonstration that had turned into a riot. I wanted to be able, with her aid, to tell my café friends about it later in good eyewitness French. I began by saying, in English, that I had witnessed a demonstration, and was preparing to follow with the details, but Mlle. Lanaud seized on the word, and that was as far as I got. Demonstration—that was a *manifestation*. The infinitive was *manifester*. And now for the conjugation. *Je manifeste, tu manifestes, il manifeste, nous manifestons*, and so on. From there she went on into uses, examples, and sentences, and I went away with a headache and without a single phrase that would serve to describe the hot demonstration I had seen.

However, I did not give up, and in time, by persistence and attrition, I managed to change the form and spirit of the lessons so that they became more or less Gallicizations of my problems and interests as an American tourist. My promotion to maturity was marked by her teaching me, of her own accord, the sentence "*Quand un jeune homme*



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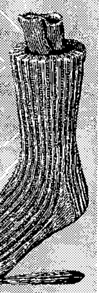

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a une barbe, il doit bien se raser tous les matins."

In my own defense, I must say that I had no idea when I was treading on Mlle. Lanaud's toes; I often did tread on them, and finding it out always came as a complete surprise to me. Although she deplored modern France and modern Frenchmen, she was quick to rise to their defense at the slightest hint of criticism from an outsider. I will never forget the frost I created when I simply asked what I ought to have said to a Frenchman who had grabbed a cab I had summoned.

"It was not a Frenchman but a foreigner," said Mlle. Lanaud loftily.

"But I am certain he was French," I said.

She was obdurate. "Frenchmen are not so rude."

"Frenchmen cannot afford taxis," added her mother, from her room.

"This one could," I answered, and went back to my request. "What should I have said, Mademoiselle, to put him in his place?"

"But it is too late to say anything, Monsieur," she replied. "He has already gone with the taxi, has he not?"

I admitted that this was so, but said that such an incident could recur, and that it was best to be forearmed with some pithy comment. "Then say '*Maladroit!*'" she said. "No Frenchman likes to be accused of being clumsy, and it will pain him very much."

"But he was not clumsy, Mademoiselle," I said. "He brushed past me very skillfully, as if he had long training in seizing other people's taxis."

"Then say '*Mal élevé!*'" Mlle. Lanaud said. "No Frenchman likes to be told he has been badly brought up. Even as he rides away in your taxi, he will suffer. You will have that satisfaction."

I got less response from the Lanauds when I requested their linguistic help in making the acquaintance of a pretty French girl I had seen several times on a café terrace. I explained to Mlle. Lanaud that I had eyed the girl and she had eyed me back, but that unfortunately I had had no suitable French words with which to address her.

No felicitous or ingratiating French phrases came to Mlle. Lanaud's mind. "Nice French girls do not sit in cafés, Monsieur," she said crossly.

"This one is a student at the Sorbonne, I think, and nowadays they study in the cafés," I said.

She considered this information dubiously, and then took a completely different tack. "But Monsieur undoubtedly

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has a girl waiting for him in America," she said.

"And fidelity, Monsieur," her mother contributed, from the next room, "is a highly necessary virtue."

I assured mother and daughter that no one was waiting for me anywhere, but I intimated that I was sure I would not mind being *fidèle* to the girl at the café if only I got the chance. At this point, Mlle. Lanaud retreated to her mother's room, and I could hear them whispering for several minutes. I thought they were concocting between them some phrases that no girl, however proper, could resist, but when Mlle. Lanaud returned, she said, "Monsieur, you must not speak to the girl. You must approach her parents first."

"But her parents are not likely to be in the café," I protested. "They may not even be in Paris but perhaps in the Midi or in Brittany. And besides, if I do not speak to the girl, how can I find out who her parents are and where they are?"

"Then ask the girl for the simple information, the name and address, and nothing else," she said. And she wrote for me, "*Veuillez me dire les noms et l'adresse de vos parents, s'il vous plaît, Mademoiselle, afin que je puisse leur faire mes hommages.*"

Reluctantly I memorized the request, but I never did get to know the girl. The next time she appeared at the café, she was escorted by a Chinese student, and the following week by three Chinese students. Possibly they had been more enterprising than I in seeking out her parents.

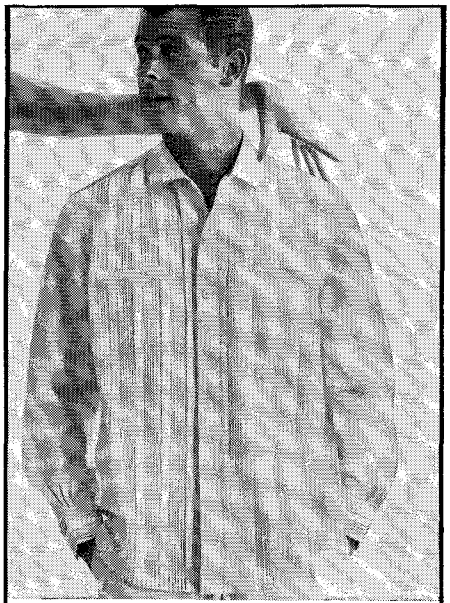
MLLE. LANAUD'S counsel was not always so discouraging. I remember well the time she gave me a lesson in what she called *les économies.* I had told her that a waiter in a restaurant the night before had seemed dissatisfied with the amount of my tip; at least, he had not thanked me. Learning the cost of the meal and the size of the tip, Mlle. Lanaud declared it to be most generous, and expressed puzzlement that it had not been more enthusiastically acknowledged. Then she said, "When you were presented with your *addition,* did you study it meticulously?"

"Study it?" I asked. "I simply paid it."

"What!" she said. "You did not add it up two or three times, and also meditate upon it?"

"I'm afraid not," I said. "But it seemed about right to me."

She shook her head sadly, and gave me the lesson. The French people, she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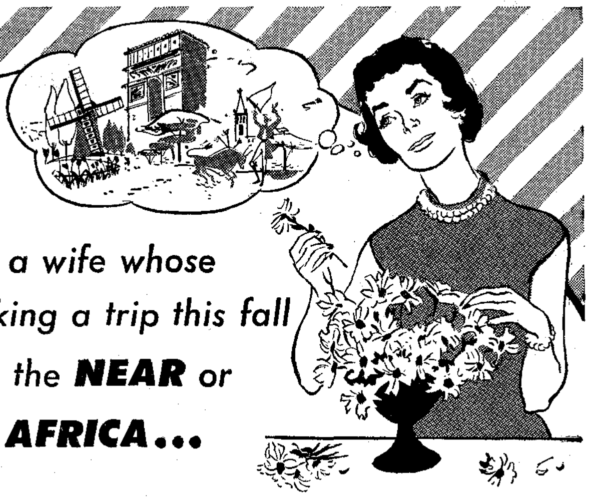
said, did not like extravagance. It was a point of honor among them, regardless of their financial circumstances, to guard *les économies*. This was not greed or a love of money for itself, she explained, but, rather, a fine discipline, which was also very good morally—even like a second religion. Therefore, a Frenchman paying an *addition* in a restaurant felt it to be his duty toward his *économies* to scrutinize the *addition* carefully, even though there was no possible doubt about its accuracy. The restaurant, which adhered to the same code, *expected* him to scrutinize it, and felt slighted if he didn't. In short, one who did not doubt the total and check it scrupulously was, by implication, a rather questionable person. Restaurateurs and *garçons du restaurant* might be obliged to accept the money of such persons, but they could not be compelled to respect them or thank them.

I was rather taken aback, for I had assumed that I was creating good will by tipping liberally and refraining from checking the *additions*. Old Mme. Lanaud, in her room, must have divined how I felt, for she said, "Do not be sad, Monsieur. It is not yet too late to win the respect of the *garçon*. You have but to follow the example of my late husband."

Mlle. Lanaud then set forth for me her late father's example. For ten years, she said, he took his luncheon in the same restaurant every day. He always ordered the same *repas*, and, of course, he knew exactly what it cost. But when the *addition* came to his table, he took at least three minutes to study it, and to add it again and again, before he paid it. The *patron* stood nearby, waiting for the results of M. Lanaud's calculations. Eventually, M. Lanaud looked up and said, "*C'est juste*," and the *patron* felt proud. "After all, it was his due," said Mlle. Lanaud. "He expected to be assured by my father that his restaurant was honest, and my father never denied him this assurance."

"Please remember, Monsieur," said Mme. Lanaud. "At least three minutes."

A really painful incident occurred when I thoughtlessly referred to M. Poincaré, the former Premier, as Poincaré-la-Guerre. He had recently been defeated in a national election during which he had made a good many political speeches in war cemeteries. This penchant for speaking in military cemeteries had led his opponents to call him a warmonger, and to dub him Poincaré-la-Guerre. The expression was everywhere, and I had used it more to show



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that I was *au courant* than anything else. Both women were shocked. Mlle. Lanaud arose and wanted to terminate the lesson, but I apologized, and she proceeded to set me straight. "M. Poincaré is from Lorraine," she said, "the same region that my family came from. The one advantage that this gives us—M. Poincaré and my family—is that we know the Germans. M. Poincaré talks in our military cemeteries because our dead have been put there by the Germans. I know the Germans, and my mother does, especially. They killed both my brothers, who are in those cemeteries where M. Poincaré talks so well. My mother is a woman of courage. You cannot tell from her that she is in mourning for her sons all the time, but she is."

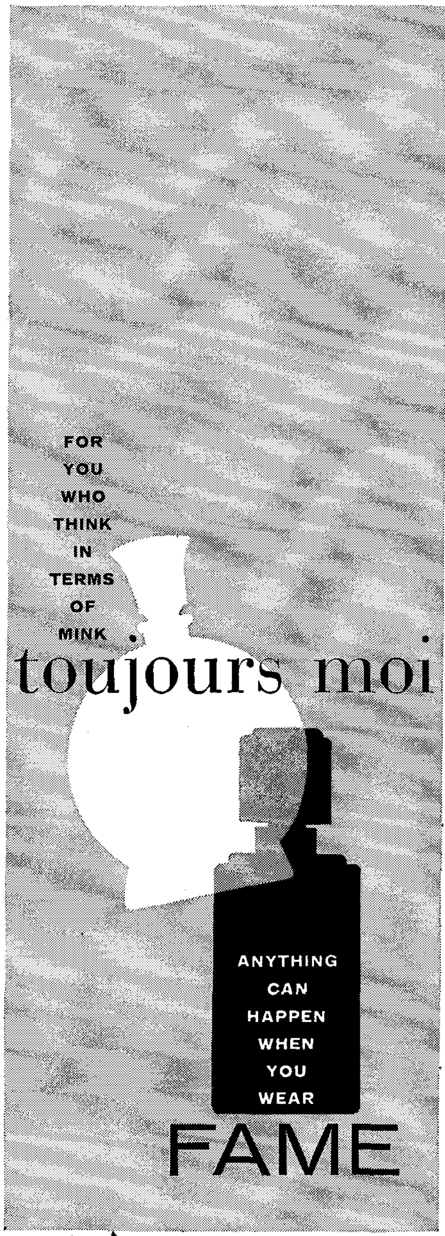
There was no sound at all from the next room. At the end of the lesson, when Mlle. Lanaud escorted me to the door, she handed me a folded note. "This is something to remember," she said.

Written in her familiar lavender, the note was just one sentence, saying, "*M. Poincaré est un grand homme qui est la conscience de son pays.*"

BUT the most upsetting thing I ever did to the Lanauds was to remark one day that I thought the French people did not really like compliments and were often ungracious when they were praised. Both Mlle. Lanaud and her mother were amazed that I should have such a notion. They asked what proof I had, and so I told them.

I said that I had had such a love for France long before I ever saw it that when I decided to come there, I wanted to be able to express it immediately upon my arrival. At my request, a French-speaking friend of mine in America had written out for me several fine speeches in praise of France, and had coached me in the pronunciation of them. I had memorized them, and when I got to Paris I had said these complimentary things to many French people—on the streets, in cafés, on buses, and in other places. But instead of being flattered and pleased, the recipients of my eulogies had always been cold, sullen, and hostile, and their replies, though I could not understand them, seemed curt. It had been a very disappointing experience, and I had finally given the practice up.

Both women were incredulous. Though they disliked current Parisian life and mores, they did not believe that these had degenerated so badly that Frenchmen could become rude and an-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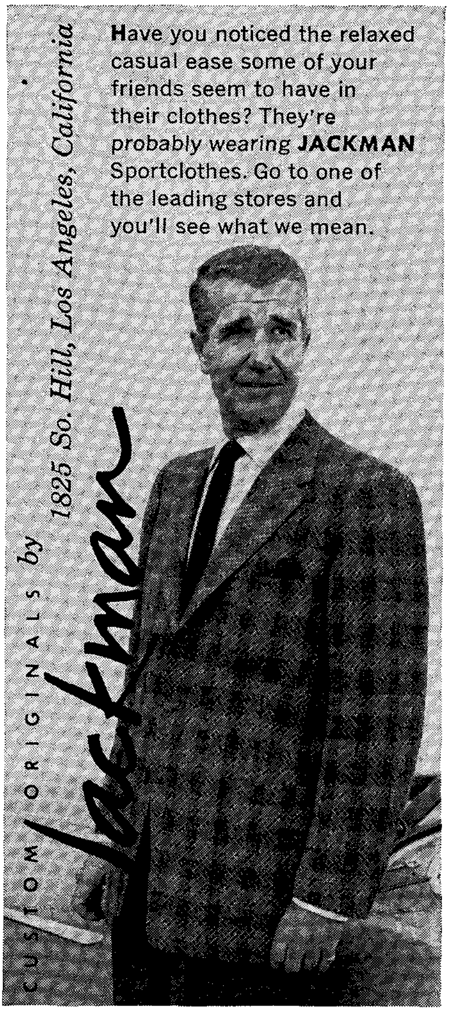
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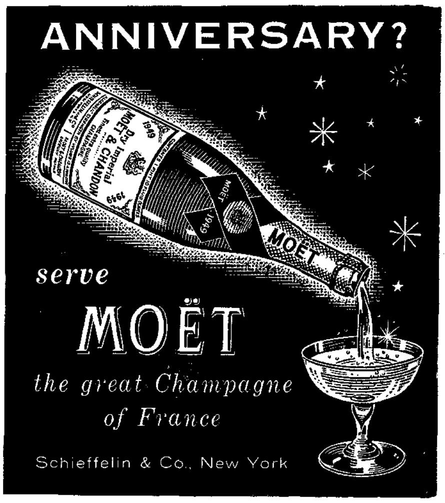
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gry at being praised. It must have been that I had made some crucial mistakes in delivery, which took on an offensive meaning, they said, or that my pronunciation was impossible, or that something in my tone smacked of hostility. Could they see the texts of these speeches?

I said that I remembered the speeches perfectly and could recite them, and I did. One of them told Frenchmen how happy I was to be in France, the land of my dreams, and that I had come there to appreciate France's great historic and artistic treasures, about which I had heard all my life. Another, which I had particularly favored, was a kind of lyrical catalogue of my various loves in France—its poets and heroes, its gallant men and beautiful women, its great paintings, its glorious churches, its magnificent châteaux, its great wines, its divine cheeses, its wondrous perfumes.

When I recited the speeches, Mlle. Lanaud and her mother were more mystified than ever, and Mlle. Lanaud said, "But these are excellent sentiments, and well spoken, too, with a good pronunciation. You appreciate the artistic and historic treasures, and all the other good things that France has created in a thousand years of civilization. What could be more just? If these expressions of admiration for my country had been made to me, I would have replied, '*Merci, Monsieur, vous êtes très généreux.*' "

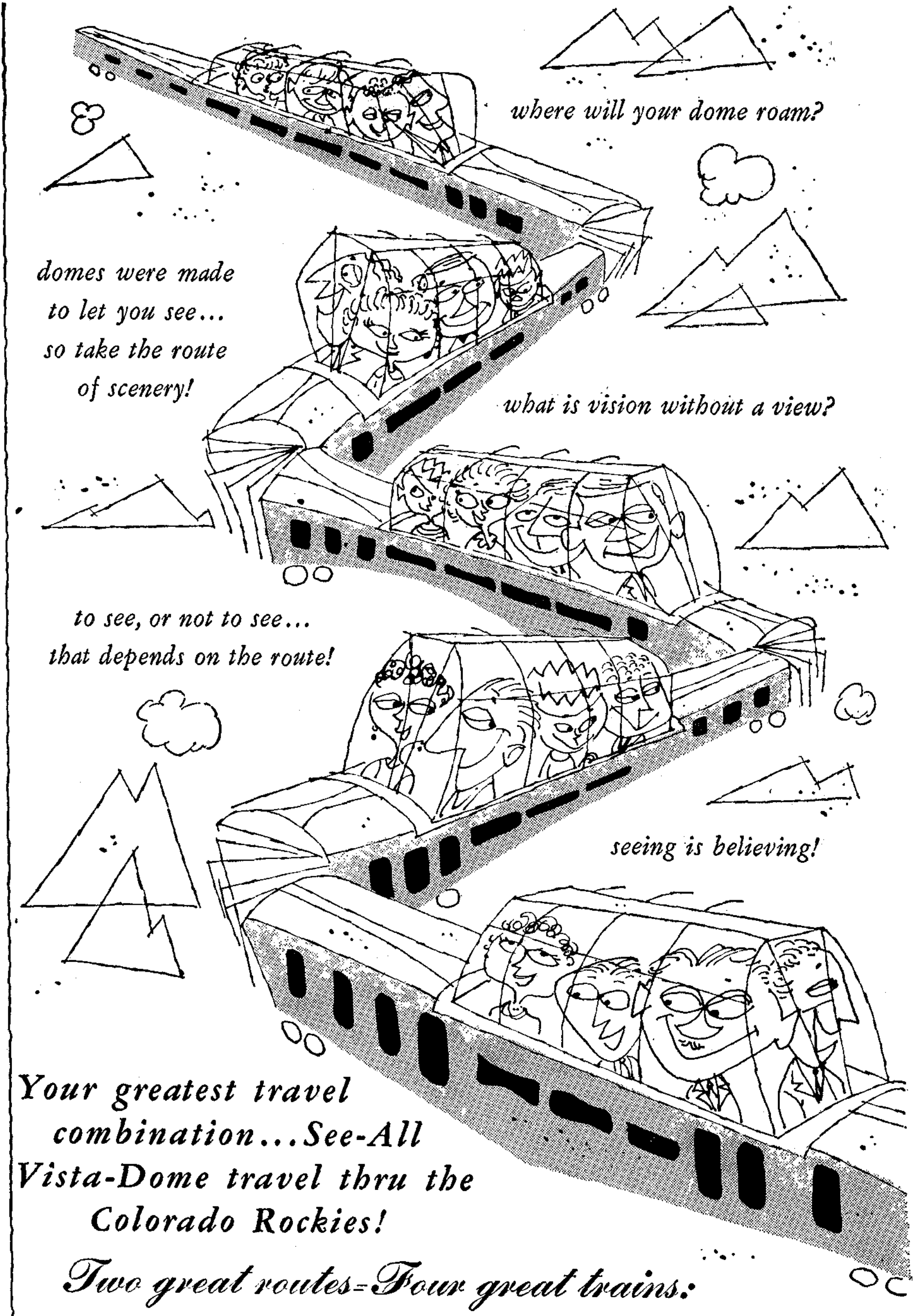
From her room, Mme. Lanaud said, "And I would have replied, '*Soyez le bienvenu, Monsieur. Vos sentiments envers la France sont très estimables.*' "

Mlle. Lanaud thought it inconceivable that French people could be made angry by such fine declarations. She insisted that they must really have thanked me but that I had misunderstood.

"The tone was far from friendly, Mademoiselle," I replied. "Of that I am certain."

Since all these encounters had taken place during my first days in Paris, when I was no doubt confused, and did not know anything of the language, Mlle. Lanaud asked me, in fairness, to make a new test. Would I not deliver those same speeches to various strangers now, when I was so much more in command of *la langue française*? Perhaps then I would realize that I had been in error. I hesitated a little, and then I agreed.

In the next few hours, I recited the catalogue of my loves for France to several French strangers in the street. I did not get a single cordial response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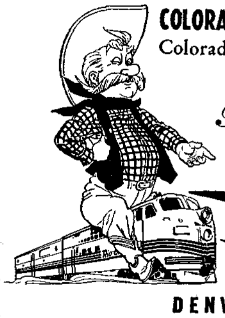

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or a word of thanks. One man listened stolidly and said nothing, two turned away as I spoke, one answered so rapidly and turbulently that I could not catch what he said, and another one spat.

I withheld this last reaction from Mlle. Lanaud when I reported to her the next day. She was obviously disappointed, but still refused to be convinced. She said hopefully that the one man who had replied to me might have spoken in argot, and that he might well have been expressing gratitude.

"I do not think so," I said, and reluctantly I told her about the man who had spat. She cried out in horror and fled to her mother.

When Mlle. Lanaud came back to the salon, she was trembling. "My mother and I wish to apologize to you in behalf of the French nation," she said. "We are both very unhappy. If there is an end of courtesy in France, it is the end of France. As you know, we rarely go out in the city. But we have decided that we *must* go out this very day. We will call upon our family lawyer, M. Hainault. He was a friend of my father, and is a very wise man. Perhaps he can tell us what is happening to France."

THE next day, when I returned to the Lanauds', I found the atmosphere entirely different. Mlle. Lanaud seemed quite restored, and there was nothing apologetic about her; on the contrary, she was poised, and even somewhat aloof. I had brought her a larger offering of bonbons than usual, but she accepted them with reserve.

"Monsieur," she said, "I can now explain everything to you. It is the franc."

"The franc?" I repeated, bewildered.

"Yes, Monsieur. The franc has fallen. *Pauvre France.*"

To be sure, the franc had fallen and recovered several times since I had arrived in France. But it had made little difference to me and to my small *économies*, and I had never discussed this matter with Mlle. Lanaud and her mother; certainly they had never mentioned it themselves. I said I was very sorry. "But what have *I* to do with the fall of the franc, Mademoiselle?" I asked.

"You are an American, Monsieur," she said. "You have the dollar."

She went on to explain to me what the wise M. Hainault had explained to her. With mounting irritation, she told me that the French were quite annoyed by the large numbers of American

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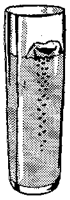

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tourists in Paris, who, with their dollars, were able to enjoy an advantage over the falling franc. The French were fearful that the Americans were going to buy everything up. In fact, M. Hainault was positive that the Americans *were* buying everything up, and he had reported, for example, a big run on French beaded bags, an article most American women cherished.

My compliments to the French, Mlle. Lanaud said, had been ill-timed. When I arrived, the franc had been suffering its first big fall. Now I had unfortunately repeated the compliments when the franc was again sliding downward. When I made my speeches, giving a list of all the things I loved in France, the French people I addressed must have assumed, naturally, that I not only was buying up all these things but was actually boasting about it to my victims. It had aroused their patriotic anger. "M. Hainault called these acts of the dollar '*la violation de la France*,' " she said.

"But do not be alarmed, Monsieur," Mme. Lanaud called out. "It is rape only in the spiritual sense."

"Nevertheless, it is rape," said Mlle. Lanaud. "The Americans are raping France of her wines and cheeses, her perfumes and her objets d'art, her stockings and her gloves, and even her palaces and châteaux."

She said "Americans," but she looked fixedly and accusingly at me. I said that I had not bought a single beaded bag in France, or a pair of silk stockings, or a pair of gloves, or a single château. "And what of *la politesse*?" I asked. "Only yesterday you seemed to be very concerned about it."

"Fire must be fought with fire," Mlle. Lanaud replied icily. "In time of national peril, Monsieur, one dispenses with the luxury of consideration for the enemy."

I became angry at these words, and I said that, whatever she thought, I was not all of America and she certainly was not all of France. And then, without being in the least conscious of it, I switched over into French, and made an impassioned speech to the effect that Mlle. Lanaud and I were just two little people, teacher and pupil, who had nothing to do with the course of world events, and ought not to be hurling nations at each other. At the most flaming point of my speech, Mlle. Lanaud's mother cried, "Stop! Stop, Monsieur!"

I stopped.

"Your French is excellent, Monsieur," she said, entering the salon for the first time during a lesson. "Don't

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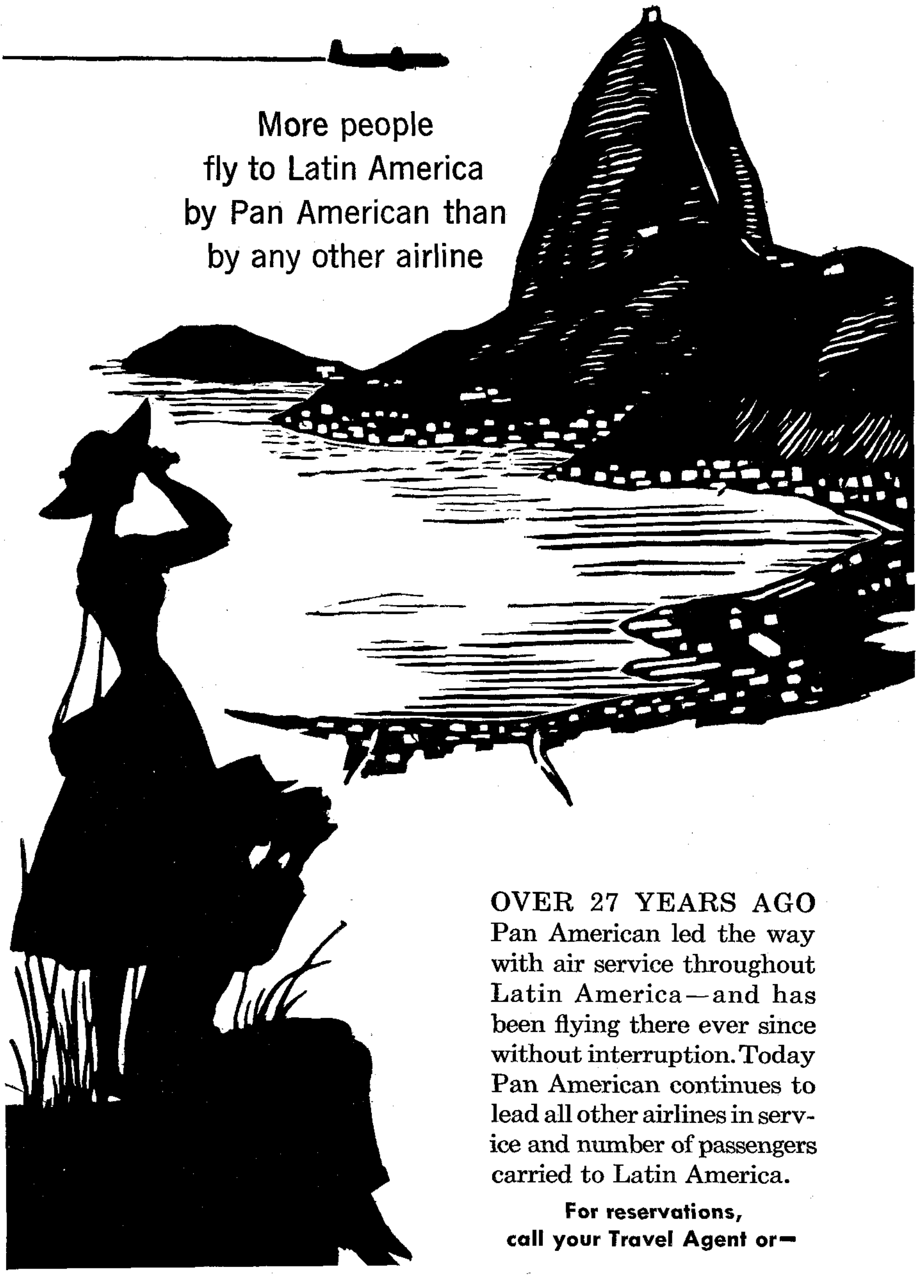

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you think so, Emilie? And does it not make you proud as a teacher?"

Mlle. Lanaud smiled suddenly and said, "Yes, it is so. My felicitations, Monsieur."

In their joy at discovering my phenomenal progress in French, they forgave me for having practically brought about the downfall of the franc. In the interest of equalizing the disparity between the dollar and the franc, I suggested that I be their host at a performance of "Pelléas et Mélisande" at the Paris Opéra the following week, and they accepted. And late one evening not very long after that, when the crisis of the franc was over, I recited once more to a French person the catalogue of my loves for France. She liked it very much.

—HILLEL BERNSTEIN

•

HUNTED

I heard the hunter sound his horn
Behind me in the misty morn
And started running like a hare;
I swam deep rivers, swarmed up hills
Through thickets dense with unpaid bills,
And still the sound hung in the air;
I seemed to hear it everywhere.

I heard the barking dogs behind,
And they were creatures of my mind,
But none the less their teeth sank deep.
I strove towards the radiant sun
Through tangled woods of deeds undone,
And up resentment's stony steep.
I had not even time to weep.

Sometimes the tucket seemed to fade,
As, in some fog-hung everglade,
I stayed and panted for a while.
But then it rose again; the shrieks
Of horn and hound went on for weeks.
I stumbled on by track and stile
Across the fields of guilt and guile.

At last I fell into a pond.
From somewhere—from the far beyond—
The languid zephyrs seemed to waft
The sound of bells. Then, gaunt and spare,
The huntsman came, with graying hair,
And one small dog, a trifle daft.
Deep in the mud I lay, and laughed.

—R. P. LISTER

•

Trans-Caribbean Airways, Inc., which runs a six-planet passenger operation, has bought four planes for all-cargo service. The non-scheduled airline's purchases include two long-range Douglas DC-6A's and two Curtis C-46F's.—*The Times.*

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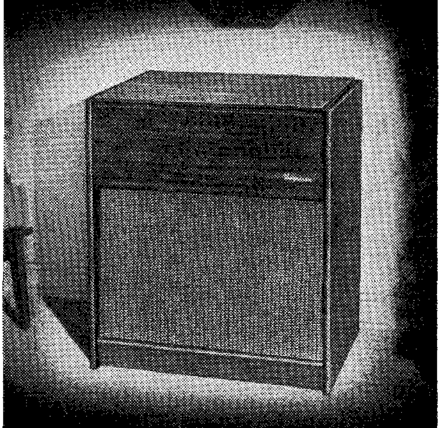
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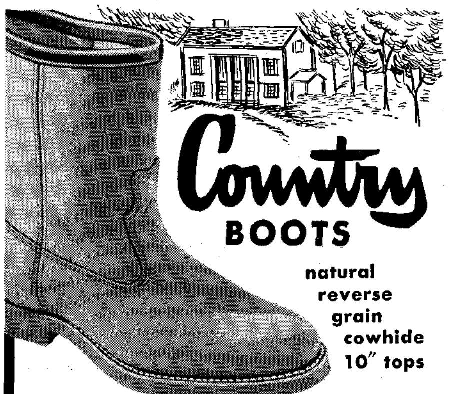
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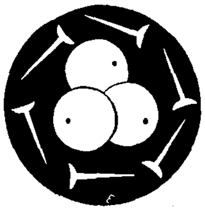
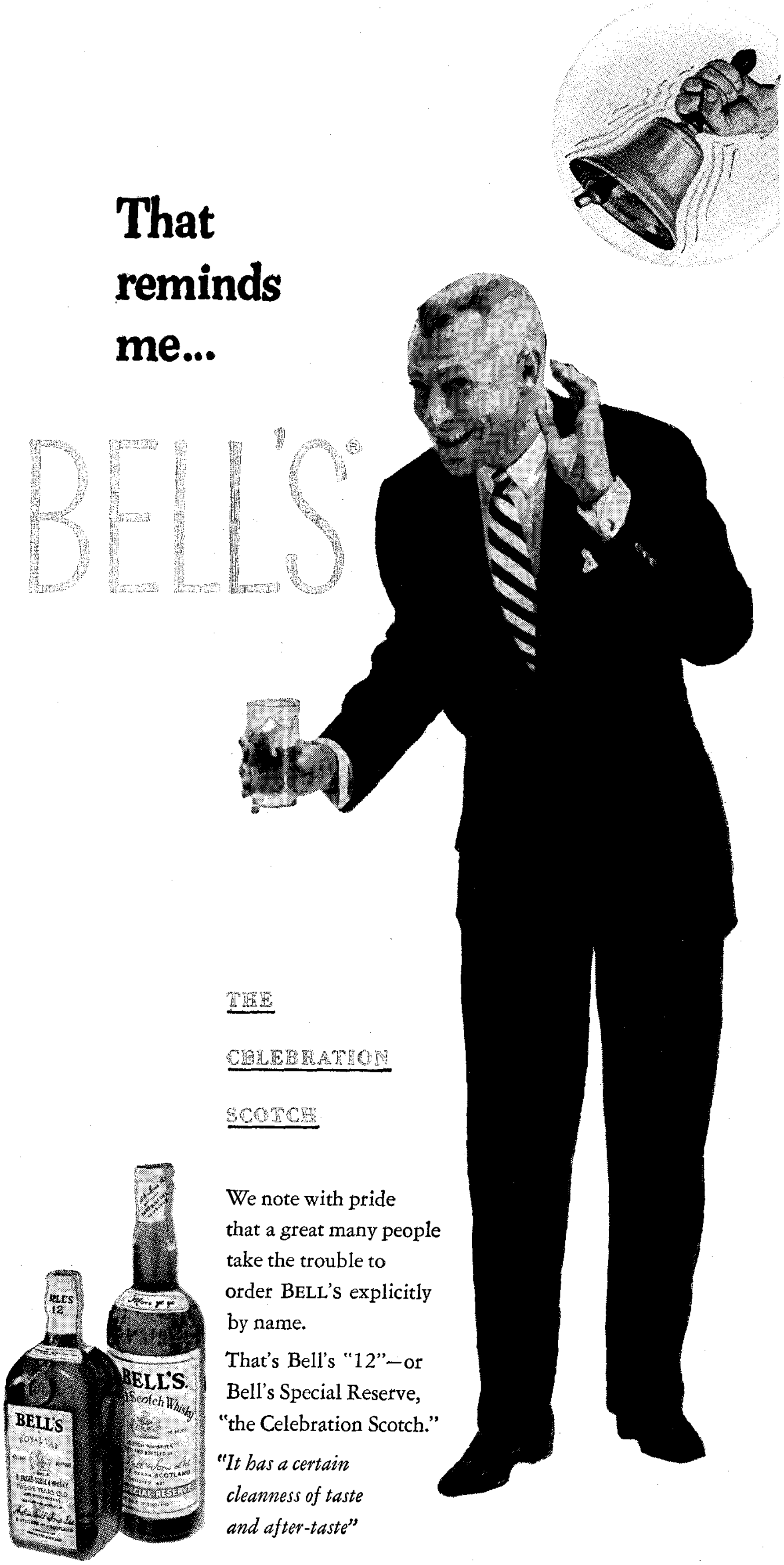


William Booe, of Bridgeport, Connecticut, who was once a Yale place-kicking expert and is now a purchasing agent for a women's-wear outfit, is hereby nominated as the Man Who Did Most for Amateur Golf in 1955. By reaching the semifinals of the Amateur Championship of the United States Golf Association, played last week over the James River course of the Country Club of Virginia, near Richmond, he demonstrated to the satisfaction of thousands of other weekend golfers that it isn't necessary to devote six or seven days a week to the game in order to be good enough to meet the top players in the country on even terms. And then, in the semifinals, he proceeded to carry the great E. Harvie Ward, Jr., who is without much question the best amateur in the world, to the thirty-fourth hole in as close a match as you could ask to see. Booe's job involves long hours, and he spends most of his spare time with his family. He considers two rounds a week a lot of golf; his first tournament victory of any consequence came in 1949, when he won the Bridgeport District Championship, and until this year he had never even qualified for the United States Amateur. To reach the semifinals, he had to withstand the pressures of six eighteen-hole matches, and he won two of them by 1-up margins—a performance that requires stamina and courage as well as expert golf.

Booe, who describes himself deprecatingly as "just a seventy-eight-stroke hacker," was anything but that in his match with Ward. The James River course is possibly the most trying layout the Amateur has ever been held on—long, narrow, and tree-lined, with deep, angry-looking traps both in front of the greens and at the sides, and with nightmarish rough—yet in the morning round Booe came up with a 72 (par is 70) and Ward could gain no more than a one-hole advantage. In the afternoon, Ward was never more than 2 up until the thirty-third, where he made it dormie 3 by sinking a fifteen-foot putt for a birdie. He went on to birdie the thirty-fourth and take the match.

Ward's golf in the final, in which he



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beat William Hyndman III, a Philadelphia insurance broker, was by far the best that any of the two hundred players in the field displayed all week, but the match itself was something of an anticlimax after the exciting contest with Booe. Ward turned in successive nines of 31, 35, and 35, and ended the slaughter with a par 4 on the tenth hole, to win by the awful margin of 9 and 8—one of the most lopsided victories in the tournament's history. (*The* most lopsided was Charles Macdonald's horrendous 12 and 11, scored over Charles Sands at Newport in 1895, the year the tournament started.) Ward, a San Francisco automobile salesman, was born in Tarboro, North Carolina, in 1926, and took up golf when he was thirteen. His favorite club is a putter that someone discarded and he picked up in a locker room the year he started playing. He has played in every United States Amateur since 1947, but until this year he had never gone beyond the quarter-finals, even though he had won both the British and Canadian championships and had played on three Walker Cup teams. Incidentally, there are seldom any real favorites in the Amateur; since 1946 there have been thirty-eight different semifinalists out of a possible forty.

CHIPS AND PUTTS: Joseph Campbell, of Anderson, Indiana, the National Collegiate Athletic Association Champion, who was put out by Hyndman in the quarter-finals, has a putter that was custom-made for him by one Ovid Penry, an admiring neighbor who runs a machine shop. The shaft is about a foot longer than the average, and the head has a flange at the bottom, which, Campbell says, keeps him from stubbing putts. Campbell has had such success with it that Penry has applied for a patent and plans to go into the putter business. . . . The James River course had the players completely baffled the first day; only three in the field equalled par, and none bettered it.

—P. W. W., JR.

•

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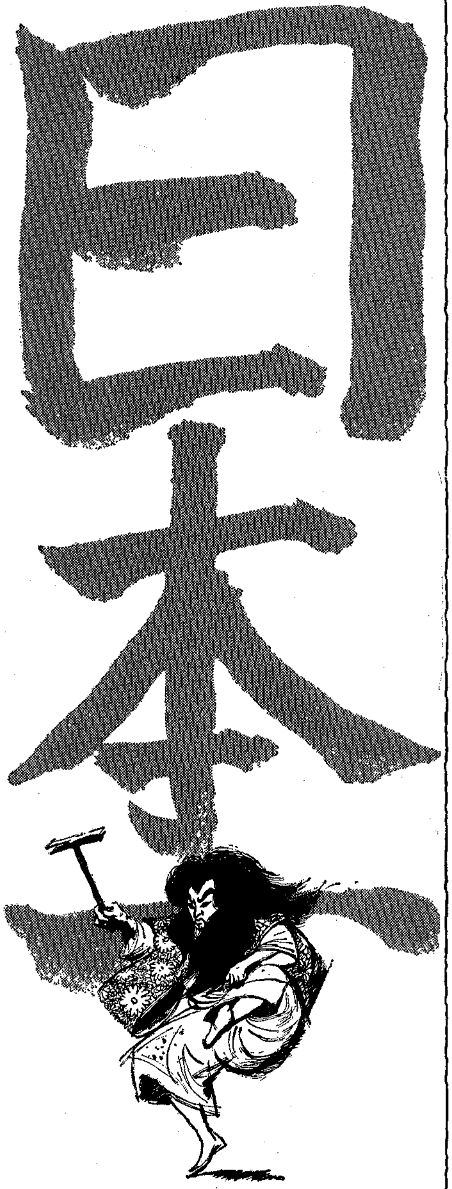

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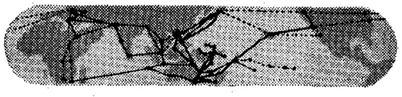

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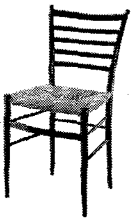

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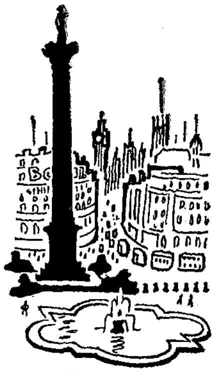
SEPTEMBER 14



THE incredible, beautiful, apparently unending summer is on its way out at last—the first summer in years when Londoners returning from a holiday right here in Britain have sported a tan as rich as anything proudly imported from the Lido or the Costa Brava. Now the Government has served notice that the great national holiday spree of spending too much at home while not earning enough abroad must shortly end, too. The recent sharp slide in the gold and dollar reserves followed closely on Sir Anthony Eden's equally sharp warning of "further measures," possibly painful, that may have to be clamped down on the spending public, since the previous steps of raising the bank interest rate and encouraging the banks to act tough about overdrafts have, it seems, failed to improve things quickly enough. Though these remarks were doubtless intended to prepare the British for nasty news ahead, they actually spread jumpy nerves among speculators on the Continent, where the pound has continued to weaken, while the ordinary citizen here has remained, on the whole, cheerfully unperturbed. After all, back in July Mr. Butler assured the House of Commons that there was no genuine economic crisis. Still, there is doubt in some quarters whether the situation is not now near enough to a crisis to make no matter. There are those who think that Mr. Butler will present an autumn budget to correct some of the natural benevolence of his preëlection one, and the idea does not appear to displease Labour's supporters, who have all along wrathfully charged that the Conservatives won the election on the strength of the feeling that things would stay comfortably on the way up if left free to expand in the fine old Tory way.

The newspapers have been trying to guess whether the Prime Minister's "further measures" indicate an even stiffer rise in the bank rate, a stepping up of the purchase tax (which would be highly unpopular in the country), or a hard swing—thought by many to be overdue—at the housing subsidies. There is also talk, depressing to the un-

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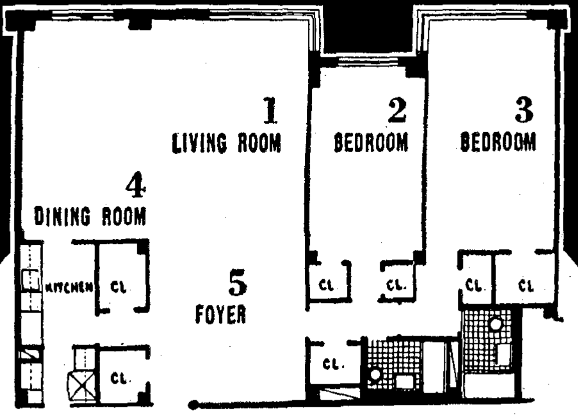

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precedented number of citizens who have been flocking abroad this year on their newly liberal travel allowance of up to a hundred pounds, of the allowance's being clipped again. The only reportedly likely economy that would be greeted with actual cheers is a cut in the two-year period of national conscription, for which the Opposition has long been gunning. One or two voices have lately asked, pertinently enough, if the public is apt to be induced to go slow on spending by the new boon of commercial television, due to begin operating this month.

In the light of all this, the eighty-seventh assembly of the Trades Union Congress, which has just been held in Southport, was of particular interest as an indication of where organized labor stands on the question of wages and strikes. To judge by the sounds emerging from the rank and file at the gathering, it stands pretty much where it did, though the Communist-controlled electrical union lost by a hearteningly large vote its motion calling for the abandonment of all restraint on wage claims. Nobody showed any inclination to take his own name off the three-hundred-million-pound bill for wage increases that has already been slapped on the employers' table, along with requests for a shorter work week, and there were only occasional warnings that the double charge could make British price tags too high, however handsome the attached goods might seem to foreign buyers. A lot of enthusiastic talk was heard about the golden age ahead for the worker thanks to automation—talk that should make the bones of the Luddites, who in the North Country riots a century and a half ago so wholeheartedly smashed up the machines that threatened their employment, fidget considerably in their graves. There was also some reliable old talk about the wicked capitalist bosses, even though almost all the strikes that hit the economy and exasperated the public during the past year were the result not of the traditional clash between employers and workers but of bitter hostility among the unions themselves. The Congress, as far as non-union onlookers could observe, offered no hint of any brand-new sweetness and light; indeed, recent ominous rumbles among the railwaymen's unions have suggested that the row that led to this summer's serious strike is on the verge of flaring up again. The Southport meeting did, however, give the T.U.C.'s General Council the power to intervene earlier in industrial disputes—before they bog down into

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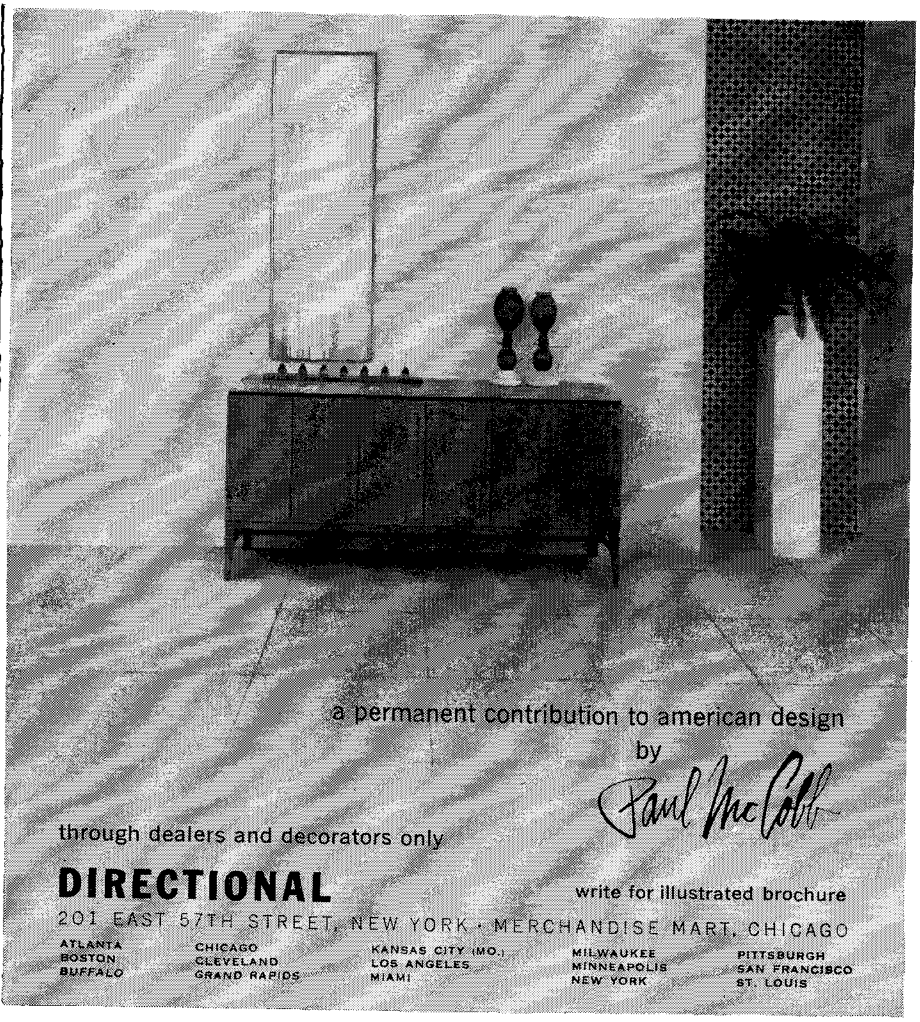
deadlock. Possibly the most encouraging thing that has come out of the meeting, as many Britons see it, is labor's sturdy confidence that in the long run there is nothing much wrong with the British economy.

THE sixteenth Farnborough Air Show, which acts as one of Britain's most valuable shopwindows for the export trade, opened last week to invited guests of the Society of British Aircraft Constructors in gala sunshine but with a few chilly remarks from critics, who complained that it was disappointingly short of new aircraft, compared to the thrilling shows of a few years ago. As collateral reading for Farnborough, Air Chief Marshal Sir Philip Joubert's book "The Third Service," published by Thames & Hudson on the day the air week opened, was a bit of informed, passionate, and disturbing criticism that has come in for much discussion and will certainly provoke more when Parliament gets back to Westminster next month. In it, Sir Philip claims that the R.A.F. is equipped with aircraft that are already outdated, that jet bombers are coming into service "in penny numbers," and that the third service's operational needs have to be fought for through interservice jealousies and "a mass of theoreticism and civil servants" in Whitehall. Maybe to prove that some new aircraft are getting into operation in spite of the bureaucrats and the scientists, the flying show the first afternoon opened with a novelty to Farnborough—huge formations of Vickers Valiant jet bombers and Hawker Hunter jet fighters thundering overhead. One of the first day's big attractions, both in the afternoon show and in the morning, when potential buyers, shopping for foreign air forces, could get a close squint at the aircraft in repose on the tarmac, was the diminutive sky-blue Folland Gnat fighter, which looks not much bigger than a hearthrug and which buzzed vertically into the air and made its runs and turns at whiz-bang speed. The Germans, once more here with checkbooks in hand, were reportedly impressed. The spectacular highlight of the display was provided by the pilot of the huge Avro Vulcan delta-wing bomber, who put his plane into a surprising upward slow roll as nonchalantly as though it were a tiny, acrobatic fighter. The thing looked like an enormous porpoise majestically sporting in sunlit seas. But the stars of the whole show, to which the Prime Minister, General Gruenther, and swarms of foreign staff officers, smartly done up in gold braid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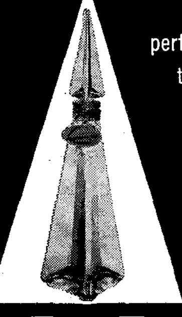

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and medal ribbons, came on the glorious first day, were on the ground. They were the mighty engines—the Rolls-Royces, the de Havillands, the Bristols—over which the experts pored happily. They should make future Farnboroughs more sensational than this one, which was a sort of interim show, voted dull by many blasé spectators.

LONDON has started its usual autumn crop of exhibitions. The National Book League, at its beautiful eighteenth-century house in Albemarle Street, is holding its fifth International Exhibition of Book Design, to which twenty-three countries have sent selections, chosen by local panels of judges, of the best-looking books they published last year. The entries, whether works of philosophy or guides to practical hen-keeping, were graded on typography, paper, illustrations, and so forth, plus the indefinable feeling of pleasure that a well-designed volume produces in its handler. The American selection is identical with one being currently exhibited in the United States. The U.S.S.R. sent fifty books, and the most surprising thing about them is their extremely stodgy, not to say old-fashioned, appearance. In their sad, dark covers with discreet gold lettering, many of them resemble Victorian school prizes. All the Iron Curtain countries contributed well-produced translations of English classic authors, such as Fielding, Stevenson, Sterne, and Pepys. (Among the Polish books, A. A. Milne's "The House at Pooh Corner" turns up as "Chatka Puchatka.") The French section offers some of the most elegant volumes, even though, as a catalogue note explains, the judges bravely resisted the temptation to choose their fifty books from among the unrivalled de-luxe editions and art books produced every year, and included cheap modern publications of the sort that other countries often do better. Possibly the most beautiful single volume in the fascinating show is an immense Swedish family Bible, published by Norstedt, of Stockholm, bound in white vellum, superbly printed, illustrated with Rembrandt's drawings and etchings, and selling—to well-heeled families only—at around seventy dollars. This is one of the rare, pleasant exhibitions where the books do not sit primly behind glass but can be opened, admired, and dawdled over at leisure, and even occasionally carried away, the organizers ruefully say, by overenthusiastic, absent-minded, or merely regrettably light-fingered bibliophiles.

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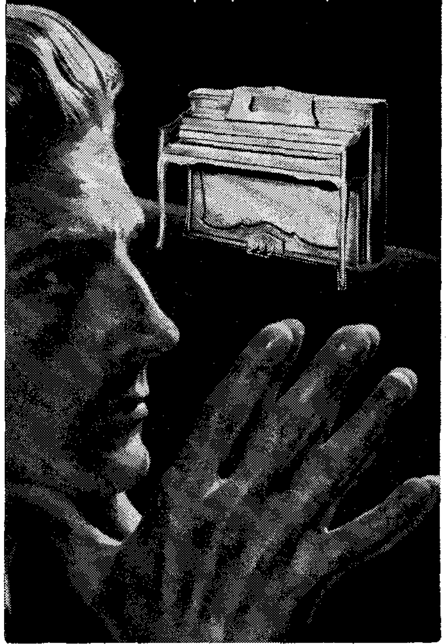

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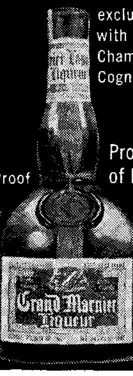

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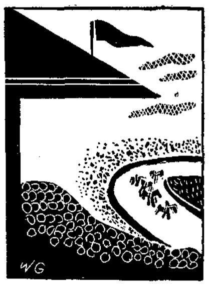

AS the years go by, racing on the grass is becoming more and more popular in this country. (Abroad, all the racecourses are turf, but let's not go into that.) I daresay people enjoy seeing horses running against a background of green, rather than enveloped in clouds of brown dust, as they frequently are on a dirt track. Even Belmont Park is going to have more races on the grass, and perhaps fewer of those silly hurdles affairs. In fact, at the current meeting the New York Handicap, one of the autumn fixtures, will be run over the turf.

Nobody, I'm sure, needs to be told that for some time the Atlantic City Racing Association has gone all out for grass racing. More than half of its stake races the last couple of seasons have been run over the turf course, which is a really first-class one. Also, this year the management doubled the prize money of what it calls the Triple Turf Classic; the purses of the Foreign Bred Stakes and the American Bred Stakes are now $50,000 each, and the purse of the United Nations Handicap is $100,000. The first two were run off last weekend, and were intensely exciting. The Foreign Bred brought out four French racers (two were flown over specially for the occasion), three English, two Argentine, and one Irish. This last fellow, a four-year-old named Blue Choir, who ran well on the grass at Washington Park during the summer, won easily. Coming up on the inside in the last quarter, he beat Queens Beeches, an English filly, by three lengths or so. Klarion, a French colt, was third. An objection was lodged against the winner by the rider of Queens Beeches, but it was dismissed. Later, somebody suggested that the boy was probably so piqued over letting Blue Choir slip past him that he claimed the foul to relieve his feelings. Klarion, of whom much had been expected (at home he's rated one of the top three-year-olds), might have been closer if he'd had more racing room. No doubt he's a good colt, but he certainly isn't much to look at. Of the other foreigners, Jolly Friar, a French gelding, seemed particularly fit. He was

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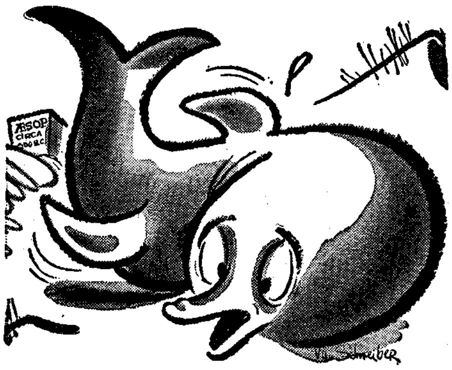
AESOP CIRCA 550 B.C.

The lion had his hands full fighting a wild bull, so he called on his friend the dolphin who came racing in to the rescue. But once on land, the dolphin was as helpless as a fish out of water—could barely flop his way back to safety in the sea.

Aesop, of course, used this story a long time ago to say that when you need help be sure you ask someone both willing *and able* to give it.

We're using the story again because it still makes a lot of sense—especially in this business of investing.

Time after time, we come across people who call on the butcher, the baker—nearly anybody but a broker—for the investment help they need. Time after time, we see people buying stocks on the say-so of friends—or worse still—the passing remarks of a stranger.

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on his bad behavior, though, delaying the start several minutes and finally getting himself left at the post.

Obviously, Social Outcast doesn't like to run on grass. He was out of the money in the Hialeah Turf Handicap last March and in the Washington Park Handicap several weeks ago, and he did no better on his third try, in the American Bred Stakes. The winner of this was Prince Hill, a little brother of the famous Hill Prince. He took the lead in the backstretch and won by a couple of lengths from Chevation. Boy d'Amour—try that name on your loudspeaker—was third. The first four horses in the Foreign Bred and the first four in the American Bred will meet Saturday in the United Nations Handicap. It should be a good show.

FRANKLY, I'm glad I didn't see the Beldame Handicap at Aqueduct last weekend. As the fifteen fillies and mares raced hellbent for the first turn, Gainsboro Girl jumped on Lalun's heels, and stumbled. Open Sesame crashed into her, and Rico Reto ran into both of them. In the tangle of kicking legs, DeSpirito, who rode Open Sesame, suffered a fractured jaw and head injuries, and Cole, who was on Gainsboro Girl, had a lot of bruises, though no broken bones. Anderson, Rico Reto's boy, escaped with a shaking up. As for the horses, Rico Reto and Open Sesame were pretty badly banged about, but they may race again. Gainsboro Girl won't. Her left shoulder was broken. After the jam, Lalun went on to win in a driving finish with Clear Dawn and Countess Fleet, who finished in that order. It was Lalun's third, and most profitable, success in eleven starts this year; her share of the purse was $50,800. Nice going.

The celebrated Parlo was not a starter in the Beldame, which she won last year. It seems that her stable is thinking about running her in the Sysonby at Belmont this weekend. Well, she might be fourth. Even if Parlo doesn't go, the Sysonby should prove as enthralling an event as any this season, for at the moment this is written, the probable starters include Nashua, Helioscope, High Gun, and Jet Action. If anyone cares, my horse is Nashua.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

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[*From Time*]

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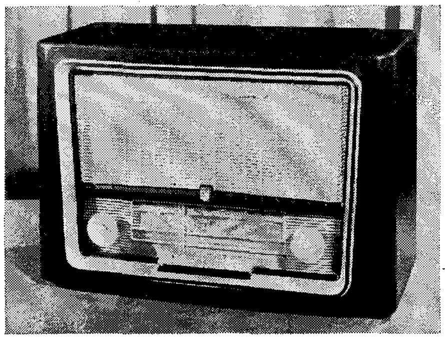

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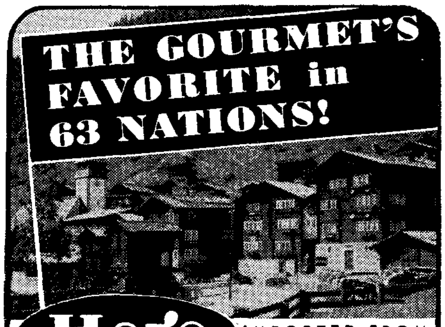

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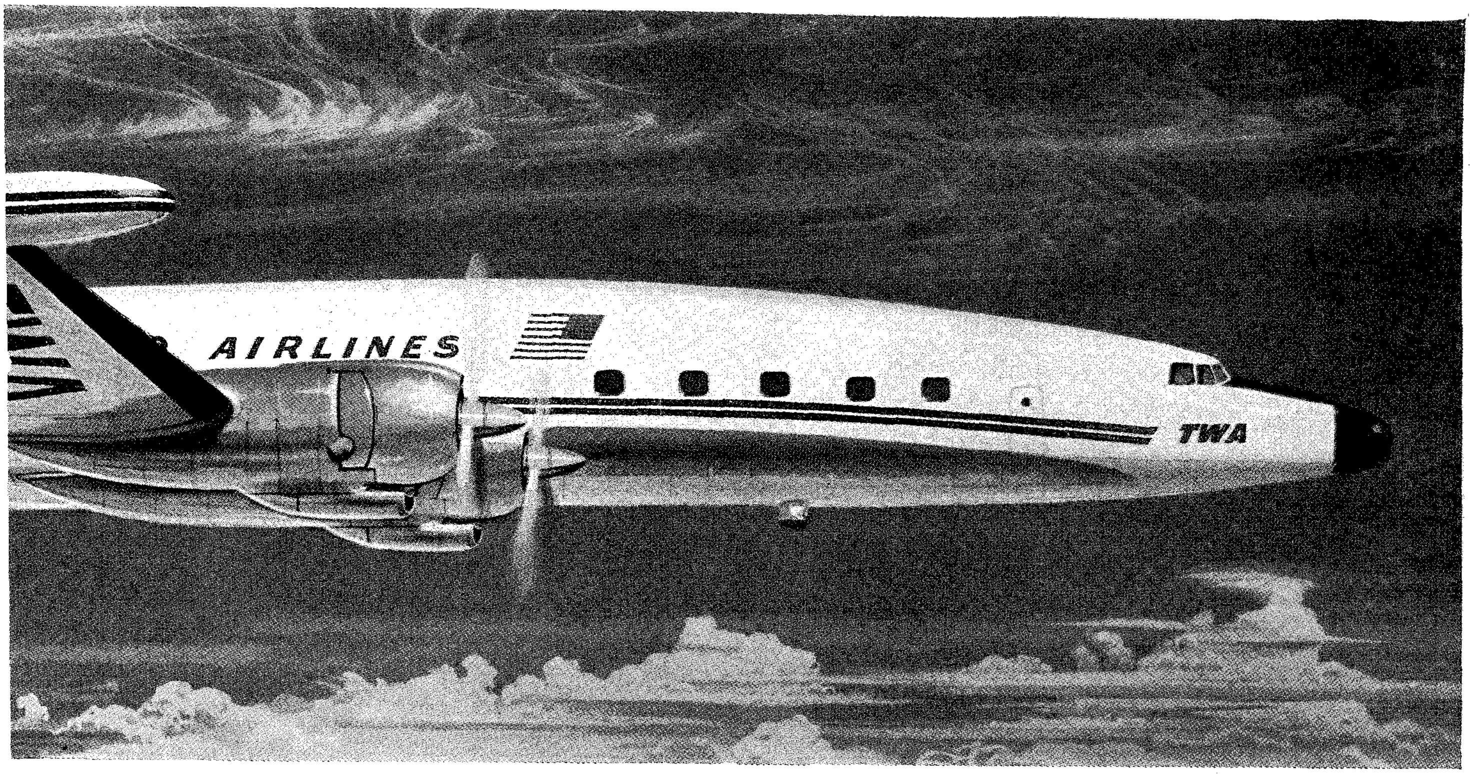

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ALL THE EMPEROR'S HORSES

MY Chinese father-in-law, who died in the spring of 1949, soon after Peiping surrendered to the Communists, was well known not only as a former Chief Justice of the Chinese Supreme Court but also as a collector of antiques. His name was a legend in Peiping's famous Liu Li Chang, a street where the finest art was bought and sold over cups of tea in back rooms filled with the smell of old woods and paper, and even people who cared little or nothing for antiques knew that he had once swapped a country estate in the Western Hills for a pair of porcelain wine cups.

When he died, he left to his two sons and nine daughters his Peiping mansion, of over a hundred rooms, in which his family had lived for generations; an enormous, uncatalogued collection of antiques, including the porcelain wine cups; the family's ancestral temple, in the North City; and a trunkful of obsolete currency and worthless stock.

Being an American—and one who taught English, a language that had grown unpopular in Peiping when the Communists came—I lost my job at Tsinghwa University. Shortly after my father-in-law died, my wife—the old gentleman's fourth daughter—and I moved into a suite of rooms in the sprawling Yu mansion. At that time, the family was pulling itself together and trying to find a way to go on living there. Heavy taxes had been imposed by the new government, and even after these were paid, there was the problem of upkeep, for a Chinese house deteriorates rapidly.

Perhaps the weakest part of the mansion was the roof, which was of tiles cemented with mud. Wind-blown seeds would take root in the mud, and grass, or even trees, would spring up, eventually dislodging the tiles and causing leaks in the roof. Weeding such a roof takes scaffolding, skilled workmen, and money, and therefore the family had for some time allowed the greenery over their heads to grow unhindered. Meanwhile, the enormous garden had also run wild. Its rock pools stood dry. The red and turquoise lacquer on pillars, balustrades, and gates peeled off. The elaborate painting under the mansion's eaves flaked and fell, and everywhere in the cool, dark rooms—many of them locked and unused, since most of the servants had been let go—porcelains and embroideries, paintings and parquetry gathered dust.

It was into a suite of these unused rooms, called the Eastern Study, that my wife, Aimee, and I moved. The suite consisted of a bedroom, a library, a study, and a reception room, and had in the past been old Mr. Yu's favorite retreat for contemplation and afternoon naps. We had the responsibility of keeping the suite in order, and, in addition, Aimee had considerable trouble cooking for us. She could make a number of showy dishes, such as one might find on the menu of an expensive Peiping restaurant, but she couldn't boil rice, and since the problems of cooking left her small time for general housework, we felt fortunate in being able to get the gatekeeper's twelve-year-old daughter, who was called Little Blackie, to help us with it at least once a week.

From the beginning, I felt at home in those rooms, filled with objects that gave immediacy to the values of the old, traditional China. I felt that despite the revolution and the rumblings of war, I was living near the unchanging heart of Xanadu itself. Like boxes within boxes, and puzzles within puzzles, Peiping's walled courtyards lie one within another, all surrounded ultimately by the sloping walls and fortress towers of the Outer City. And, sitting in a box in what seemed to me the center of it all—the old man's dusty and unused study—I often felt unreasonably complacent, convinced that what I had there was more real than what lay outside, because it had not changed.

SHORTLY after Aimee and I moved into the Eastern Study, Elder Brother, now head of the family, decided to catalogue the antiques in the house, and we were given the task of listing those in our suite of rooms. This wasn't easy. We had to ferret everything out of drawers, cabinets, and chests, and then we had to decide which pieces were antique and which weren't. As far as I was concerned, almost everything in the rooms—including the hand-blown electric-light bulbs under tasselled silk shades—could safely have been listed.

There was no question about the paintings; they all went on the list, as did all the porcelain. But there was an-

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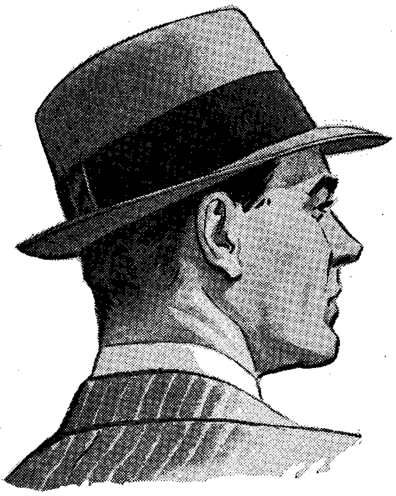

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other, and to me far more interesting, list we could have made, of some valueless but delightful objects we turned up in the course of our search. It would have looked like this:

1. Three enamelled silver fingernail guards.

2. One pair of gold-filigreed glass jars, filled with snuff, and wrapped in blue silk and packed in individual teakwood boxes.

3. One ivory shovel, six inches long, inlaid with coral and turquoise. Use unknown.

4. One *ku-ch'in* (a silk-stringed zither, sometimes called a horizontal harp) of black lacquer.

5. Four double-eyed and two triple-eyed peacock plumes, meant to be worn in the hats of mandarins.

6. Three rosebud-painted spittoons.

Eventually, we came to the bronze incense burners. They were the most important objects in the Eastern Study. There were seventeen of them, of which fourteen were displayed, and the old man had been famous among connoisseurs throughout China for being their owner. The largest, about the size and shape of an ordinary saucepan, sat in the middle of a long table that stood against one wall, and six smaller bronze vessels were ranged along the table, three on each side of it. Seven others were symmetrically set out on a square table set flush against the larger one.

The unique thing about these incense burners was that they had always to be kept burning. They had been in Aimee's charge from the time her father became bedridden, and he had given her detailed instruction in their history and care. Unlike the ancient, intricately patterned, and patina-encrusted Chinese bronze sacrificial vessels that are in many museums, these bronzes were clean and smooth and comparatively new, having been cast only five hundred years ago. However, according to Aimee, their like had never been made before or since.

One day, she told me their story. In the reign of the Emperor Hsüan Te, in the Ming dynasty, one of the palace buildings, in which were many gold images, burned to the ground. The building was a complete loss, its smoking ruins later yielding up only numerous lumps of melted gold. At about this time, the court received as tribute from Burma a shipment of fine red copper, and almost simultaneously some ground rubies arrived from Turkestan. These three events inspired a conscientious official to memorialize the throne.

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"May it please Your Majesty," he said, in effect, "gold is no more or less valuable than its market price. Copper ore, unrefined, is no better than the common soil with which the empire abounds. Even ground rubies, although of some medicinal value, can be put to use only occasionally. However, mixed together by the alchemist's art, and combined with various other substances that are also plentiful and at hand, bronze objects of unexcelled beauty can be created. As there is no greater evidence of virtue than the proper observance of rites and ceremonies, and as the palace is at the moment in great need of incense burners, I take my life in my hands and tremblingly suggest that Your Majesty order the most skilled artisans to produce incense burners with these ingredients."

The Emperor Hsüan Te was delighted, and the project was carried out. The incense burners appeared one by one, each more beautiful than the last, from the bronze works, as they were cast, and none of them was allowed to cool completely.

At this point, Aimee interrupted herself to explain to me how the Chinese burn incense. The incense itself is never set afire. The bowl of an incense burner is first filled with a fine, powdery gray-white ash, preferably the ash of incense. Then a small chunk of burning charcoal, or a specially processed brick of coal, is buried under the ash, where, with its oxygen supply cut to the minimum, it continues to smolder for as long as three or four days. After the coal is buried, the incense—a chip of sandalwood or aloewood, for example—is placed in the bowl, on the surface of the ash, where it grows slowly hotter and hotter, until it begins to smoke, darken, and curl. Incense burned in this way lasts the longest and gives the richest aroma.

These incense burners, then, had been kept constantly hot. The burning charcoal core in them had been replaced every two or three days. Some of the Hsüan Te burners had gone out, before they came into Aimee's father's hands, but these fourteen had never cooled in five hundred years.

They were magical objects, glowing and shimmering like jewels, no two alike. Some were red; others were speckled with iridescent green or with twinkling bits of ruby or gold. One had a smooth gold surface, incredibly bright and shining. When Aimee had explained their origin to me, she went to a cabinet and brought out an incense

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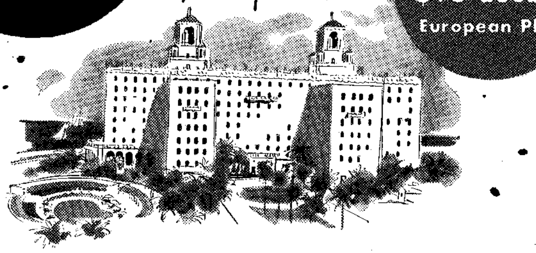

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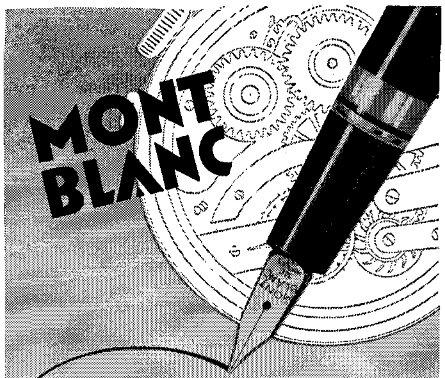

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burner of exquisite shape but of a dull, brassy color. "This is what would happen if the fire went out," she said.

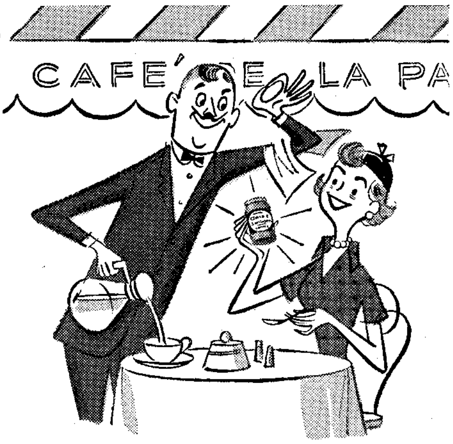
"Couldn't you build another fire in it?" I asked.

"Of course," Aimee said, "but nothing would happen. Once the burner is allowed to grow entirely cold, the color fades and no later heat can bring it back."

The cold, empty-bellied little incense pot seemed tragic to me. Because I knew what it must have been like when it was alive, I could see that it was dead, and I was able to understand for the first time that the rooms in which I lived, the tiny ivory shovel, the porcelain wine cups, and the silk-stringed harp were dead as well. Never having seen them alive, I had failed, before, to see that this was so.

DAYS passed, in the Eastern Study. We made our lists. Aimee fired her pots. Sometimes I plucked at the silk-stringed harp and listened to its seven melancholy notes. Sometimes I sat gazing in awe at the wall, lined with blue clothbound books. Without opening them, I knew their pages, covered with vertical lines of black characters speaking eternally of blue-green winds and of the ancient man of virtue. Gradually I found myself being attracted more and more strongly by the mystery of the little ivory shovel. We had come across it in a drawer of old letters and papers, which gave no clue to its use. Aimee had shown it to the members of the family, asking if anyone knew what it was for. No one did. Even old Aunt Chin, who was supposed to know everything, had come up with no better idea than that it must have been used to shovel up some precious substance, like powdered incense, or snuff, or gold dust. But I wanted to bring something alive again in those rooms that, except for the burning pots, seemed so dead to me. Nobody could play the harp, nobody took snuff any more, and smelling incense was out of fashion. Whether or not I would ever be able to use the shovel didn't matter; I merely wanted to know what it was for. I took to carrying it with me in my breast pocket, beside my fountain pen, as if I might, suddenly and without thinking, find myself taking it out and using it as it was meant to be used.

One afternoon, I came home and found the mansion's main gate closed. "Lao Ma!" I called to the gatekeeper. "I'm back!" There was no response. "Little Blackie!" I called, hoping his



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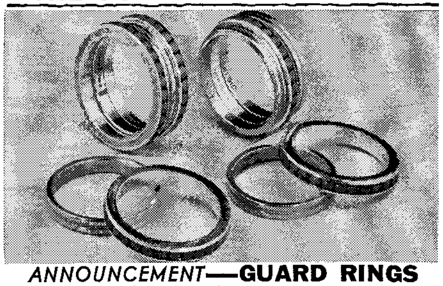

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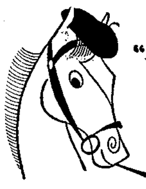

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daughter was there. "Open the gate!" Still no one came.

I knew that the gate was supposed never to be left untended. I went to the gatehouse and, standing on tiptoe, discovered that I could just bring my eyes level with the high, paper-covered, latticed window that opened on the street. It took me a while to find a place where the paper was torn, but I did, and then I saw with one eye Little Blackie standing near the door. She was listening, and smiling to herself, and didn't realize I was looking at her. "Little Blackie!" I yelled as loud as I could. "Why don't you open the gate?"

She gave a start, ran out the door, and disappeared into the inside courts of the house. She had never behaved like that before.

Beginning to be angry, I picked up a handful of small stones and, standing out in the road, pitched them over the gate. I heard them clatter down the gate's steep roof and fall into the tiled courtyard. Then someone came running, the gate bars were lifted, and Lao Ma, panting and apologetic, swung the gate open. I started to ask him what had come over his child, and then thought better of it. They were the family's servants, not mine, and it was better to let the family deal with them. I decided, however, that I would tell Aimee what had happened. I asked where she was, and Lao Ma said she was in the garden.

I found her sitting in a lawn chair beside one of the rock-bordered pools. She would have presented a very poetic picture, leaning forward and gazing raptly into the pool, had I not known that it was dry and that a pig lived at the bottom of it. The pig was Elder Brother's most recent enterprise. Even before I got to the dry pool, I could hear that it was the pig's mealtime. Aimee looked up. "Listen," she said. "Isn't it an interesting sound? More like an elephant than a pig." Aimee had never heard or seen an elephant, as far as I was aware.

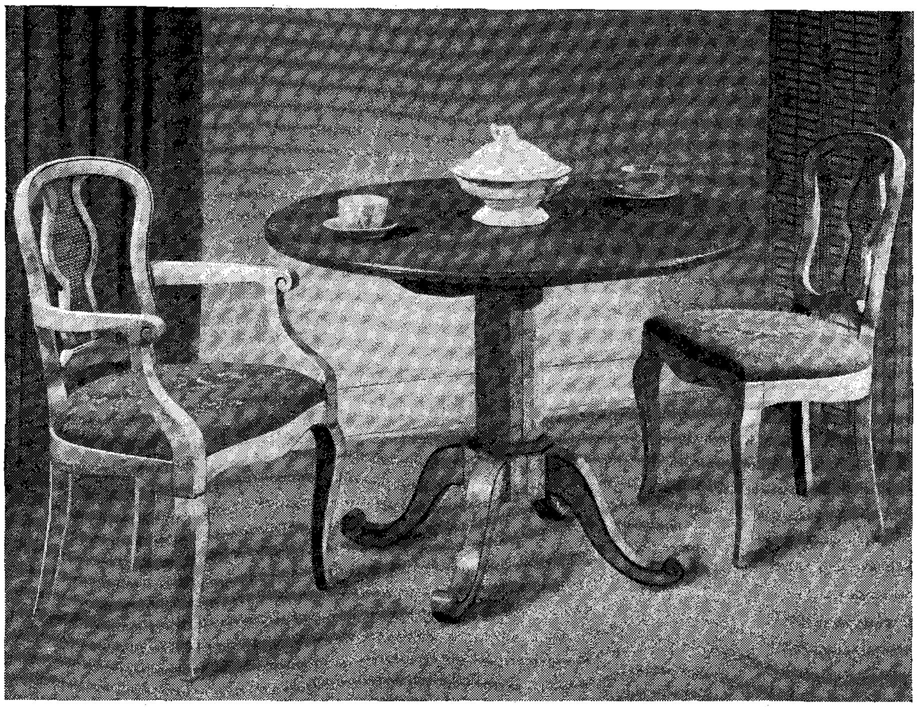
"Elephants eat very quietly," I said, not knowing whether they did or not.

We walked away, and I told her about Little Blackie's peculiar behavior.

"She's been very impolite lately," Aimee said. "She's begun to go to school."

"Wouldn't school have the opposite effect?" I asked.

"They don't learn the same things in school now that they used to," Aimee said. "Her teachers know she's the daughter of one of our servants, and they've been teaching her not to obey us



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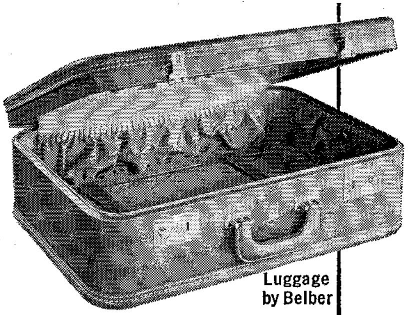

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or believe anything we say. They tell her we are outmoded. One time, she even asked me if I was Chinese, and when I told her I was, she got angry. She didn't believe me. She asked why I had married a foreigner, if I was Chinese, and why I didn't work, and why I wore a fur coat made from the skins of thousands of dead animals. I tried to talk sense to her, but it's impossible. She just repeats what she is taught at school. Well, I'll speak to her father. It's his duty to scold her, if he's not afraid of her."

AIMEE and I left the house together about four the next afternoon. Little Blackie, whose father, I knew, had both scolded and slapped her because of the gate incident, was sitting on a marble stepping block just inside the gate. I thought she might run away when she saw us coming, but she sat still, staring at us—trying her best, I couldn't help feeling, to kill us by the power of the evil eye.

We had tea with friends and dinner in a restaurant in the South City, and returned home late. Lao Ma, awakened from his sleep, let us in. We did not see his daughter. The huge mansion, with so many of its rooms empty, seemed very dark. We made our way by flashlight along dark verandas, through archways and doors and echoing courtyards, to our own rooms, in the Eastern Study. Aimee switched on the lights. "I feel uncomfortable," she said. "Something bad is going to happen."

She was wrong. It had already happened, though we didn't know it until the next morning.

Aimee always got up early. That morning, I heard her cry out from the sitting room, "Ai ya! Ai ya!" I rushed there and found her looking with horror at one of the smaller incense burners, which she was holding in her hand. She quickly put it down and picked up another. Then she touched all the rest of them. "They're all cold!" she wailed, and collapsed in a chair.

They looked cold. All the color and life was gone, leaving them the color of a brass doorknob. I picked one burner up. The ash in the center was slightly damp; water had been poured into it. We found that each pot had been watered just enough to put out its fire.

Aimee was completely demoralized, and I was staggered myself, not only at the thought of the beauty that had been destroyed but at the idea of five centuries of tending and firing wiped out at once. The incense burners were no longer an anachronism in these

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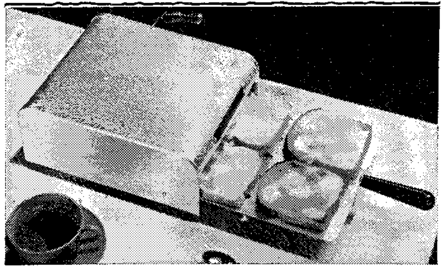

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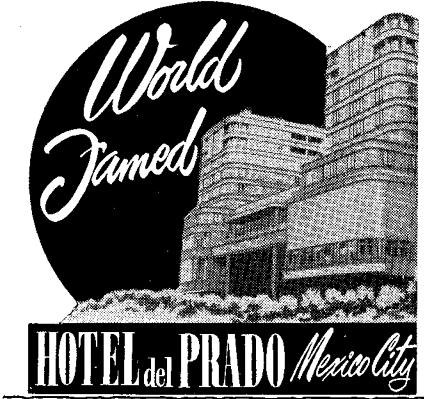
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rooms. The last illusion of a link with the past had been broken, and all the Emperor's horses and all the Emperor's men couldn't put the old China together again.

I sat down beside Aimee. "Who did it?" I asked.

"That girl, of course," she answered. "I'm going to kill her. I don't care what happens to me. I'll kill her!" But she didn't move, or even raise her head, as she spoke.

THE pots were left sitting in their places on the table for the rest of the time Aimee and I lived in that house, but Aimee never touched them again. As far as I know, Little Blackie was not punished—not by Aimee, at least, and not by the family. But Lao Ma was a man of character and strong principles, and it would have been impossible for him to remain in the house. He and his daughter packed up and left within a week.

Long afterward, one of Aimee's sisters found an ivory bird cage packed away in a chest in one of the storehouses. It was decorated with turquoise and coral in exactly the same style as my little shovel, which, I understood at last, had been used to clean out bird droppings from the bottom of the cage. But there was no excitement in the discovery. It didn't seem to matter any more.

—DAVID KIDD

•

CLEAR DAYS ON THE CHRISTIAN FRONT

[*From Writer's Digest*]

Young People, weekly story paper for young people 15 to 25, American Baptist, Robert A. Elfers, editor, 1703 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia 3, Pa. Uses one or two stories and one installment of a serial each week. Length: about 2,500 words. The theme does not necessarily need to be in a religious vein, but the material should be worthy of appearing in a Christian publication. It should have a definite Christian tone and purpose and should be of a high literary quality, such as "Poppa Knows Best," a story of apples, oil wells and suit cases full of money.

•

BEVERLY HILLS, CALIF. (AP)—Actress Lynn Bari and Dr. Nathan Rickles, Beverly Hills psychiatrist, were married last night in the doctor's home.

Municipal Judge Sidney W. Kaufman of nearby Compton performed the ceremony. Attendants included Mrs. Kaufman and the bridegroom's brother, Dr. George Rickles, and his wife.

Miss Bari, 35, previously was married to agent Walter Kane and produced Sid Luft.—*Albany Knickerbocker News.*

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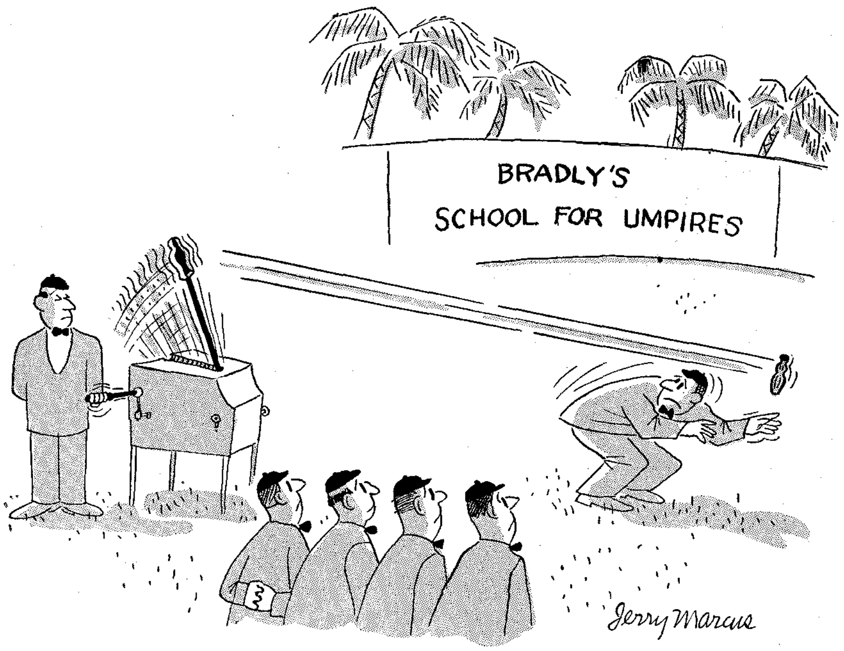

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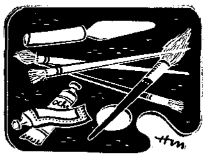
THE ART GALLERIES

Tanguy and de Chirico



FOR its opening exhibition of the season, the Museum of Modern Art has put on a double-barrelled affair, combining a fairly small but extremely choice show of early paintings by Giorgio de Chirico and a larger one, planned as a memorial, of oils and other works by Yves Tanguy, who died suddenly earlier this year. The two make a generally effective combination, as much by virtue of their differences as of anything else, and it's worth noting that there's an anecdotal connection between them, for as James Thrall Soby, who organized both the shows, points out in his preface to the Tanguy catalogue, it was a picture by de Chirico, seen from a bus in a window of Paul Guillaume's gallery in Paris, that determined Tanguy to take up a career as a painter.

That was in 1923. Tanguy, though only twenty-three, had already had a try at the rather widely separated occupations of the merchant marine (his father had been a Breton sea captain) and literature, in addition to serving in Tunisia as a volunteer in the Army. But he had sketched a bit, and once he had settled on painting, his progress was unusually rapid. Unfortunately, he destroyed the majority of his first efforts, and the earliest pieces in the show date from 1926. These, allowing for a certain amount of self-conscious naïveté, are spirited in style and structurally interesting, while in his "Shadow Country" and "Mama, Papa Is Wounded!," both of just a year later, one sees the beginnings of that formal pattern of his—the vast pearly plain, peopled with sharp-outlined, scattered, bonelike abstract objects—that was to become his particular trademark.

A really finished technique was harder to come by, and for a while the course of his design varied occasionally—in reflection, perhaps, of the various influences he seems to have come under at that time. It was—in a minor way, at least—a period of transition. Dadaism, the school of determinedly impromptu expression, was giving way to the more rigidly formulated doctrines of Surrealism, and Tanguy's work of these years, the late nineteen-twenties, appears to reveal better than most others' the conflicts that were engen-

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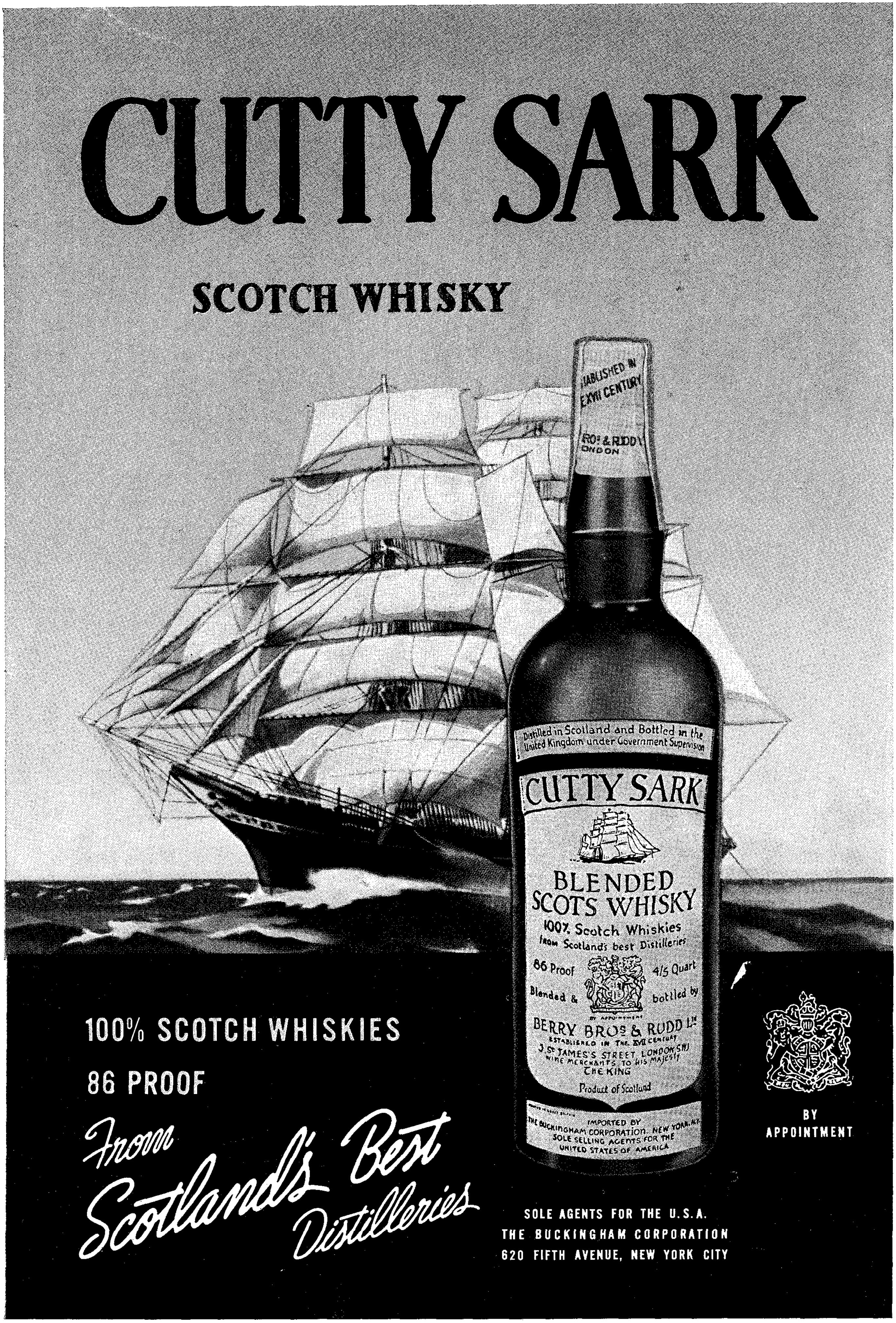

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dered. In "The Storm" and "The Mood of Now," one sees more than a hint of the sometimes savage but always spontaneous fantasy of Max Ernst (the early, or Dadaist, Ernst, that is), while in "Old Horizon" and "The Lovers," of more or less the same era, the seemingly "wilder" but actually more coldly logical artistic attitudes of Dali set the pattern, and in other paintings one gets less marked suggestions of such opposites as Miró and Chagall.

Apart from these small deviations, Tanguy's progress was remarkably swift and direct, and in the end it was the logical approach that predominated, for—perhaps slightly to his detriment as an artist—there was always a strong strain of solid Breton practicality underlying the apparent extravagance of his fancy. By the early and middle thirties (see his marvellously animated "The Ribbon of Extremes" and "A Risk in Each Hand"), he had settled into his permanent manner; both his color and his proficiency in the medium had improved enormously, too—to the point where pieces like the briskly colorful, airy "The Furniture of Time" and the more sombre "The Five Strangers" may be said to have ushered in his mature style.

By this time, he had settled in Connecticut, and from then on the course of his development was involved almost entirely with an increasing subtlety of approach and finesse of execution. Tanguy, to my mind, was not a really major artist. He was too restricted in subject and treatment for that, and there was a coolness, a feeling of the consciously contrived, about even his most bravura passages that rob them of deep emotional impact. His taste, though, was flawless and his painting style almost impeccable, and in his later pieces—"My Life White and Black," say, with its icy, glinting forms; the striking "The Rapidity of Sleep;" and the intricately planned "Multiplication of the Arcs," which was his last and in many ways his most ambitious painting—he combined these qualities to produce canvases of extraordinary grace, brilliance, and charm.

As I said, the de Chirico part of the collection, amounting to just twenty paintings, is a good deal smaller than the Tanguy one, which has forty, and as its span runs only from 1913 to 1919, it may seem limited in range. The fact is, though, that it covers almost completely his finest period, and the group is one of the handsomest and most impressive roomfuls I've seen in some time. De Chirico, a master of the allusively enig-

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matic in his work, was an enigma in his life as well. A true forerunner, he had sought out such artists of the nineteenth-century German romantic school as Arnold Böcklin and Max Klinger and had drawn a modern inspiration from them long before the Surrealists had begun their search for similar recondite sources; he was, both in his choice of subjects and in his philosophy, so much the Surrealists' precursor that he had done just about everything they were ever to do—and while he was still in his twenties—before they even got started. This, to be fair about it, the Surrealists freely acknowledged. Yet by the time the school had, so to speak, grown up around him, he was already drawing away from it—to the extent not only, eventually, of severing all formal connection with it but even of trying, at times, to disavow the very paintings that had made him his reputation.

There have been many attempts to explain his violent reversal and the incredibly swift decline in his artistic powers that went with it, some of them of considerable complexity. It is likely that a number of factors played their parts in all this. I'd suggest another possibility: that, shy, withdrawn, neurotic, as he seems always to have been, he was apt to recoil from the implications and the demands of his genius. There have been cases like that before; Rimbaud comes first to mind. Both men lived in a dream, and when the world broke in, not only demanding but imposing interpretations of their dream, they drew back in dismay at the intrusion. De Chirico's dream, while it lasted, was a strange and remarkable, mysterious and beautiful one, and the paintings are so close and continuous an expression of it that it's almost idle to try to choose among them. I'd cite, though, for various reasons, "The Nostalgia of the Infinite," "The Child's Brain," and "The Mystery and Melancholy of a Street" (both of these famous and both still impressive), and, for its sheer textural skill, the "Grand Metaphysical Interior," as my own favorites.

—ROBERT M. COATES

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MUSICAL EVENTS

The Ballet

THE Sadler's Wells Ballet came to town on Sunday evening of last week, bringing with it the magnificent assortment of scenery and costumes, the spirit of eager youth, and the dependable standard of painstaking workmanship that one has come to associate with nearly everything it does, and large crowds were on hand every night all week long at the Metropolitan Opera House to applaud its efforts. Looking over its first week's offerings, however, I was a bit disappointed from time to time. It is, naturally, a great pleasure to see ballet produced in the grand manner, with all the trappings that money can buy, and to see how squarely this admirably drilled company faces the difficult challenges of the classical repertoire. It is also a pleasure to encounter dancing of the grace and ingenuous charm exhibited by the troupe's principal ballerinas, among them the precise, gifted, and sometimes quite affecting Margot Fonteyn. Nonetheless, to my mind these virtues did not entirely succeed in concealing certain weaknesses—notably a conspicuous poverty in first-rate dancers of the heroic male type, an occasional dependence on choreographic ideas that seemed a trifle unimaginative, and a lack of the exuberant spontaneity and athleticism that give ballet its final touch of excitement.

Considered purely as a spectacle, the opening night's production of "The Sleeping Beauty," with its lyric Tchaikovsky score and its reverently restored Petipa choreography, was impressive indeed. I have rarely seen more beautiful scenic sets than those provided for it by Oliver Messel, and the endless parades and pantomimes of the prologue and the first two acts were performed with the nostalgic style and splendor that seem to be Sadler's Wells specialties. Nevertheless, the doings on the stage appeared to me to constitute a somewhat turgid ritual up to the wedding scene at the end, which, of course, contains this old ballet's main opportunities for brilliant dancing. Here I found Miss Fonteyn's impersonation of the awakened princess to be a thing of agreeable warmth and freshness, and

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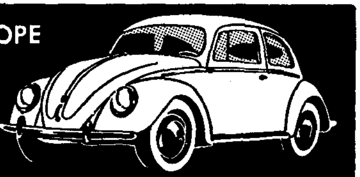

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her work in the great pas de deux to be noble in style and nearly flawless in technique. I also found, in the dancing of Brian Shaw as the male bluebird, something I had missed in most of the earlier part of the production—a sense of sheer delight in spectacular movement, which readily communicated itself to the audience and added no end of sparkle to the short scene he appeared in. Mr. Shaw is evidently not only an educated but a born dancer, and his moments before the footlights seemed to me the most glittering ones of the entire evening.

DURING the rest of the week, there were a number of novelties, the majority of which I am afraid were rather spotty in quality. The most ingratiating of them, by far, was a romantic ballet by the young British choreographer John Cranko, entitled "The Lady and the Fool," which made its appearance on Wednesday night. It is set in the familiar dream world of baroque Italy, and concerns the adventures of an elegant and beautiful girl who spurns the attentions of various elegant and beautiful aristocratic suitors to fall in love with a sad-eyed, Petrouchkalike clown whom she meets by chance on a park bench. I thought that Mr. Cranko took an unnecessarily long time getting around to the climax of his plot and that he cluttered up the earlier parts of his narrative with a good many incidents that didn't have much to do with it. Even so, the plot is a serviceable one, and the ballet's moments of glamour and sentimentality, aided immeasurably by a sheaf of bright and passionate tunes taken from obscure works by the great Giuseppe Verdi, afforded me considerable enjoyment. The extraordinarily long-limbed Beryl Grey danced the role of the heroine with striking grace, and, as the woebegone clown, Philip Chatfield disclosed the gifts of a really distinguished mime. I had already seen Mr. Chatfield on opening night, as Florestan in "The Sleeping Beauty," in which I thought his talents as a dancer of classical ballet were less than overwhelming. In "The Lady and the Fool," however, he dominated the stage as a thoroughly arresting theatrical personality, giving his role unforgettable touches of grotesque humor and pathos.

Frederick Ashton's "Scènes de Ballet," which preceded "The Lady and the Fool" on Wednesday night, proved to be a short, concise, and modest essay in abstract movement performed before a colonnaded background that recalled

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the earlier paintings of Giorgio de Chirico. It provided suitable hoops and hurdles for some of the company's younger dancers, including Nadia Nerina and Mr. Shaw, and its visual effect was quite scintillating. I wish it had had the musical setting it deserved. Its score—one of the least spirited works by Igor Stravinsky that I have ever heard—seemed merely a persistent and annoying distraction from what was taking place on the stage.

Friday night's big event was the first American performance of a more pretentious item—something called "Tiresias," with choreography by Mr. Ashton and a musical score by the late Constant Lambert. The hero of "Tiresias," a handsome youth of the Minoan culture, is, it appears, attracted by the idea of becoming a woman, and, by the simple expedient of whacking a snake over the head, succeeds in transforming himself into a quite attractive one. After a number of adventures, including a love affair, he apparently changes his mind, whacks another snake over the head, and transforms himself back into a man. But, in a subsequent interview with Zeus and the fertility goddess, Hera, who have been arguing about which sexual role is preferable, man's or woman's, he says he'd prefer to be a woman. Hera, who has been defending the role of the man, is miffed at losing the argument and, no doubt fed up with Tiresias' shenanigans, which, obviously, might have gone on indefinitely if the supply of snakes had held out, strikes him blind on the spot. I felt some satisfaction at this point, since I, too, was getting fed up, not only with the vacillations of Tiresias but with a lot of symbolic spear-waving choreography that looked like an imitation of what the Denishawn dancers used to do here thirty years ago, and with a scenic investiture that recalled certain performances of "Aïda" that I have seen in second-rate opera houses. The audience, I am afraid, agreed with me, since a large portion of it made for the exits, suppressing yawns, long before the production was over.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

•

A car driven by George Karslekas, 32, of 29 Division St., left the highway, and rammed into the front steps of a house owned by Gregory P. Sotire at 74 Richmond Hill Ave., early this morning. Sotire, who escaped injury, was issued a summons by Precinct II Ptl. Anthony Scalise and Joseph Jablonsky.—*Stamford Advocate.*

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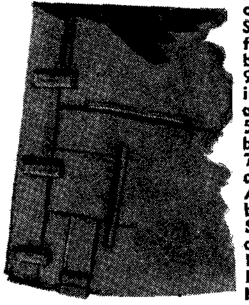

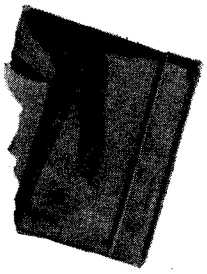

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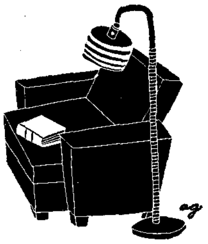
BOOKS

Time and the French

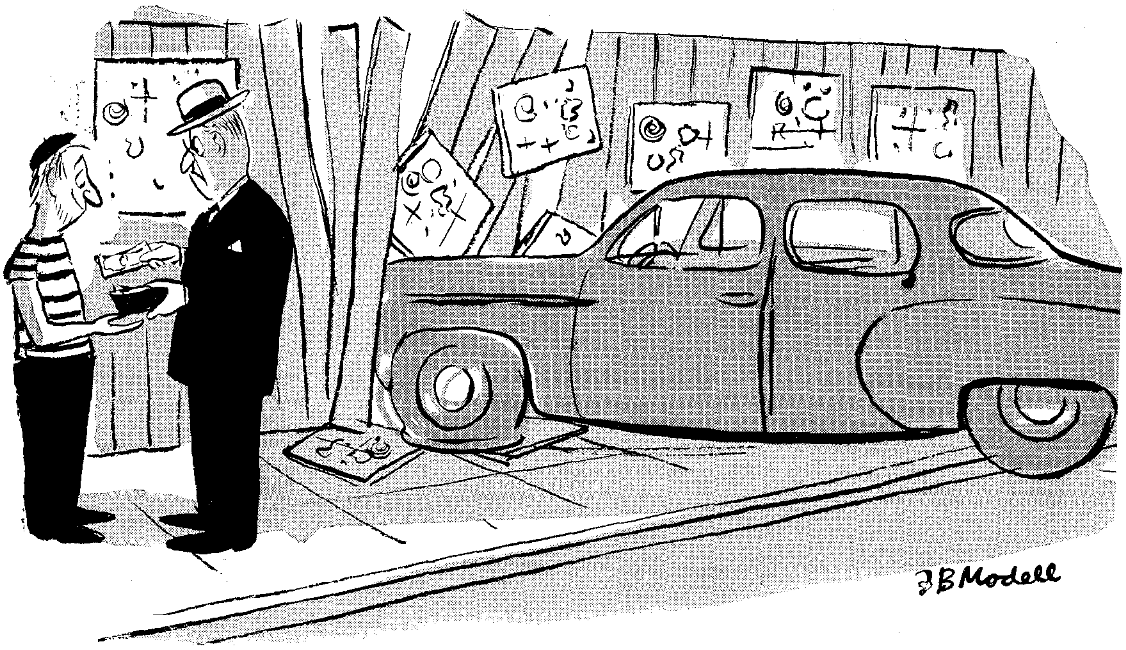


Everybody else has been more interested than the French, naturally, in the sharply critical analyses, and occasionally affectionate diagnoses, of France made by the Swiss historian and journalist Herbert Luethy in “France Against Herself,” as the American edition of his book, published by Praeger, is called. The French version, “A l’Heure de Son Clocher,” received relatively scant, even scornful attention. Only the French title and the original German one, “Frankreichs Uhren Gehen Anders,” make plain Luethy’s main theme, which is that France does not keep time with anybody else, being always at sixes and sevens through a singular, incoherent sense of time and history that has made her late ever since the French Revolution, which more or less made the rest of us modern and punctual. It is the most intimate postwar book on France so far written by a European, and very much up-to-date—a survey from about 1936, and Léon Blum, on through the end of 1954, and Mendès-France, with occasional excursions into appropriate Gothic and monarchic backgrounds. Thanks to his lively mind, thoroughly versed in economics and history, and to copious documentation, as well as to his having something useful and significant to say, often with acid wit and cynical humor, and a conviction that a country as troubled and important as France can be rationally explained, Luethy, after ten years’ residence in Paris, has written a provocative book that is both serious and entertaining.

In an early chapter, on France’s national structure, Luethy’s first sentence establishes his major thesis, and something of his manner: “When the Christians of the West took up arms in the First Crusade, the fact that the King of France remained at home remained unnoticed, and nobody missed him.” The King’s name was Philip the Slothful, the time near the end of the eleventh century. Philip settled in Paris so meanly—without a retinue of barons and lords—that his vassals became his court officials, signers of documents, purveyors of power in a microcosmic, centralized administration, whose “unpretentious immobility led to nearly all the virtues of stability.” Subsequent French monarchies were equipped with this durable immobility and hardened to administrative rote. After absolute monarchy was decapitated, in 1793, its sovereignty was transferred to this state apparatus by Napoleon, no less, who bequeathed it to the republics of today. It still preserves and paralyzes France.

Luethy’s most fascinating chapter is this one on French administration. He skillfully details its Balzacian qualities, from its petty, ink-stained bureaucrats, behind counters (typewriters and adding machines were introduced only after the Second World War, and only in the higher echelons), to the great *fonctionnaires* educated specially in select boarding schools for *la carrière*—a conservative hierarchy responsible only to itself, and immune from political interference, though very sensitive to money interests, which it has always respected as representing the sanctity of property. These are the men who keep France functioning, permanently peopling the Ministries while mere Cabinet Ministers come and go. The state administration in Paris holds the strings to all France—to taxes, to budgets, to the laying of a new drainpipe in a remote village, and to the interpretation, or burying, of new laws. All elements lie in its hands, which also hold judiciary powers. It is a gerontocratic élite of mandarins, and they sum up the spirit of the French state today. According to Luethy, the Vichy regime was nothing but this apparatus suddenly deprived of its republican façade.

On a lower, ephemeral, hurly-burly level of their own—marking one of those many acute divisions of power that weaken France—are the politicians, restricted to arguing political ideologies, to trying to boost their multiple parties into the saddle by turns, and to governing without a real majority. Luethy’s opinion of French politicians in general is as harsh as that of many of the French who vote for them. Politically, he sees France as a conservative country without a conservative party, paradoxically inspired by its inherited revolutionary ideals—a bourgeoisie more than a republic, suspicious of reform, yet tormented by the sacred myth of the uncompleted revolution. Rhetorically divided between Right and Left, a highly literate society of layers of citizens, it functions amid incoherence through the intelligent application of a reasonable anarchy. It lacks a liberal tradition. Indeed, owing to the violence of the French political temperament, a French middle-of-the-road conclusion is “never . . . the result of a moderate decision” but “of two opposed extremes,” never satisfied. While Luethy gives some good thumb-



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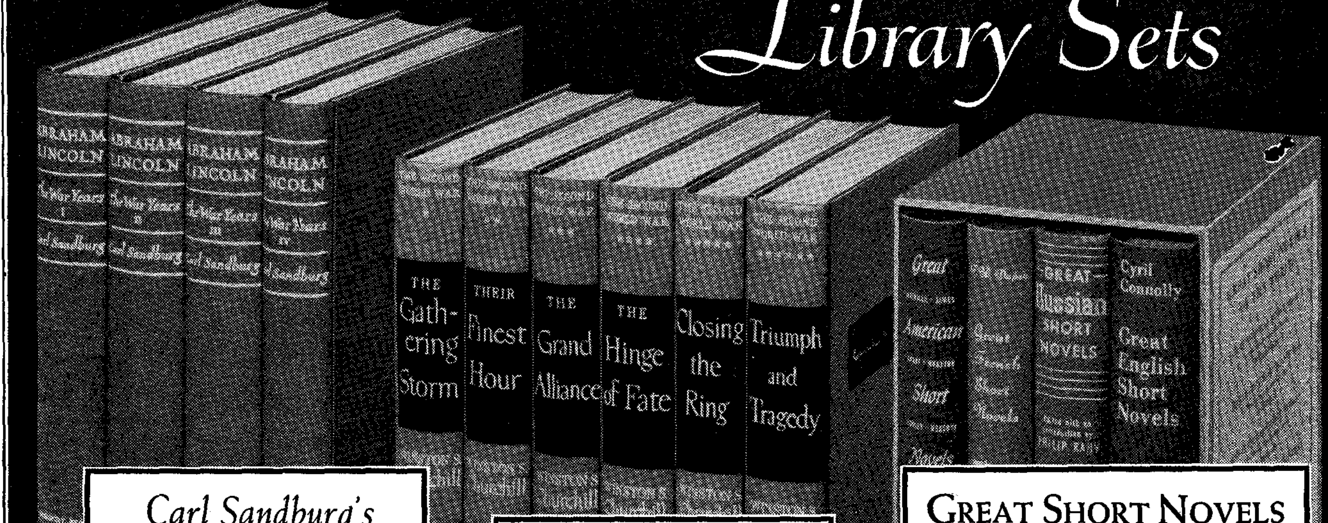
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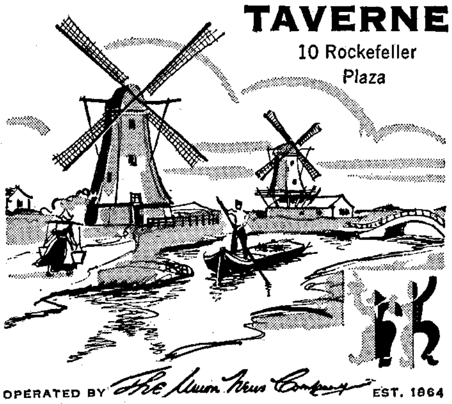

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nail sketches of Paul Reynaud, as the brilliant "ambitious politician of the French Right," of old prewar Maurras' cynical royalism, and of Blum's dispassionate idealism, and a discomfiting serial portrait throughout the book of General de Gaulle, one would like to have seen a few more parliamentary faces in his political tableau, replacing some of his many skeletal opinions. They would have given it more flesh.

When serious-minded Americans come to France, they usually want the French Communist Party explained. Luethy explains it. He has written an excellent brief, unfavorable history of it, from its part in the pro-French Front Populaire of 1936 through the anti-French pact with Hitler, its greedy postwar gobbling of the Resistance legends, and its peak, and failure, in the 1948 coal-mine strike. This was what he calls a bold, unsuccessful war against the government itself, in "a northern French 'Soviet republic,' " run by the Confédération Générale du Travail, the Communist labor union. Though the French Communist Party is today a dead parliamentary party, cut off from participation in the government and having for the most part merely a nuisance value, he still sees it as that "internal émigré group" that to millions of French workers seems their only home in France. American businessmen, baffled by the way the French do business and succeed at it, also may be illuminated by his theory that though France certainly accepts the profit motive, she does not practice free, competitive capitalism but a kind of synthetic capitalism, or mercantilism. This is based largely on *les situations acquises*, or privileged positions for money-making, with industrial underdevelopment carefully preserved by government subsidies, high profit margins, low wages, and limited markets—a state of affairs that many young industrialists, as well as the Mendès-France political group, are fighting. There are very timely explanatory chapters on France's North African problems, in one of which Luethy brings out the fact that the first entry of the French into Algeria was a punitive expedition made because a French consul in Algiers had been slapped with a fly swatter. "France Against Herself" really covers close to everybody and everything that has made postwar French headline news—the Monnet Plan, the Marshall Plan, the coal-and-steel pool, E.D.C., Sartre, Camus, the "apocalyptic" Malraux, Laniel, Pinay, Bidault, Auriol. The author thinks that Mendès-France's attempt to rouse France from

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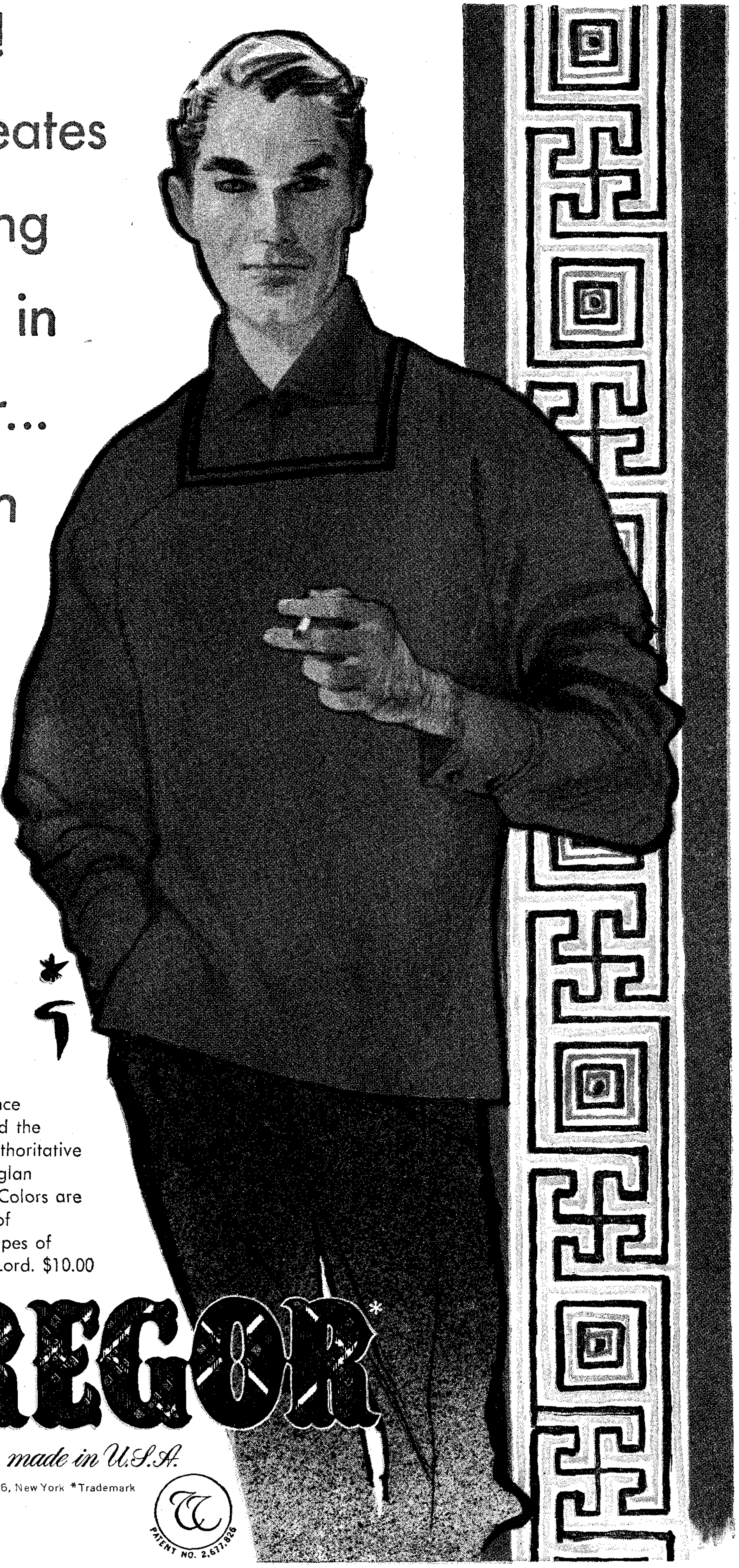

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her immobility will mark a date, if not a turning point, in postwar French history, and, apropos of a United Europe, firmly states, "In no case can a fragmented Europe regain equilibrium or acquire a future."

Because of the book's large scope, it includes a few errors, which French critics pounced on with satisfaction. And though it is explicit, it is also baffling. Herr Luethy explains everything that is wrong with France, but he never explains how she survives herself—better each day now.

—JANET FLANNER

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE JOURNEY OF THE FLAME, by Walter Nordhoff (Houghton Mifflin). Juan Obrigón, on his hundred-and-fourth birthday, tells of the astonishing and dangerous journey he made in 1810, when, as a very young boy, he travelled for a year with the Spanish Inspector General, who was making a survey of the Californias for the Spanish king. It is a marvellous story, romantic, exciting, brutal, and humorous, and written with a great sense of the worth and pleasure of life. First published in 1932.

THE MALEDICTION, by Jean Giono (Criterion). After a splendid beginning, which deals with the arrival of a mysterious and interesting stranger in a small town in Provence, M. Giono sputters off into an apparently random tale about a family curse. This short book conveys an impression of nervous haste, and it conveys nothing else.

SO HELP ME GOD, by Felix Jackson (Viking). A novel concerning a New York lawyer, not a Communist, who writes anonymously to a Congressional committee accusing himself of being a member of the Party, in order to show how difficult it is for an innocent man to prove his innocence once he has attracted the attention of the committee. Well, the lawyer shows that it is difficult for him to prove his innocence.

YOUNG TÖRLESS, by Robert Musil (Pantheon). A nightmarish but somehow not very affecting story of adolescent bewilderment and adolescent vice in a military school in Austria in the eighteen-nineties. The novel was first published in 1906, in Austria.

79 PARK AVENUE, by Harold Robbins (Knopf). The progress of a call girl

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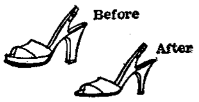

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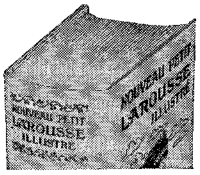

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from an East Side tenement to an address on Park Avenue. Something runny in Mr. Robbins' work suggests that he wrote his book with tears in his eyes, but whether they were tears of mirth or of sorrow it is impossible to tell. His work is not subtle enough to be parody. It is too soft to be regarded as a case history. There are no characters in it, so it cannot be meant as a novel. Perhaps it is what it seems to be—an effort that got into print.

GENERAL

JEFFERSON DAVIS: AMERICAN PATRIOT, by Hudson Strode (Harcourt, Brace). The first volume of a two-volume biography, this is in every respect an admirable piece of work. The little rider to the title notwithstanding, Mr. Strode is a careful, objective writer; moreover, he has delved into a great mass of Davis family documents that no other historian has seen, and he writes a crisp and supple prose. The book takes Jefferson Finis Davis (his mother thought he would be her last child, and he was) through his Mississippi boyhood, West Point, his first marriage (to Zachary Taylor's daughter, who died three months after the wedding), his brilliant campaigning during the Mexican War, and the years of gathering storm, when he was in Washington as senator, as Secretary of War, and then as senator again. It ends with Davis's inauguration as President of the Confederate States of America, leaving the reader solidly acquainted with the man who was to play so tragic a role in the vast drama to come. Photographs.

PORTRAIT OF BARRIE, by Cynthia Asquith (Dutton). A biographical memoir of Sir James Matthew Barrie, by the woman who was his personal secretary for the last twenty years of his life. The book, which is very well written and altogether a delight, reminds one of a good home movie, with the camera catching the diminutive figure of Barrie as he laughed and joked in the sunlight, worked furiously, or sat, lonely and filled with melancholy, in the shadows of his Adelphi Terrace apartment. This is a labor of love, but it is not altogether uncritical. Although Lady Cynthia denies that Barrie was a sentimentalist, she admits that he sometimes sentimentalized. But, she says, there was pepper in him, and a sad wisdom, as well as that fey qual-

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ity that some people find upsetting. Photographs.

MY AUNT LUCIENNE, by Rose C. Feld (Scribner). A collection of agreeable stories about the Paris branch of the author's family, which consisted of her uncle, an expatriate painter; his French wife; and their son, Pierre. Aunt Lucienne, who has from time to time figured in the pages of this magazine, is the principal personage in the book, as she was in her ménage. Miss Feld has a deft hand at what might be called light characterization, and the drawings by Susanne Suba are nicely suited to this genre.

THE EXPLOSION, by Raimer Hildebrandt (Duell, Sloan & Pearce). A dramatic account of the East German rebellion of June, 1953, which started when the construction workers of East Berlin went on strike in protest against their new work quotas. The author, once a noted figure in the East German resistance movement against the Communists, tells the story in terms of nine men and women who participated in the events of June 17th, and, through them, shows how the uprising spread and what it accomplished. The whole affair may give American readers some cause for chagrin, since the people of Eastern Germany had long been urged by our propagandists to rebel, and when they did, we gave them no help at all. An exciting and edifying document. Photographs.

NINE MEN, by Fred Rodell (Random House). A history of the Supreme Court from 1790 right down to the printer's deadline. Mr. Rodell is a Yale Law School professor, a relentlessly breezy journalist, and a stern, moralizing liberal. His aim, he says, was to produce a work that "any halfway literate non-lawyer can understand," and on the score of intelligibility no one can complain. This is, in fact, an almost continuously interesting book. It devotes what may be, historically, a disproportionate amount of space to recent developments and personalities, but it is so frankly of and for the moment that this can hardly be considered a flaw. Some people, even among the liberals, may object to Mr. Rodell's partiality for Justices Black and Douglas and to his castigation of such less conventional liberals as Justices Frankfurter and Jackson. His chapter on Mr. Justice Holmes seems fair and discriminating, faulted only

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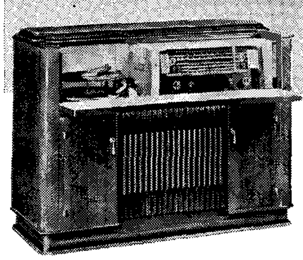
by the live-wire style that is perhaps the major weakness of the book as a whole.

THE OPPENHEIMER CASE, by Charles P. Curtis (Simon & Schuster). Mr. Curtis, an eminent Boston attorney, has done an intelligent and scrupulous job of rearranging the documents in the security case of Dr. J. Robert Oppenheimer in order to give them a logical narrative sequence. He seems to have found a place for every fact and opinion of any consequence, and his version will suffice for all but a few special readers. Regrettably, his publishers have not matched his intelligence with their own. By an inept selection of type and ink and by poor format design, they have contrived to make this popular version of the record less appealing to the eye and more of a test of stamina than the official transcript. Mr. Curtis's commentary, on the other hand, is crisp and generally clarifying. He thinks the evidence does not support the final verdict, and cites, as his own conclusion, the words that Shaw put into Saint Joan's mouth as a judgment on her judges: "They were as honest a lot of poor fools as ever burned their betters."

THE FIFTEEN WEEKS, by Joseph M. Jones (Viking). The author believes the fifteen weeks from February, 1947, when Great Britain warned us that she was giving up on Greece and Turkey, to June, when the Marshall Plan was announced, to have been one of the most momentous periods in American history, marking the first explicit acceptance by the United States of the continuing responsibilities of world leadership. Mr. Jones, who was an official of the State Department at that time, and drafted the three key documents that embodied the change of policy—the Truman Doctrine speech to Congress on March 12th, Acheson's address to the Delta Council on May 8th, and Marshall's speech at Harvard on June 5th—has produced a valuable inside account of those crucial days, but he has warped it by a foolish attempt to debunk George Kennan as the author of the "containment" policy, suggesting that its originator was none other than Joseph M. Jones. Despite the example of Julius Caesar, history is probably best written by those not primarily concerned with self-advertisement.

THE VOICE OF THE DESERT, by Joseph Wood Krutch (Sloane). A portfolio



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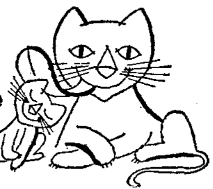

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Seven Men Among the Penguins, by Mario Marret, translated by Edward Fitzgerald (Harcourt, Brace). An account of the 1952-53 Expéditions Polaires Françaises to Adélie Land, the thousand-odd square miles of savagely gale-swept desolation that is France's share of Antarctica, set down by its leader in a prose that is admirably high in literacy and refreshingly low in jocularity. It is also distinguished by what is unquestionably the finest study of a penguin community that has yet come to us. Photographs and an end-paper map.

The African Giant, by Stuart Cloete (Houghton Mifflin). Mr. Cloete, who was born of South African parents, spent almost a year travelling up and down Africa with his wife "to clarify our minds about the racial ferment of Africa." What Mr. Cloete found (we are told little of what Mrs. Cloete found) is mostly sensational: leopard-cult murders, cannibalism, orgies of torture and bloodshed, and everywhere the breasts of African women, "the size of jack fruit," "like purple eggplants," "like black fruits." He devotes little space to social and economic problems, and that little he devotes mostly to anecdotes demonstrating the offensive superiority of educated Africans; his style and point of view can be seen in such characterizations as "Mr. Nkrumah, the black leopard of the West; the imprisoned hyena Jomo Kenyatta, in the East; and Strydom, the Afrikander

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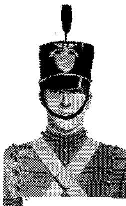

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"bull holding his ground in the South." A book worthy neither of Mr. Cloete's talents nor of its subject. Photographs.

PORTRAIT OF PATTON, by Harry H. Semmes (Appleton-Century-Crofts). As a small boy, the subject of this book used to march around his father's house waving a wooden sword and crying, "Lieutenant General George S. Patton, Jr.!" When he achieved this eminence, he wore a golden belt buckle, a pearl-handled revolver in a shoulder holster, and a luminous, gold-colored plastic helmet. During the last war, at a party for the officers of his Second Armored Division and their wives, he raised his champagne glass and said, "Here's to the wives. My, what pretty widows you're going to make!" In Berlin, after the Armistice, a Russian general, through an interpreter, asked Patton to have a drink, and Patton instructed the interpreter to reply that he would rather cut the Russian's throat; the Russian grinned, said he felt the same way, and asked why they couldn't have a drink anyway. They did. Of such tales, largely, is this book made up. It is by a tank commander who served under Patton in both World Wars, rode to hounds with him in the years between, and has had access to the General's diary, and it is just what it sets out to be—a portrait of a man whose precise like we shall not see again. Photographs.

DEFEAT AT SEA, by C. D. Bekker (Holt). A history of the German Navy in the Second World War. The author, a former German naval officer, handles the story episodically, but he covers his subject well, from the U-boat campaign, which pretty much ended in 1943, when German submarine commanders discovered they could not make a move without being detected by Allied sonar, to the disastrous fate of the big ships—the Scharnhorst, the Graf Spee, the Gneisenau, and the rest—which put to sea under Hitler's crippling order to "take no unnecessary risks." Although the author is, naturally, something of a special pleader, he demonstrates convincingly that the German naval arm was a gallant fighting force—a fact that has been freely admitted by the British Navy. Photographs.

THE SECRET RAIDERS, by David Woodward (Norton). Here we have an immensely readable account of the exploits of the German armed

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The King's Peace: 1637-1641, by C. V. Wedgwood (Macmillan). The first volume of a projected series on the Great Rebellion, this book deals with the four years of Charles I's reign immediately preceding the start of the Civil Wars. Miss Wedgwood writes comprehensive social history, so that we not only see the Scottish Covenanters rising in the North and Pym organizing Parliament against the monarch but learn what fish the King's poor subjects ate on Friday (mostly hake) and why the restrictions on hatbands and seaweed were lifted in 1639 (to placate the aroused London merchants). The rapid decline of Charles I from "the happiest King in Christendom" to a harried monarch with his head insecurely on his shoulders is a grand story, and Miss Wedgwood tells it with elegance and distinction. Illustrations.

Rome Beyond the Imperial Frontiers, by Sir Mortimer Wheeler (Philosophical Library). Sir Mortimer uses the discoveries of recent archeology to help reconstruct the patterns of imperial Roman trade, and the result is livelier than one might expect. From Rome went coins and silverware, pottery and statuary, weapons and beads, and to Rome came amber and furs from the north, ivory and ostrich feathers from the Sahara, tortoise shell and frankincense from East Africa, spikenard and topaz from India, pearls and silk from the Far East. One Indian potentate shipped a parcel of gifts to Rome that included a river turtle, a partridge "bigger than a vulture," an assortment of snakes, a man who had been born without arms, and a Sophist, who never arrived, because he fell into a fervor in Athens and set himself on fire. It all seems the purest romance, and when Sir

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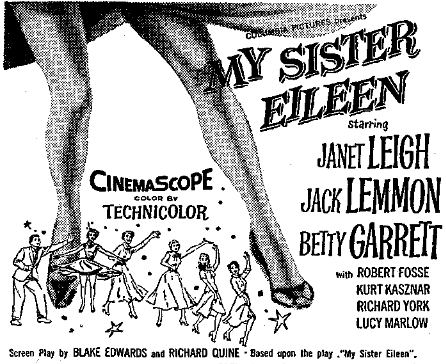

Screen Play by BLAKE EDWARDS and RICHARD QUINE • Based upon the play "My Sister Eileen". by Joseph Fields and Jerome Chodorov • Produced by FRED KOHLMAR • Directed by RICHARD QUINE

Music by Jule Styne • Lyrics by Leo Robbin

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Mortimer inexplicably ends his book by denying that "history must be regarded persistently through a shop window," the reader can hardly agree. Illustrations and a map of trade routes.

Epstein: An Autobiography, by Sir Jacob Epstein (Dutton). At one point in this book, the sculptor remarks that some years ago he chose for his motto the sentence "I rest silent in my work." Well, he does anything but that here; rarely has an autobiography been more closely and volubly focussed on its subject. Random gossip, not always benevolent, alternates with long and fearsomely well-documented accounts of the controversies that raged over such early works of Epstein's as the Strand statues, the 1920 statue of Christ, and the tomb of Oscar Wilde, and the prose style varies between the petulant and the patronizing. (Epstein did, of course, have very rough going in his early years, and he is perhaps to be pardoned for some of his resentment now.) For most readers, the best part of the book will probably be the author's comments on the long list of famous people, from Rabindranath Tagore to Albert Einstein, who have sat for him; these frequently show all the sharpness and sureness of perception that make the portraits themselves so memorable. Ninety-two illustrations, all in halftone.

Note: "George Price's Characters," a collection of cartoons, most of which first appeared in this magazine, has been published by Simon & Schuster.

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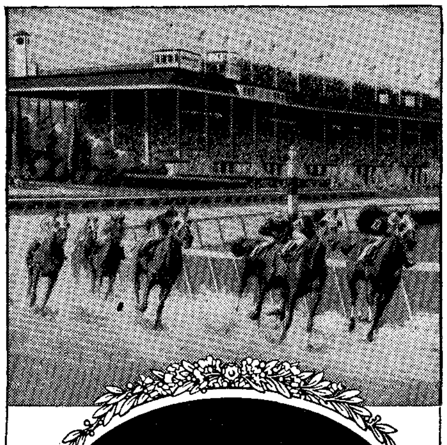
WHAT SPORTSWRITER D'YA READ?

All of a sudden Lola's voice filled Yankee Stadium as a recording from "Damyankees" came vibrating through the loudspeaker horns above the scoreboard: "Make up your mind—to have—no regrets." The advice brought players up sharply in both dugouts. With the American League in the state it is, Lola's point was well taken.—*Red Smith in the Herald Tribune, September 14th.*

The canned music was pouring out of the Stadium loudspeaker when suddenly a new batch of records was introduced, hit tunes from the play "Damn Yankees." That play, by the way, is based on the book, "The Year the Yankees Lost the Pennant." None of the ballplayers seemed to notice the significance of it.

Nor did they seem aware when the throaty voice of Gwen Verdon sang the poignant warning, "Make up your mind to have no regrets," before adding, "don't you know you can't win."—*Arthur Daley in the Times, same day.*



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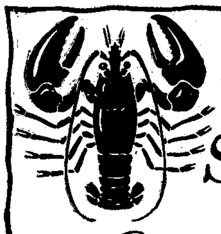
Saturday, Sept. 24 **THE SYSONBY** **THE JEROME HANDICAP**	Daily Double Closes 1:05 P.M. First Race 1:15 P.M.
Monday, Sept. 26 **STEP LIGHTLY HANDICAP**	Special Trains leave Penn. Station.
Saturday, Oct. 1 **THE WOODWARD STAKES** **THE MATRON**	By Car: a short drive via Triboro Bridge, Grand Central Parkway & Cross Island Parkway to Elmont.



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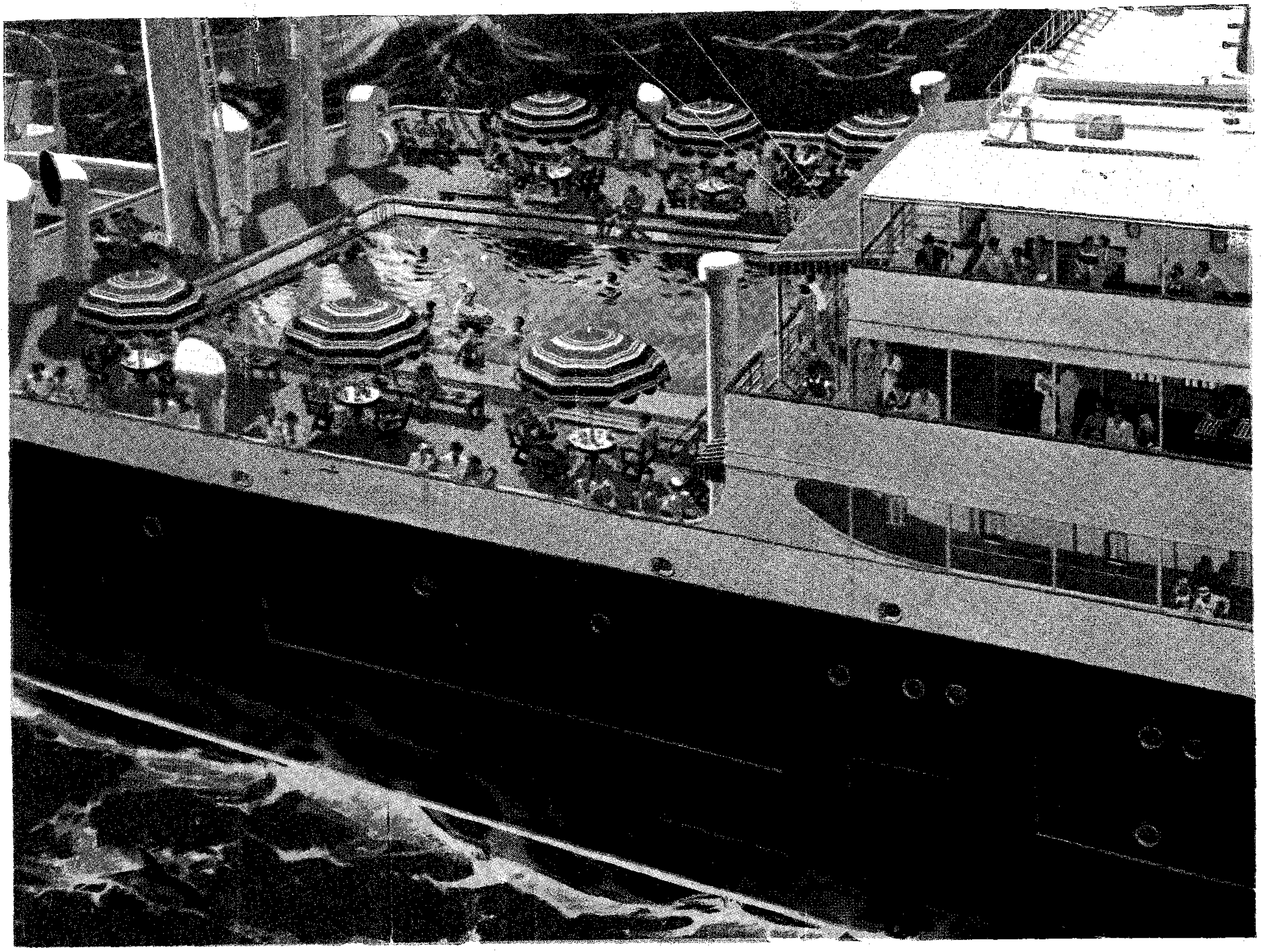
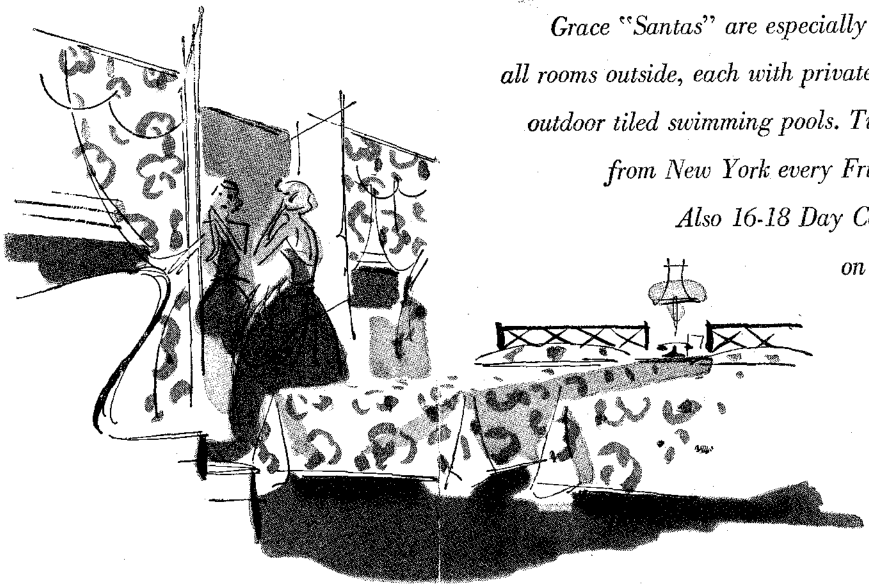


SPACIOUS OUTDOOR TILED SWIMMING POOLS ON THE "SANTA ROSA" AND "SANTA PAULA"

CARIBBEAN CRUISES



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